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THE LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE ON THE EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES.

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[*** We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers the following luminous remarks sent to us by the profoundest historian of the age. In the postscript, the reader will perceive the most forcible exposition of Mr. Stanley's plan that has yet appeared.]

The question of the emancipation of slaves in the Colonies is decided. Nothing now remains but the consideration in what time and manner it shall be effected; but these two points are of the greatest importance when, on the lowest computation, 750,000 human creatures remain in a state of misery and degradation; when they are condemned, not only to corporal suffering, but to the utter impossibility of any advancement of the mind—of ever raising the intellectual faculties to the comprehension of pure morality or true religion; when this state of violence and injustice is founded on laws which the legislator cannot justify to himself, and which he blushes to enforce,—every delay in returning to a better system is revolting to the conscience; for to delay in a career of crime is crime itself. But the manner in which emancipation is to be accomplished is, if possible, of still greater importance than the time; not only there must be no delay in doing what is just, but it must be done well, in a manner to ensure success. Nothing is so fatal in politics as an unsuccessful experiment. If the people have been deceived in a noble hope,—if their enthusiasm has been chilled,—they soon learn to distrust their feelings and imagination; they become insensible to the language which used to rouse them; they believe themselves dupes to their own magnanimity; and, yielding to a sordid sentiment of selfishness, they resist every future attempt at amelioration as a tribute of respect to the experiment which has failed. If the measures about to be undertaken for the emancipation of the negroes draws down great calamity, either on the black or white race, the Cause of Humanity is lost for several generations.

The national interest and the public conscience demand at once two things:—a prompt and general measure, which puts an immediate end to the crimes of the oppressors and the sufferings of the oppressed; and a conciliatory measure, which protects the interests of all,—which avoids every convulsion of society,—which preserves to the negro every habit dear to him, provides for his immediate wants, and gives him security

for the future,—while it ensures to the planter the labour of his accustomed workman, the value of his property, and the revenue of his land,—and, finally, which preserves to the whole state of society, peace, order, and wealth. It would be bold to promise such a result by the application of any theory whatsoever; but one might with confidence and modesty invoke the lessons of experience. He who would not dare trust to his own speculations to decide the fate of so many thousand individuals, might, with some assurance, have recourse to history, that great depository of social experiments. What has been done might be done again, only observing and judging well the analogy of circumstances.

We know that the whole of Europe has been once subject to the slave system. In the country we now inhabit, every cultivator of the land, almost every artisan, was the property of rapacious, and often of cruel, masters. The slaves by whom the whole work in Europe was done were as debased and oppressed as are now the African slaves in the Colonies. This state of things has ceased in the whole of western Europe, and even where the emancipation has been sudden, it has ceased without shock, violence, or rebellion. In eastern Europe, on the contrary, the working population are still in a state of transition, which may serve to enlighten us on the manner in which the change must be operated. These are the first notions our history gives on the subject: no one disputes them; and they are such as to make us feel how much more we may learn from a deeper investigation of the experience of our forefathers A more attentive study of the history of slavery in Europe teaches us that its abolition was neither a philanthropic nor a religious work; that it was simultaneous in vast districts and in whole provinces; that the slave-peasantry of many villages having been enabled, by the accumulation of their scanty savings, to purchase their freedom from their masters, the advantage to these last became so evident,—the value of their land increased so rapidly—their revenues were so greatly augmented,—that all who witnessed the effects hastened to follow the example, and innumerable serfs were everywhere enfranchised. A few corporate bodies only, attached by a common prejudice to all that is ancient, resisted this amelioration; so that slavery was still preserved in some domains of the Church, in France, and Germany, till towards the end of the eighteenth century. The manner and conditions of an enfranchisement found to agree so perfectly with the interests of the master, of the country, and of the slave, now become citizen, are undoubtedly the objects which ought, above all, to arrest our attention at a time when we are preparing to follow so wise an example.

The conditions on which the work of the country continued to be carried on by the heretofore slave for the heretofore master then settled the question of indemnity for the loss of property of man in man, and must settle it now, since the question is again raised by the planter. He who reckons that the labour of the negro is gratuitous to the master who purchased him is surely a bad calculator. The master, in buying a slave, only secured having a workman at his command dependent on him, whom he could employ against his will at whatever work he pleased, without ever having to bargain for wages; nevertheless, the master is obliged to support the slave; he must feed, lodge, and clothe him—whether well or ill, it must be sufficient to keep him alive; he must support, also, the children, the aged, the sick, women in their lyings-in, even when they do

no work, or at least not sufficient to gain their livelihood. But, alas! let us consider the condition of the laborious poor in the country and manufacturing towns of England and Ireland, as well as France and Germany, and say whether the wages they gain can procure more than what the master is bound to give the slave. They earn hardly coarse food, wretched clothing and lodging; and little, indeed, remains of their wages to bring up their children, or to maintain themselves in sickness, in age, or when out of work. The master is then at the same expense for the slave as he would be for the free workman, without reckoning the purchase-money; only, in the first case, he undertakes himself the exchange of wages for labour, in giving what he thinks necessary to the slave; in the second, he lets the exchange be made according to the judgment and circumstances of the workman.

It is clear that if the master is secure of having at his command the same number of workmen as under the slave-system, and of obtaining from them the same quantity of work at the same expense, he would have no right to demand an indemnity; but he would have no motive, likewise, for preferring the free to the slave-system. It was a better bargain for the master when the European slave was emancipated: he offered more work at less expense and care; accordingly, it was eagerly accepted. The master, in fact, performs very ill the function he undertakes of being the purser of his slave; he most frequently abandons it to his overseer, who cheats him, or, if he is honest, cannot devote to his service that intelligence, quickened by personal interest, which every peasant carries to the economy of his own affairs. The master lays in his stores for his plantation, sometimes with prodigality, but much oftener with parsimony: in the first case, his stores spoil, or are damaged; in the second, his labourers are ill-fed; they suffer, their strength decays, they fall sick, and the number of working-days, or the mass of labour accomplished by a given number of hands, is found to be of the lowest ratio.

The slave, on his side, acquits himself still worse of the part assigned him in this forced exchange; not only he has no interest in performing well the task imposed on him, he has an interest in doing it ill; in giving his master, whom he considers his enemy, the least he can of his bodily strength—in fatiguing himself for him as little as possible—in never doing much one day, however pressing the work, lest much should be demanded of him the next—in avoiding the reputation of a good workman, lest it should raise the price of his ransom, if ever the time should come when he could pay it. He is urged to work by ill usage and blows; he has the interest of resentment, of rancour, even of security, that this brutal manner of pressing him should prove fruitless. He never sets his *heart* to his work, and the whole of that power of man which proceeds from the will he denies his master. He never sets his *mind* to his work, and all that intelligence adds to physical strength he alike refuses his master. A constant dejection oppresses him; health is closely connected with cheerfulness, consequently he is oftener sick than the free man. The master and overseer have no faith in these little indispositions; the slave is obliged to exaggerate, to aggravate, or change them into real maladies, in order to obtain a little rest; his languor and complaints are always suspected; the whip is tried, but every suffering only

further diminishes his vigour; every chastisement is only a portion of his labour which the master takes from himself.

Parliament and the Colonial Legislature have lately, however, granted, either to a sentiment of humanity, or to the power of public opinion, protecting regulations in favour of the slaves, which impose on the masters the obligation of treating them with some consideration. These regulations are utterly insufficient to guarantee the repose, health, and happiness of the negroes. Nevertheless, whenever the labour that might be exacted from them is limited, as the average is taken from the middle ratio of strength, it takes from the master a considerable portion of work which a free labourer would have given him. The number of hours which a negro is bound to work is inferior to that which an English labourer would willingly give, particularly one working by task. The negro child is relieved from all work till a much more advanced age than that of the English child employed in a manufactory.

This comparison of the value of free labour with that of servile is not new. It is one of the arguments which the defenders of the negroes have most insisted on in demanding their emancipation; but they have imagined it sufficient to pronounce them free, and to grant them all an enfranchisement at once, such as that which is sometimes obtained by individuals for a sum of money, or from the bounty of their masters; and they affirm, that the slaves would thenceforward, and like the white labourers, debate their wages with their former masters, would have the same security, and, in return, bring as much intelligence and activity to their work. In this single instance, the protectors of the negroes appear to us to be greatly deceived; and the planters are right when they affirm, that it would be the destruction of the colonies. Not only the planters would themselves be ruined, but the black population would, in a short time, be destroyed by misery and famine. Our ancestors did not act thus, when they enfranchised their slaves; they did not displace them—they did not cast them on an unknown futurity—they did not demand from them combinations of prudence and foresight, for which they were thoroughly unprepared! Nevertheless, it was men of their own race, whose yoke they broke—men speaking their language, professing their religion, and who had been long admitted to an interchange of ideas with them!

If the existing tie between the master and the slave be broken—if the latter be sent away from his cabin and plantation—if his wretched clothes and instruments of labour, which certainly belong to the master, be retaken—it would be necessary to begin by assigning him a capital, with which to procure these first necessaries of life, otherwise the liberty granted him would begin with privations he is utterly incapable of supporting. It must not be forgotten, that it is a being naked, feeble, and ignorant, that is thus suddenly called to begin a new existence; that it is, at the same time, a human being of strong passions, who forms no clear idea of the liberty granted him; which he receives at first with transports of joy, soon followed, perhaps, by transports of rage, when he perceives that it serves as a pretext to despoil him of the little that seems his own. The ties of family and kindred have been relaxed by slavery; the negro will not immediately comprehend the obligation of working for his aged parent, for the sick of his family, or for his children. Accus-

tomed only to be obedient to the call which summoned him to his daily labour, he will not think, till severe experience has taught him, of the necessity of putting aside something for the days, perhaps seasons, of no work. All foresight has been destroyed in him; nevertheless he is suddenly charged to provide for himself, not only without a protector, but in opposition to him, whom he has been accustomed to obey. He must foresee all the accidents of a condition of which he has not the slightest notion—he must conceive all the organization of a society of which he has nowhere seen the model. We do not hesitate to declare, that an emancipation which thus suddenly breaks every tie between master and slave—that places them in opposition to each other—that takes from the latter all affection, all local habit, all association in the property, and all security in the future—would have the most fatal consequences. The negroes, after perhaps abandoning themselves the first days to the most brutal orgies, would, on the following days, when they experienced the effects of poverty, famine, and despair, unite in the most fearful insurrection.

But the conduct of the masters, immediately after a general emancipation, would probably be still more destructive of social order. They have paid, under the protection of the law, a price for their slaves; they regard them as their property; they have been accustomed to receive their value on selling them, or when the slaves have been enabled, from their small savings, to pay themselves their ransom. No comparison between the price, and the real value of free and servile labour—no appeal to their own interest, to their account-books, would persuade them that what was theirs, had not been taken from them—that they had not been robbed—that their property had not been destroyed. They are already violently irritated; they would then become outrageous; society would be disturbed by their clamour and calls for vengeance. They are well used to disburse certain sums for dried fish and flour to distribute among their negroes; but for that they obtain credit, or they pay in kind; they do not make the exact account of the individual expense of each workman, or of the food raised for his maintenance on their plantation. When they must treat weekly, money in the hand, with the negroes, perhaps with their own slaves—when they must pay their workman not only what he consumes himself each day, but sufficient to support his wife, his children, and the sick of his family, their indignation will know no bounds; they will not fail to say they have been plundered of their property, and their hatred against men whom they are forced to pay, yet consider as obliged to work gratis for them, will make them seek every means of injuring their former slaves.

The planters, listening as they do now more to their passions than their interests, would be delighted if the emancipation should prove a calamitous measure to their slaves; and it only rests with them to make it so. He who can wait the longest is sure of dictating the law. Let the planters only refuse, during eight days, to offer any wages to the free labourers, what would become of the workmen? Or, let the masters, instead of arranging matters so that the different kinds of work be in succession, demand all the labourers at one and at the same time, and then send them away in what they call the dead season, again the free negro would be reduced to want and despair.

We are very far from regarding that organization of society in which

all the work is done by men without any property in the land, without any right in the soil, who are paid each week by the farmer in proportion to the days they have worked, or the task they have accomplished, as the most perfect, as that which ensures the most independence and happiness to the poor, the largest growth to riches, or the securest tranquillity to the body politic; but, such as it is, the contract between master and workman pre-supposes a certain good-will, a certain concert between the two classes of men who are to live one by the other. He who pays should know how to put himself in the place of him who works, and purpose to render his state as secure and happy as he can, as far, at least, as a certain sum of money can do so. What would become of society, if, on the contrary, he who pays, animated only with sentiments of hatred and revenge, wills, that he who works should suffer, that he may repent the advantage gained over him? There is now no sympathy between the white and black race;—no charity is to be expected;—if the free negro is without work, he is without bread;—he perishes if he is sick;—if he is an orphan he perishes;—no poor laws, no aid from the parish, no alms come to relieve his misery, for all the power and wealth are in the hands of men who are at enmity with him. If to withdraw from the rancour the master bears his former slave,—if to escape from the painful recollection of the overseer who had tormented him, from the cabin where he had suffered, from the fields where his body had been lacerated by the whip,—every negro, the moment he was free, should desert the plantation where he had been forced to labour, and seek his livelihood as far as he could from his former master, the removal of the whole working population, and the vagabond habits thereby introduced, would be scarcely less fatal to the negroes, than to the property they had abandoned.

If the emancipation of the negroes is to succeed, it is necessary, in the first place, that it should bear no resemblance whatever to the change operated when a slave purchases his freedom, for the comparison would perpetually recall to the master the ransom to which he considers he has a right, and of which he will think himself defrauded. Secondly, it is necessary that the master, after having lost the sum for which he originally purchased the slave, be not obliged to advance money to this same slave to set him to work; it is even necessary that the cultivation of his land be carried on without any fresh disbursement on his part. Thirdly, it is requisite that the heretofore slave be attached by interest to the land on which he has previously lived; that he should inhabit the same cabin, cultivate the same plantation, and be associated to the property in such a manner as to give him security, not only for the present, but for the future; his interests must be so assimilated with those of his master's, that he desires what his master desires, and suffers from the same causes that make him suffer; that he employs all his strength as well as intelligence for the advantage of both, instead of, as formerly, employing them only to frustrate an adversary. Lastly, it is necessary that the new condition of the peasant, and all his relations with the proprietor, be fixed by law, and in a permanent manner, for they are not, and will not for a long time, be in a disposition of mind to debate amicably together their opposing interests.

All these conditions of a wise emancipation—but which, far from being gradual, may be instantaneous—were acknowledged by every

people in Europe, when, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, the whole country population, beginning first in the southern districts and later in the northern, were enfranchised. They began by agreeing that, of the produce of the earth and the labour of man, it was necessary to set aside nearly one half for the support of the cultivator, whether slave or free. The other half formed the revenue of the proprietors, and was to augment in proportion as the tenant made progress in industry and the art of cultivating the land. It was evident that the difference of climate, and of fertility of soil, might make some inequality in this proportion; but they rightly considered that a fixed rule would be more favourable to all parties than a partition according to circumstances, at first sight more equitable, but which gave room for arbitrary decisions. Agreeing upon this fundamental rule, the masters soon found there was both economy and profit in suffering the labourers to administer as they pleased that portion of the produce of the soil which was necessary for their support. Throughout western Europe, the proprietors agreed that the totality of their land should be cultivated by their peasants, dividing equally the produce at times of harvest. Throughout eastern Europe, on the contrary, there was a partition of land and of time; the three first days of the week, for example, the peasants worked gratis for the proprietor, the three last for themselves.

In both parts of Europe, however, when our ancestors gave freedom to the working population, their first care was to fix them in the same houses, the same fields, and in the same habits as previously: they avoided to displace or overthrow anything; their object was to ameliorate only so that the enfranchised slave, instead of having to acquire immediately new ideas, take decisions, and make calculations for which his whole previous life had served to render him unfit, should continue to do what he had always done—cultivate the same land for the same master, without having either to ask or pay him any money, without having to traffic for himself, or to sell his commodities, which he delivers in kind to his master, without anxiety for the future, which is guaranteed to himself and his children by his having a share in the property of the soil. Henceforward the peasant did his work with more zeal, intelligence, and pleasure, because the actuating principle was self-interest, and not force. These two arrangements between the proprietor and cultivator, although flowing from the same principle, have not analogous effect. The first, known in France by the name of *contrat de métayer*, or farms held on half produce, paid in kind, made the cultivator reach a state of the most perfect freedom, and agriculture that of the highest perfection: the second, distinguished by the name of *contrat de corvée*, or farms paid by labour, maintained the peasant in a sort of intermediate state between servitude and freedom, and proved an obstacle to the improvement of agriculture, and to the increase of the proprietor's revenue.

There is some reason to think that the *contrat de métayer* was already known to the Romans, at least it is preserved above all in those countries where the Roman legislation and language are most retained. In England, it is one of the forms of *tenure in socage*. In the present day, it is generally used in the south and west of France, in Savoy, Switzerland, and Italy. Those who are well acquainted with this latter country, and particularly with Tuscany, can bear witness, that in no part of the world is there a more intelligent, a richer, or a more various cultivation,—no

where is greater capital laid out on the soil, or returned with greater abundance,—no where is a class of peasants more numerous on a given space, for a family usually live on the half produce of from six to ten acres of land, and, at the same time, labourers more industrious or happier, experiencing fewer deprivations in the present, and less anxiety in the future. They will say also, that in no country in Europe is the rent of land more secure, easier of collection, or more considerable.

There are great as well as small proprietors in Tuscany: all alike let their land by tenure on half-produce; all divide their land in nearly equal *métairies* (in Italian *poderi*) of from six to ten English acres, the net produce of which varies from 50*l.* to 150*l.* sterling, in a country where all provisions are cheap. The small proprietors divide the harvests themselves with the peasant; the large have factors, who manage at the same time twenty or thirty *poderi*. The cottage of the labourer is built in the middle of the portion of land he and his family have to cultivate, and generally placed from whence he can at once overlook the whole. In the lower part is the stable and the wine-press; above, two or three dwelling-rooms. As the same house and fields generally pass from father to son for several generations, the labourer, called in Italy *contadino*, becomes attached to them with all the pride of property; he ornaments them, in all the pure taste of the Tuscans; he decorates with flowers his *aia*, at the same time that he peoples it with various kinds of poultry. The *contadino*, interested in all the progress of agriculture, dividing with his master the fruits of his labour, cultivates with a sort of affection the corn, vine, olive, mulberry, and chestnut, with all the numerous fruit trees intermixed in the narrow space assigned him: he seldom employs workmen,—himself, his wife, and children do all the work,—he disburses no money,—almost all the capital he lays out on it is in the form of labour: but there is no need of any overlooking to make him work; his ardour equals that of those who work by task, only it is important to him to do it as well as fast: he braves the heat of the sun and the dews of evening,—he dreams at night of the ameliorations of which his *podere* is capable: he has all the advantages and all the enjoyments of property; all, however, is not his: on the day of harvest the master or the factor comes; the thrashed corn is measured on the floor, and of every two bushels the master takes one; if it is he who furnished the seed, he takes, before the corn is divided, a heaped bushel for every one he provided. Divisions are, again, in like manner made at the harvest of Indian corn, the vintage, the flour of chestnuts, the oil and the cods of silk. Finally, the *métayer* gives the master in spring a couple of fowls, and in autumn a couple of capons for his share of the poultry court; and a fixed quantity of milk, butter, and cheese for that of the stable. Everything is paid in kind between the master and the *métayer*: this last does not buy or sell anything; he handles no money; the former remains alone charged with the taxes.

The master, likewise, has no money to disburse on his side, except for those great ameliorations which create, as it were, a new property—the construction of canals for watering meadows, or dykes for rivers. He has already furnished the land, with the plantations on it, the first set of instruments of husbandry, at least such as are costly, the stock and seed. He might afterwards be dispensed from all inspection, till the time of dividing the harvests, for personal interest keeps watch for

him; nevertheless, he is always called master (*padrone*) by the metayer, who preserves a reverential affection for him. Their interests, instead of being opposite, are the same; and the peasant looks upon himself as a client, who always knows where to find a protector.

The contract between the proprietor and the metayer cannot be explained without our feeling at the same time how easily it might be introduced into the West Indies, and almost without any modification. It would there find men perfectly ready to receive it, and without breaking one of their accustomed habits. A plantation is cultivated like a factory in Tuscany, by thirty, sixty, or perhaps a hundred labourers; each has his small cottage, frequently his garden and poultry-yard. There would only be to divide a plantation between the families who already work on it, and give each its part. In operating this benevolent revolution, it is more essential to make the negro well understand the conditions under which he is henceforward to labour, than to tell him that he is free. It would be further necessary that the master should continue to feed him for the first year, or at least till the first harvest; but in such a climate as the West Indies the harvests are, still more than in Italy, in regular succession throughout the year; the earth continues constantly to receive seed, and constantly to return it in produce. It is an immense advantage for the first establishment of the system of metayers; for it is not necessary, as in the northern climates, to trust all at once to the labourer the fruits of a single harvest, which must support him throughout the year; so that he would experience the utmost distress if he did not manage it skilfully: on the contrary, every month produces some different kind of food, every month adds something to his ideas of order and economy. In Tuscany, much of the produce is more adapted to the consumption of the cultivator than to the market. He lives on the flour of chestnut and of Indian corn, more than on that of wheat; and at the harvests of those productions, generally takes with his own the master's portion, to return its value in wine or oil. But this exchange is voluntary, is made at the current price of those articles, or on one previously agreed upon. In like manner, the negro in the West Indies may take the master's share of the manioc, (*Iatropha manioc*,) or other productions more immediately of his use, and repay him in sugar or coffee.

The master, on his side, retains around him all the men who have hitherto depended on him; he will always be respected and obeyed by them, because a close connexion of interests directs all their efforts to the same object. There will no longer be any opposition, no longer any struggle between the laziness of the one and the hardness and cupidity of the other; the seeds of the rancorous passions will no longer be sown between them. The same plantations, cultivated without interruption by the same hands, will return from the first year the same kinds of harvests; but every successive year the quantity of produce will be augmented in proportion as the labourers interested in the production make progress in assiduity and intelligence. The master will not be called upon to make daily advances of money, which is always difficult, and which, when the colonial produce sells ill, as it does now, becomes ruinous: above all, he will not be called on to pay every week for the labour of his own slaves, the thought of which he resists with indignation, as at once depriving him of a possession and of a right. But the negro works,

and will still work, for him: in return the master lodges, and will still lodge him; clothes, feeds, and supplies him with medicines, if necessary. He will be relieved from all the little details of these cares, all advances of money, by only giving up to the negro one-half of the productions his labour creates. He will have lost only one thing—the right of being unjust and cruel. Dares he regret it? His property remains untouched, his cares are diminished, and his income increases annually.

The metayer system is not entirely unknown in the West Indies; it is so simple, so advantageous to both parties, that, perhaps, without thinking of imitating European usages, men of colour, who are great landed proprietors, in Haïti, have introduced it into the administration of their property; many of their labourers have tenure of land on half produce for coffee, and most other colonial productions. But as the cultivation of sugar demands much greater advance of capital, the Haïtians are agreed that one quarter of the produce is sufficient to pay for the labour, and that the remaining three quarters are for the master, in compensation not only for the use of the land, but of that of the fixed capital, buildings, and instruments of labour.

We have already said that the *contrat de métayer* was not the only system the Europeans of the middle ages substituted for the ancient one of slavery. While one half of Europe adopted that expedient, the other half, all that portion in which the cultivation of the land is entrusted to the Sclavonic race, had recourse to the tenure by *corvée*, or of unpaid labour. In all that part of eastern Europe where the soil is fertile, but where the climate does not permit a variety of culture, but limits the agriculturist to almost the single production of corn—the extent of plain at the same time exposing the inhabitants to the evils of war and oppression—the population does not multiply, and an almost boundless quantity of land lies waste, the possessor of which feels no repugnance to pay with a portion of it for the labour he requires. The proprietor of one or more villages, accordingly, grants to each of his peasants a house, a fixed quantity of land sufficient to keep him and his family in bread, a right of pasture on his common, and of firewood in his forests. The peasant pays no rent for these concessions, but, in return, is obliged to work with his team, the three first days of the week for his master, the three last he is free to work for himself.

The *contrat de corvée*, or of time, is in vigour throughout the ancient kingdom of Poland, Hungary, Transylvania, and Bohemia, and in all those parts of Germany where the country people speak the Sclavonic language, while the proprietors speak the German. It was known, also, in every other part of Europe; it is obscurely hinted at by the historians of the decline of the empire, when they relate that the barbarians divided the land with the Romans, leaving them only half, or one-third of their domains. In England, according to what may be conjectured, the tenure in free socage of which Bracton, Glanvil, and the other jurisconsults of the thirteenth century speak, was the *contrat de métayer*;—it cannot be doubted that the tenure in villein socage, by the same authors, was the *contrat de corvée*, or of time. The contract, in comparison of the first, was considered debasing, as preserving a strong impress of slavery. In those countries of Europe in which it is still in force, the peasants are no longer slaves, but they continue serfs.

Compared with slavery, the condition of the bondsmen liable to *corvée* is an immense amelioration; they live in general in great plenty, and the free disposal of their time the days that are assigned them, excites a degree of industry and activity unknown to the slave; but on the days which they must give to their master, laziness, and a disgust of labour, predominate. The serf has no interest in doing well, and the master, hopeless that the bondsmen should like the *métayer*, exerts all his efforts to accomplish his task speedily, and retains the right of inflicting bodily chastisement to urge on his work. Inspectors must direct the labourers on the days of *corvée*, and they are frequently allowed to press them with the whip. The lord, also, is sole judge between himself and the peasant. There is no justice to be obtained by the latter against the former. Instead of the three first days of the week he often chooses those which suit him better, and leaves the days of rain and bad weather to the labourer: he exacts that the serf conveys his commodities to the market, and often to the distant ports of the Baltic, or of the Black Sea; and these long journeys equally ruin the peasant and his team.

If it be impossible to obtain at once all that it would be wise to grant, or that it would be desirable to establish by law for the advantage of the colonies, for the advantage equally of the proprietor and of the slave—the substitution of bondage for slavery—the introduction of a system of *corvée* instead of slave cultivation, must still be received with gratitude. In several colonies, one day besides Sunday has been allowed to the slave to work in his small garden, and raise such sort of food as it could produce; but however rich the soil, and fine the climate of the West Indies, that is found to be utterly insufficient. The slaves exhaust themselves by work; they take time from their night's rest, they are ill fed, they are soon worn out, and the avarice of the master turns to his own loss. In some of the Spanish colonies, the slave has been permitted to purchase successively from his master, every day in the week, at a fixed price. It is making him pay very dear for the recovery of his natural rights, and by efforts probably ruinous to his health; but it is a progressive step, while there are colonies where all progress is impossible.

The great objection to the cultivation of the land by *corvée* is, that it is a system which stops all progress. Those countries, in fact, where it is in force, remain for centuries in the same state. Agriculture makes no step towards perfection; no new capital is ever laid out on the land, and the peasants on it continue rude, ignorant, and unhappy. Accordingly, if any progress is made in those countries, it is always by giving up the system of *corvée*, and substituting a fixed rent for the labour due by the serf. It is what has taken place in Russia, without, however, abolishing bondage. The peasant continues to possess his house, and a certain extent of land, which he holds of his lord; but the *corvée* to which he was formerly obliged has been converted into a capitation-tax on every male inhabitant, called *obsoc*. Like tenures of land in villenage have been known also in other countries of Europe; the traces are to be found in the quit-rents of the ancient copyholds in England, and it is for that reason that a capitation or poll-tax is considered as the remains of slavery. The cultivation of the land by capitation, which places the peasant under the obligation of finding money at a given time, has no other advantage than that of being one step towards the system of farming generally adopted at the present day throughout Europe.

When even this system is compared with that of the *metayer*, brought to perfection as it now is in Italy, one may, perhaps, be led to think, that the mass of wealth and happiness which the land might produce for those who cultivate it, has not been managed to the best advantage for all, in the establishment of large farms; but this question is far from our subject. The slaves in the West Indies alone occupy our attention; it is for their sakes we say, Study the progress of Europe issuing out of barbarism—study the abolition of slavery by our ancestors—study Italy, where is still to be seen in practice, the means which, above all others, have best succeeded—means that suit the most advanced state of civilization as well as the most barbarous, and you will perceive that there needs only a determination of the will, in order to abolish, in one day, slavery and all its train of crimes and dangers; to guarantee at once, not only the present property of the planters, but to ensure its increasing produce, and the consequent augmentation of their revenue; to place the negroes in a progressive state of improvement; and on the way, to carry their industry to perfection, without interrupting for a single day their labour. To unite, in short, the white and black race by the ties of affection, confidence, and protection; thus substituting the benevolent feelings for the malignant ones of contempt, hatred, and a thirst of vengeance.

POSTSCRIPT.

It is some time since I have written the preceding pages, and I have now read the speech of Mr. Stanley, and the project which he has submitted to Parliament. His sentiments—the sacrifices he proposes to the English nation—surpass my most sanguine hopes. But are sentiments and sacrifices sufficient to accomplish the object which the Ministry must have in view? I am obliged to doubt it. All the objections which I have advanced against the system of culture by workmen without interest in the soil that they cultivate, and driven to struggle with masters already irritated against them, I find in the plan of Mr. Stanley. Two classes of men, who nourish, the one against the other, a spirit of jealousy, of defiance, of resentment approaching even to hate, are to come into contact every day upon those physical details of existence, which often suffice to embroil members of most united families among the poor. The master is to find nourishment, clothing, medicine, for his *ci-devant* slave. But who shall be the judge to decide, three times a day, if the portion be sufficient at each repast—if the aliment for the slave be not provided, by the spirit of aversion or revenge, from among the most unwholesmoe or unpalatable viands? While the negroes were slaves, remember, the master had an actual interest in their lives and health; that interest ceases now, and himself or his subalterns may now vent their rancour and their spite—whether to prove to the slaves that they were better off in their slavery, or to counteract the new system of which they disapprove. Whoever has either laboured himself, or seen others labour, knows that the same quantum of work may be done in five hours or in six, according to the intensity of the efforts of the labourer: such efforts can not last above a few hours. The peasant may see the artizan of a town take up the spade, or the bill-hook, and work more laboriously than himself, but he will soon exhaust his strength—he will not reach the end of

the day; the former only asks of his labourers an industry equal, moderate, and sustained. The proprietor of the slaves has the same interest as the former; but in the new condition of apprenticed negroes, the master will have an interest in exhausting the strength of the negro—he has an interest to extort as much as he can during the labour of six or seven hours; he will use every means which the law (of necessity) will afford him to attain the maximum of work. Who shall judge which party shall succeed in the struggle of every instant? Where shall be the common gauge and measure of the work which a man can perform in three-parts of a day?

In recognizing in the negro the intelligence and activity which belong to man, we must confess that either climate, or physical organization, or the disheartening effect of slavery, inspires him with a repugnance to work. The love of indolence appears to be his constant passion—the indifference to the future, his most habitual character. Throughout the whole race of negroes—nay, of all mankind—you must give a stimulus to the drudgery of daily work, and that stimulus is *want*. But the project submitted to Parliament takes from the negro that very stimulus. Want is not to impel him to work; his master is to provide for him! Lodging, clothing, and food, all are to be the exchange for three-parts of his time. What motive will induce him to work during the fourth part that you leave him? It would require an energy that you do not find even among white men, to enable the black to pass at once from compulsory to free work, for which he has no necessity. The fourth part of his time the negro, then, will spend in complete sloth.

If there be an acknowledged fact, it is that, in the slave-system actually existing in the Colonies, the industry of the planter is industry wasted. The expenses of maintaining his slaves, of paying their inspectors, together with the interest of his capital in their original purchase, consume all his profits: nearly all the planters are in debt, many in a state of insolvency—whether because the slave system is the most expensive of all—in proportion to the number of labourers maintained, and with that of labour performed,—or whether because the peculiar situation of the planters induces them to an excess of production which surcharges the market and lowers prices. *But the project of Mr. Stanley must inevitably increase the costs of cultivation without augmenting the productive powers of the cultivators. At all events, the planters are to lose at least a quarter of the amount of physical labour,—that is, of actual produce. It is more than a prosperous trade can bear;—for them it will be complete ruin,—and ruin, of course, to the whole negro population they support.*

In fine, quarrels, daily and violent, upon the quality and quantum of the food supplied,—quarrels, not less violent, upon the proportion of work demanded,—the suppression of the necessary stimulus of labour to the negro,—the destruction of a fourth part of the whole amount of labour to the planter—such must be the result of the adoption of Mr. Stanley's plan!

I should never have opposed my own speculations to those of a man who, even in this discussion, has given proof of talents so high, and sentiments so noble. But, without demanding your confidence in my theories, I can call to their aid an experience which I alone, perhaps, have devoted myself to acquire. My life has been consecrated to two

studies—1st. that of the progress of human society in the middle ages—as it passed out of its elementary barbarism of serfs and slavery; and 2d. the condition of the agriculturists in Tuscany and Switzerland,—the two countries in which the labouring population enjoy the most of comfort and happiness.

It is to the result of these studies that I call attention to this grand principle of society,—" that for the happiness of all, for the success of all labour—the interests of workman or of master must concur in a common end, instead of being put in direct opposition to each other." In showing how the interest of the proprietor and that of the workman concur toward the end of production, I have not attempted to pass to details of execution in their application to the colonial system. I believe firmly, that the master has no right to compensation, because the new system will be more advantageous to him than the old; and that half the crop, freed from all cost of cultivation, would produce him a larger income than the whole when obliged to bear the entire expense. But the generosity of the nation, which provides a compensation for the planter, will assuredly furnish powerful means for accomplishing the revolution without violence, by the co-operation of the two races, by the concurrence of their mutual interest, and not by the triumph of one over the other. However ardently I desire to see extinguished, at the earliest period, an unjust and cruel system, I yet deeply feel the importance of enlightening the two classes of slave and master by example and experience. My earnest wish, then, is for successive redemptions, which should exhibit to the eyes of every one, in all the islands, and in every district of each island, families of negroes located on prosperous farms, and rendering to their masters a constantly increasing income, before promulgating an emancipation of the others. If these redemptions were continued for several years—if example and experience afforded those lessons which no language can impart—individual interest would soon effect the enfranchisement of the remainder.

Whatever be the amount which England may appropriate to the emancipation of the negroes, I would confine the entire sum to premiums for the planter who should have formed *métairies* (farms rendering to their owner one clear moiety of the annual produce). I wish the premium to be considered purely as a gratuity, but not claimable unless the experiment should have succeeded. I would announce that the State would pay 100*l.* sterling for each enfranchised negro converted into a farmer; but only after the expiration of one year, at least, when this new cultivator shall have given proof, by his industry, his economy, and the increased amount of produce, that he is in a prosperous condition. I would give a wide circulation to this pledge, so that the premium of encouragement should operate simultaneously upon the two races; for my object is, that the planters, induced by the hope of selling their slaves to the public at a much higher price than they could expect in the market, should cordially desire the success of the experiment, and should select for cultivators the most robust, active, and intelligent of their negroes. I wish that the negroes, excited by the same spirit of emulation, and feeling that by these qualifications they are rendering themselves the foremost worthy to be free, should eagerly court this promotion; should offer themselves to their masters for the first selection, and solicit his preference by promises of zeal and industry;

that such as are not redeemed in the first or second year should continue to distinguish themselves as slaves, that they may be chosen in the third: lastly, that the premium granted to success should restore hope to all, and unite all hearts and all efforts for the accomplishment of one common purpose.

The planter who should have made a good selection from his negroes, and have converted them into industrious farmers, who, being at no further cost for the maintenance of his slaves, should draw for the net moiety of his crops a revenue from his plantation far superior to his present one, and who moreover should receive, at the expiration of the term prescribed for the experiment, 100*l.* for every enfranchised individual of the family capable of providing for his own support, would find himself considerably benefited; his income would at least be doubled, the enfranchised negro would become happy, and would transmit his happiness from generation to generation. But the colony would be a greater gainer than either; it would have tried a delicate experiment by men the best adapted to execute it well; it would have made it the interest both of planters and negroes to cultivate efficiently, and to reap the fruits of freedom; it would have restored to harmony, and induced to concur to one common purpose two races mutually jealous and hostile; it would have been the means of pointing out, by the most intelligent of the two races, what are the modifications which climate and the species of culture may require in the contract of the farmer, always keeping in view the unchangeable principle,—that one half the produce of the earth shall belong to the master, and the other half to the cultivator; lastly, it would have given to two races of men, perhaps equally obstinate and reluctant to receive lessons derived from strangers, the only instruction capable of carrying conviction,—namely, that of their own eyes.

As long as England should continue her generous appropriations, they should be employed to the same end; but the slaves redeemed for the purpose of being converted into farmers should, every year, be paid for at a lower rate. The best and most valuable have been redeemed the first; their masters have, consequently, gained an extraordinary advantage in proportion to the eagerness of their slaves, and to the dangers and difficulties of a first experiment. They have received the price of their apprenticeship and that of the country. When it has been made manifest to the planters, by the experience of their neighbours, that a change of system is profitable to them, there will no longer be any motive for paying them to consult their own interest. After four, or at most five, years, I should see no further reason for granting the premium, and a final emancipation might then be pronounced without danger.

THE POLITICIAN, NO. XVII.

THE BANK CHARTER.

[HAVING considered that the best thing we can do with regard to the Bank Charter, and certain other questions connected with the currency, will be to leave them as *open* questions to our contributors, we insert the following paper out of respect to the knowledge of the author, but without committing ourselves to the opinions which it advances.]

THE more Lord Althorp's measure for the renewal of the Bank Charter is examined, the more deficient it is found. No general principles seem to have been followed in forming the plan; no comprehensive view has been taken of the whole subject, but most of the provisions have been framed in order to meet extreme cases. Nothing is settled or put in train for future settlement. Difficulties are not met and overcome, but evaded and left; whilst, instead of accomplishing great and beneficial objects by simple means, a complex machinery is established to work nothing, or work mischief. To provide for the effects of a panic, when a panic *has come*, seems to have been the first and last notion of the concoctors of the measure.

The Bank question obviously resolves itself into three leading points: (1.) The monopoly of the currency; (2.) the management of the public money, the payment of the national debt, and, to a certain extent, the keeping of the public accounts; (3.) "Free trade" in banks of deposit. Each of these points is of great, though of unequal importance. The first may not only affect the fortunes of those who possess property of any kind, but might change the value of every man's income. The second—exclusive of its indirect effects upon our system—involves the question of a consideration varying from 250,000*l.* to 500,000*l.* The general use, or rather the absolute necessity for banks of deposit, in the extensive money transactions of a city like London, and the immense amount of the aggregate of deposits lodged in their coffers, renders the third an object of great importance, even putting the ulterior uses of extensive deposit banks in the final settlement of the two former objects altogether out of view. Let us see how the various points have been considered and provided for in the measure concocted by the Finance Minister and approved of by Government.

Very many persons, and some of high authority, have advocated what may be termed a regulated free trade in money, and the non-renewal of the Bank Charter. Into the general policy of this measure we shall not enter, because we are fully convinced that the time has not yet arrived for making the experiment. There exists at present no *machinery* for working the plan, nor is the commercial world of London at all prepared for its adoption. If the privilege of the Bank, as a bank of issue, were taken away, and the entire currency of the kingdom derived from joint-stock or chartered companies, it seems impossible that benefit could follow, though extensive mischief might. Did the desiderated competition immediately take place between different banks acting (we will assume) in perfect honesty, but in perfect ignorance of each other's operations, "*an action on the currency*" would ensue, extensive speculations and a feverish prosperity would follow; but when the revulsion came, it would be far more ruinous than even the last panic, for the banks which had caused the mischief could not, like the Bank of Eng-

land in 1825, step in at the eleventh hour to check the evils of its own creation, but would be swept away in one common ruin. If, as is very likely, the strangeness of their position induced an excess of caution in the new banks, the currency would be contracted, and much mischief, though not absolute ruin, would ensue. If, as is most probable, the general aversion to novelty where money is in question, the caution of all solvent men, and the jealousy of the established banks of deposit drove in the new notes as fast as they were issued, the monopoly would still be virtually possessed by the Bank of England, without its present knowledge or responsibility. To renew the Charter, as regards the monopoly of issue, seems, therefore, to have been a sound policy. To renew it, so as to provide means for its future regulation or abolition, seems not to have been dreamt of, much less attempted.

The same difficulty that exists with regard to free trade in currency exists with regard to the management of the public money. There is no established machinery which can come into competition with the Bank. If that Company declined the business, no existing establishment—either banking or mercantile—has the means to manage, or the credit to be trusted with, pecuniary transactions of such immense magnitude. Government must form a new department for the express purpose of paying the dividends and keeping the public money; and, saying nothing of the additional expense of this latter purpose, and the total *waste* of the interest on the balances, it is tolerably certain that the business would be very badly done, and cost much more money than at present. The immediate question upon this point, therefore, was to make the best pecuniary bargain that could be made. This, it is generally admitted, has not been done, and the causes of this failure are not incurious in a Finance Minister. Lord Althorp seems altogether to have disregarded the credit which the Bank derives from its connexion with Government, and the profit which it makes on the public deposits lodged in its hands. An oversight, equally important, was committed—as Mr. Baring observed—in overlooking the difference between the rate of interest now and at the former renewal of the Charter, by which means, whilst the money lent to Government was then lent at 2 per cent. below the market value, more than the full rate of interest is now paid for it.*

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* Statement of the public loss or gain on the last and proposed renewal of the Bank Charter:—

FORMER RENEWAL.

	£.
Annual gain to the public of 2 per cent. on the loan of 14,600,000*l.*, lent at 3 per cent. when the rate of interest was 5 per cent. . . .	292,000
Deduct, paid for the management of the national debt	248,000
Gain to the public at the former renewal of the Charter . .	44,000

PROPOSED RENEWAL.

	£.
Loss of ½ per cent. on 11,000,000*l.*, the present rate of interest being, *according to Mr. Baring*, only 2½ per cent., and Government paying 3 per cent.	55,000
To be paid for the management of the National Debt . . .	128,000
Loss to the public by the proposed renewal of the Charter . .	183,000

If we admit Mr. Baring to have understated the rate of interest, and allow something for larger gains by the debt, &c., than at present, enough still remains to show that Lord Althorp has given the Bank Directors an advantageous bargain, for he has given them a more advantageous charter.

The mere pecuniary loss is, however, a secondary matter, compared with the total disregard of any means by which the Bank might eventually be subjected to a competition for one of its most important and profitable employments. It would appear that this desirable end could have been accomplished by a measure of the simplest and the safest kind, and which would also have prepared the machinery and paved the way for the establishment (if it should ever be deemed proper) of a free trade in money: the continuance of the Bank monopoly, as a *bank of issue*—its abolition as a *bank of deposit*.

Had this plan been adopted, much good would have been produced, and no evil could possibly have followed. Without wishing to depreciate a respectable body of men, we must yet say, that the Deposit Banks of London are not placed upon a sound and safe footing, and that the public are prevented by law from being sufficiently secured against the contingency of loss. By permitting the establishment, in London, of joint-stock, or chartered banks of deposit, where the shareholders were only liable to the amount of their shares, and allowing a private bank to consist of any number of partners, responsible to their creditors with their whole fortunes, a new channel would have been opened for the employment of capital, whilst every person who pleased could have combined the security of the Bank of England with that pecuniary accommodation, and that attention to the convenience of individuals, which is now only found at private establishments. But this is not all; the higher class of banking companies, by their character, experience, and connexion, would form a machinery by which, at the expiration of the charter, a regulated freedom in the issue of notes might (if it were deemed advisable) be carried into execution. The same qualities, combined with the extent of their capital, would render them competitors with the Bank of England for the management of the public money, and even for the present monopoly of issue. The public interests would no longer be dependent on the questionable skill and firmness of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. The bargain would not be made by the huckstering of a Finance Minister, but by the open competition of rival establishments, where not only the profits on the public deposits and on the monopoly of issue would be balanced against the expense of the management, but the advantages derived from the credit of the connexion would also be taken into consideration. By Lord Althorp's plan, the first step towards procuring these advantages is postponed for eleven years. By that time the state of the money market may render the Bank much less manageable than at present; the scheme of making its notes a legal tender will assuredly augment its power.

This latter plan, we are aware, has been recommended by respectable authority; but its evils, at all events as long as one pound notes are forbidden, seem far to outweigh its benefits. The greatest inconvenience that the present law can ever cause, is to compel private bankers, and the Bank of England, to keep a *reserve* of gold beyond what is required for the average demand. This is doubtless unpleasant to the parties, who would prefer employing this reserve; but it adds to the stability of the banks, and consequently to the security of the public. The Bank of England, in seasons of general alarm, may, indeed, be put to some unnecessary trouble and expense, in order to furnish gold to different banks apprehensive of a run, which run may not, after all, take place, or not

to the extent supposed. This, however, is the extent of the evil, and even the risk of this, since the suppression of small notes, has, we suspect, been greatly exaggerated. In peculiar or partial panics, (the only cases which the plan can meet,) bank notes, to those bankers who have means or credit to procure them, are now as useful as gold. An individual, distrusting the solvency of a firm, or suspecting the credit of his district, will be happy enough to receive bank notes without demanding sovereigns. If he is the holder of more than one local note, the probability is, that he would prefer bank paper. It should also be remembered, that if the Government plan effect (what ought to be) its object of rendering the country circulation solid and secure, the frequency of these runs will be very much reduced, or their recurrence altogether prevented.

In case of political runs, or commercial panics, affecting the Bank itself, the measure seems decidedly mischievous. Its tendency, or rather its sure result, is to lessen the reserve of gold in the country and to add to the number of notes; thus increasing the demand, whilst the means of meeting it are diminished. This demand, too, will be concentrated upon one point, instead of being, as heretofore, directed to many. Private establishments will no longer act as breakwaters to the Bank of England; the current of panic-struck demand will all set in one direction upon what may not turn out to be *one rock*. It should be remembered, too, that the late inquiries into the affairs of the Bank, and the knowledge that that mighty establishment has sometimes been upon the brink of stoppage, will not render small holders more indifferent, or induce them to keep back their notes.

It may be questioned, however, whether making bank-notes a legal tender may not, by increasing the currency, and hence, by artificially raising prices and speculations, have a tendency to induce the very panic against whose partial effects it is intended to guard. We do not here allude to the direct increase of the Bank circulation which this measure will effect; we speak of its secondary results. A banker will be chary of increasing his issue, when he may be obliged to pay in gold, because he knows that the quantity of gold is limited, and is more especially difficult to procure when wanted. "That confidence, however, which every man feels in his own good fortune," will not render him so cautious when notes will serve his turn; and even the Bank itself may feel inclined to grant occasional assistance by paper when prudence or necessity would resist a virtual demand for gold. Against such an increase of circulation stimulated by assistance, or the expectation of assistance, no publicity of the Bank accounts can guard, (even if the ratio of security on one-third deposit of gold were the same—which it is not—with a circulation of twenty-five or fifty millions,) neither will the over-issue itself, perhaps, be suspected—certainly not detected—till the work of derangement and mischief has begun. Then, indeed,—when the millennium of the currency doctors has arrived—when prices have been unduly raised—when the ingenuity of projectors, and the confidence of dupes, is pretty well exhausted—when a *drain* is gradually, but constantly, going on upon the bank coffers—when bubbles are bursting—when speculators and speculative bankers are "showing symptoms of distress as to time"—and solvent persons of small capital, whom the facility of raising money has tempted to engage in somewhat extensive transactions, are anxiously thinking about their liabilities—then, indeed, the Bank—

snuffing that danger which is *not afar* off—will be chary enough of granting assistance, and, with wonted and very natural policy, will endeavour to save itself at the expense of others. A sense of its peril, aggravated as that peril must then be by the increased extent of its circulation, will induce it to refuse accommodation, or to grant it niggardly; to decline, perhaps to draw in, advances upon stock, and to contract its circulation by all other means. These measures, as they have heretofore done, (but under *widely different circumstances*,) may save the Bank, or they may not. To others they will be ruinous; and, after a brief but flattering prosperity, like that of 1824-5, we shall have a revulsion shorter and sharper than that of 1825-6. We do not, of course, say that such are the inevitable results of this measure; but we do say, that a measure whose remote tendencies are to produce a more extensive ruin than a violent revolution or a civil war, ought not to be brought forward by the finance minister of a commercial nation.

Into the other and somewhat clumsy schemes for improving the country currency it is unnecessary to enter, for we consider a simpler, but a far more effectual, plan might have been chosen. There was no occasion to have made any change. Had the country banks been left alone, but the privilege of a charter offered to all joint-stock companies which lodged in the hands of commissioners a deposit of stock equal to the amount of their issues, the country circulation would soon have righted itself; the present amount of capital seeking investment would have rendered the establishment of such companies, in any number, and upon any scale, a matter of ease. Putting aside the tendency of the better banks to draw to themselves the greater part of the better business, the large amount of their capital, and the greater security of their paper, would pretty well supersede other notes, and force greater caution and circumspection upon the issuers of such paper as might still remain in circulation. Thus, without riskful changes, without ministerial or Treasury intermeddling, the country circulation would in a few years *have placed itself* upon a footing as sound, or nearly as sound, as that of the Bank of England. Nor is this all. The chartered banks of issue in the country, conjoined with the banks of deposit in London, would together form a *machinery* by which a regulated, or perhaps an unrestricted, freedom in money might be safely established, if, after due consideration, and an inquiry into the facts which this plan alone would call into being, it should be deemed advisable.

When we are so completely at issue upon the main features of the plan, it is unnecessary to consider its secondary effects: its probable injury to individuals and classes, and what, compared with its more important consequences, we must term the mere convenience of the public at large, are matters of lesser import. We may observe, however, that the proposal to exempt "all bills that had not three months to run, from the usury laws," is, in effect, (by the machinery of renewal,) abolishing those laws altogether, excepting in cases of what is called real security. Even with respect to bonds or mortgages, if the lenders choose to risk part of their money on personal security, the usury laws may be evaded; if they should not feel inclined to do so, no money, in times of scarcity, will be advanced on houses or land. In the reason for this "partial change" we can, however, trace the principle (if it may be called such) which guided the concoctors of the

measure. These good men were evidently terrified by the panic of 1825, and by the run of the interregnum; and they have not yet recovered from their alarm. Instead of endeavouring to prevent the recurrence of commercial panics, (political ones are beyond the reach of economical science,) by establishing a sounder currency, they have endeavoured to check their cure. The patient requires a course of alterative medicine; the physician prescribes for the crisis of a raging fever.

Such is the Government plan. In a mere pecuniary point of view the bargain is a bad one for the public, and, speaking superficially, a very good one for the Bank. The currency is not placed upon a sounder footing than before; it is questionable whether it be not rendered more insecure. *All* the monopolies and privileges of the Bank are not only continued, but extended and *confirmed*. Changes are made without any sufficient object, and under what we must conceive to be a fearful risk; whilst not only are no steps prepared for a permanent settlement of the subject, but the future arrangement of this most momentous and gigantic question is rendered more difficult than ever.

ON THE THUGS*.

RECEIVED FROM AN OFFICER IN THE SERVICE OF HIS HIGHNESS THE NIZAM.

The Thugs form a perfectly distinct class of persons, who subsist almost entirely upon the produce of the murders they are in the habit of committing. They appear to have derived their denomination from the practice usually adopted by them of decoying the persons they fix upon to destroy, to join their party; and then, taking advantage of the confidence they endeavour to inspire, to strangle their unsuspecting victims. They are also known by the name of Phanseegurs; and in the north-eastern part of the Nizam's dominions, are usually called "Kockbunds." There are several peculiarities in the habits of the Thugs, in their mode of causing death, and in the precautions they adopt for the prevention of discovery, that distinguish them from every other class of delinquents; and it may be considered a general rule whereby to judge of them, that they affect to disclaim the practice of petty theft, housebreaking, and indeed every species of stealing that has not been preceded by the perpetration of murder.

The Thugs adopt no other method of killing but strangulation; and the implement made use of for this purpose is a handkerchief, or any other convenient strip of cloth. The manner in which the deed is done will be described hereafter. They never attempt to rob a traveller until they have, in the first instance, deprived him of life: after the commission of a murder, they invariably bury the body immediately, if time and opportunity serve, or otherwise conceal it; and never leave a corpse uninterred in the highway, unless they happen to be disturbed†.

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* Pronounced Tŭg, but with a slight aspirate.

† The Thugs were known in the time of the Emperor Akbar of Delhi, by whom many were executed. They were first known to the British Government in 1812,

To trace the origin of this practice would now be a matter of some difficulty, for if the assertions of the Thugs themselves are entitled to any credit, it has been in vogue from time immemorial; and they pretend that its institution is coeval with the creation of the world. Like most other inhuman practices, the traditions regarding it are mixed up with tales of Hindoo superstition; and the Thugs would wish to make it appear that, in immolating the numberless victims that yearly fall by their hands, they are only obeying the injunctions of the deity of their worship, to whom they say they are offering an acceptable sacrifice. The object of their worship is the Goddess Kalee, or Bhowanee, and there is a temple at Binda Chul, near Mirzapoor, to which the Thugs usually send considerable offerings, and the establishment of priests at their shrine are entirely of their community. Bhowanee, it seems, once formed the determination of extirpating the human race, and sacrified all but her own disciples. But she discovered, to her astonishment, that, through the intervention of the Creating Power, whenever human blood was shed, a fresh subject immediately started into existence to supply the vacancy. She therefore formed an image, into which she instilled the principles of life, and calling together her disciples, instructed them in the art of depriving that being of life by strangling it with a handkerchief. This method was found upon trial to be effectual, and the goddess directed her worshippers to adopt it, and to murder, without distinction, all who should fall into their hands, promising herself to dispose of the bodies of their victims, whose property she bestowed on her followers; and to be present at, and to preside over and to protect them on those occasions, so that none should be able to prevail against them.

Thus, say the Thugs, was our own order established, and we originally took no care of the bodies of those who fell by our hands, but abandoned them wherever they were strangled, until one man, more curious than the rest, ventured to watch the body he had murdered, in the expectation of seeing the manner in which it was disposed of. The goddess of his worship descended, as usual, to carry away the corpse, but, observing that this man was on the watch, she relinquished her purpose; and calling him, angrily rebuked him for his temerity; telling him she could no longer perform her promise regarding the bodies of the murdered, which his associates must hereafter dispose of in the best way they could. Hence, say they, arose the practice invariably followed by the Thugs of burying the dead; and to this circumstance principally is to be attributed the extraordinary manner in which their atrocities have

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and then many were hung in Bundelkund. Again, in 1817, they attracted notice by their horrible acts, and twelve villages in Bundelkund, which were peopled almost entirely by them, were taken by a force sent against them. They were then dispersed, but assembled in various parts in Sindhia's and the Nagpoor country, also in Holkar's dominions. From 1817 till 1831 they were not molested; and, in consequence, increased greatly in the latter year. Measures were taken to suppress them, which have been attended with great success in this year. One hundred and eleven have been executed at Jubbulpoor, and upwards of 400 transported for life to the eastern settlement of Pinang, and upwards of 600 are now in jail at Sangor to take their trial at the next sessions at Jubbulpoor. Their apprehension, and their consequent disclosures, gave the means of those in this part of the country being pointed out. Mr. Reynolds, the officer who has the work here, has apprehended more than 100 in less than six months, and is catching others almost daily.

remained unknown, for with such circumspection and secresy do they proceed to work, and such order and regularity is there in all their operations, that it is next to impossible a murder should ever be discovered.

Absurd as the foregoing relation may appear, it has had this effect on the mind of the Thugs, that they do not seem to be visited with any of those feelings of remorse or compunction at the inhuman deeds in which they have participated that are commonly supposed to be, at some period of their lives, the portion of all who have trafficked in human blood. On the contrary, they dwell with satisfaction on the recollection of their various and successful exploits; and refer with no small degree of pride and exultation to the instances in which they have been personally engaged, especially if the number of their victims has been great, or the plunder they have acquired has been extensive.

Notwithstanding the adherence to Hindoo rites of worship observable among the Thugs, a very considerable number of them are Mussulmans. No judgment of the birth or caste of a Thug can, however, be formed from his name; for it not unfrequently happens that a Hindoo Thug has a Mussulman name with a Hindoo *alias* attached to it, and *vice versâ* with respect to the Thugs who are by birth Mahommedans. In almost every instance the Thugs have more than one appellation by which they are known. Of the number of Mussulman Thugs, some are to be found of every sect, Sheiks, Sezed, Mogul, and Pathan; and among the Hindoo, the castes chiefly to be met with are Brahmins, Rajhpoots, Lodhees, Ocheers, and Kolees. In a gang of Thugs some of every one of these castes may be found all connected together by the peculiar plan of murder practised by them, all subject to the same regulations, and all, both Mussulmans and Hindoos, joining in the worship of Bhowanee.

They usually move in large parties, often amounting to 100 or 200 persons, and resort to all sort of subterfuges for the purpose of concealing their real profession. If they are travelling southward, they represent themselves to be either proceeding in quest of service, or on their way to rejoin the regiments they belong to in this part of the country. When, on the contrary, their route lies towards the north, they represent themselves to be Sepoys from corps of the Bombay or Nizam's army, who are going on leave to Hindustan. The gangs do not always consist of persons who are Thugs by birth. It is customary for them to entice, by the promise of monthly pay or the hopes of amassing money that are held out, many persons, who are ignorant of the deeds of death that are to be perpetrated for the attainment of these objects, until made aware of the reality by seeing the victims of their cupidity fall under the hands of the stranglers; and the Thugs declare that novices have occasionally been so horrified at the sight, as to have effected their immediate escape. Others, more callous to the commission of crime, are not deterred from the pursuit of wealth by the frightful means adopted to obtain it, and remaining with the gang, too soon begin personally to assist in the perpetration of murder.

Many of the most notorious Thugs are the adopted children of others of the same class. They make it a rule, when a murder is committed, never to spare the life of any one, either male or female, who is old enough to remember and relate the particulars of the deed. But in the event of their meeting with children of such a tender age as to make it impossible they should be enabled to relate the fact, they generally spare

their lives, and, adopting them, bring them up to the trade of Thugs. These men of course eventually become acquainted with the fact of the murder of their fathers and mothers, by the very persons with whom they have dwelt since their childhood, but are still not deterred from following the same dreadful trade. It might be supposed, that a class of persons whose hearts must be effectually hardened against all the better feelings of humanity, would encounter few scruples of conscience in the commission of the horrid deeds whereby they subsist; but, in point of fact, they are as much the slaves of superstition, and as much directed by the observance of omens in the commission of murder, as the most inoffensive of the natives of India are in the ordinary affairs of their lives.

The chief symbol of worship among the Thugs is a khadule, or pick-axe of iron. It is known among them by the name of *hishun*, *kussee*, and *mahee*. With every gang there is carried a *hishun*, which is, in fact, their standard, and the bearer of it is entitled to particular privileges. Previous to commencing an expedition, the jemadars of the party celebrate a poojah to the hishun, which is typical of the deity of their worship. The ceremonies differ little from the usual rites of Hindoos on similar occasions. A Hindoo Thug of good caste is employed in making a quantity of the cakes called poories, which, being consecrated, are distributed among the assembly. The hishun is bathed and perfumed in the smoke of burning benjamin, and is afterwards made over to the *hishun wulluh*, who receives it in a piece of cloth kept for that purpose. It is then taken out into the open fields, in the expectation of an omen being observed. The hishun is deposited in a convenient spot in the direction the party intends to proceed, and certain persons are deputed to keep watch over it. There are particular birds and beasts that are looked upon by the Thugs as the revealers of omens, to whose calls and movements their attention is, on this occasion, particularly directed. Among the number are the owl, the jay, the jackall, the ass, &c. &c. If one of these calls out, or moves to the right hand side, the omen is looked upon as favourable; but if to the left, it is considered unfavourable, and the project is abandoned. It is not unusual for the Thugs to look for a favourable omen previous to the commission of a murder, and they are frequently deterred from carrying their intentions immediately into effect by the observance of an unfavourable sign, such as a snake crossing their path when in pursuit of a victim, or the circumstance of any of the animals before mentioned calling out on their left hand sides. This, no doubt, accounts for the Thugs so often keeping company with travellers for many days previous to murdering them, although they had determined upon their sacrifice from the moment of their first joining the party. The omen is denominated *sugoor* by the Thugs, a corruption, no doubt, of the Persian *shugoôr*.

In the event of an expedition proving more than ordinarily successful, a poojah is usually made to Bhowanee, and a portion of the spoil taken by the gang is set aside for the purpose of being sent to the pagoda before alluded to, as an offering to the goddess. Propitiatory offerings are also made, and various ceremonies performed, before the *khodulee*, or *hishun*, should the Thugs have failed in obtaining any plunder for a length of time.

In every gang of Thugs there are to be found one or more jemadars,

who appear to hold that rank not by the choice of their followers, but in consequence of their wealth and influence in their respective villages, and having assembled their immediate followers in the vicinity of their homes. The profits of a jemadar are of course greater than those of his followers; he receives six and a half or seven per cent. on all silver coin, and other property not hereafter specified, and then shares in the remainder in common with the other Thugs of the party. When gold is obtained in coin or in mass, the tenth part is taken by the jemadar previous to dividing it; and he has a tithe of all pearls, shawls, gold embroidered cloths, brass and copper pots, horses, &c. The jemadar acts as master of the ceremonies when the poojah is performed, and he assigns to every Thug the particular duty he is to undertake in the commission of every murder that is determined on. These duties are performed in succession by all the Thugs of the party, and to the regularity and system that exists among them is to be attributed the unparalleled success that has attended their proceedings. Next to the jemadar, the most important person is the *bhuttoat*, or strangler, who carries the handkerchief with which the Thugs usually murder their victims. This implement is merely a piece of fine, strong cotton cloth, about a yard long; at one end a knot is tied, and the cloth is slightly twisted, and kept ready for use in front of the waistcoat of the person carrying it. There is no doubt but that all Thugs are expert in the use of the handkerchief, which is called boomal, or paloo; but if they are to be believed, only particular persons are called upon, or permitted to perform this office. When a large gang is collected, the most able-bodied and alert of their number are fixed upon as bhuttoats, and they are made the bearers of the handkerchief only after the performance of various and often expensive ceremonies, and only on the observance of a favourable omen. The old and experienced Thugs are usually denominated gooroo bhow, and the junior Thugs make a merit of attending upon them, filling their hookahs, shampooing their bodies, and performing the most menial offices. They gradually become initiated into all the mysteries of the art, and if they prove to be powerful men, these disciples of the *gooroo* are made bhuttoats. The Thugs say, that if one of their class was alone, and had never strangled a person, he would not presume to make use of the handkerchief until he observed a favourable omen. The ceremonies observed in making a bhuttoat are the same as those described in carrying out the hishun, in room of which the handkerchief is on this occasion substituted, and an offering of pence (copper coin), cocoa-nut, turmeric, red ochre, &c., &c., is made. When a murder is to be committed, the bhuttoat usually follows the particular person whom he has been nominated by the jemadar to strangle; and, on the preconcerted signal being given, the handkerchief is seized with the knot in the *left hand*, the right hand being about nine inches farther up, in which manner it is thrown over the head of the person to be strangled from behind; the two hands are crossed as the victim falls, and such is the certainty with which the deed is done, as the Thugs frequently declare, that before the body falls to the ground the eyes start out of the head, and life becomes extinct. Should the person to be strangled prove a powerful man, or the bhuttoat inexpert, another Thug lays hold of the end of the handkerchief, and the work is completed. The perfection of the act is said to be, when several persons are simultaneously murdered without any of

them having time to utter a cry, or to be aware of the fate of their comrades.

Favourable opportunities are given for bhuttoats to make their first essay in the art of strangling. When a single traveller is met with, a novice is instructed to make a trial of his skill; the party sets off during the night, and stops while it is still dark to drink water or to smoke. While seated for the purpose, the jemadar inquires what time of the night it may be, and the Thugs look up at the stars to ascertain. This being the preconcerted signal, the bhuttoat is immediately on the alert, and the unsuspecting traveller, on looking up at the heavens, in common with the rest of the party, offers his neck to the ready handkerchief, and becomes an easy prey to his murderer. The bhuttoat receives eight annas (half a rupee) extra for every murder that is committed, and if the plunder is great, some article of value is assigned to him over and above his share. The persons intended to be murdered are called by different names, according to their sect, profession, wealth, &c. &c.; a victim having much property is entitled "*niamud*," and they are also often called bunj. To aid the bhuttoat in the preparation of a murder, another Thug is especially appointed under the denomination of samsecah. His business is to seize the person to be strangled by the wrists if he be on foot, and by one of his legs if he be on horseback, and so to pull him down. A samsecah is told off to each traveller, and he places himself in a convenient situation near him to be ready when required. In the event of the traveller being mounted on horseback, another Thug assists under the denomination of "bhugdurra;" his business is to lay hold of the horse's bridle, and to check it as soon as the signal for murder is given.

One of the most necessary persons to a gang of Thugs is he who goes by the name of tillăee. The Thugs do not always depend upon chance for obtaining plunder, or roam about in the expectation of meeting travellers, but frequently take up their quarters in or near a large town, or some great thoroughfare, from whence they make expeditions, according to the information obtained by the tillăees. These men are chosen from among the most smooth-spoken and intelligent of their number, and their chief duty is to gain information. For this purpose they are decked out in the garb of respectable persons, whose appearance and manners they must have the art of assuming. They frequent the bazaars of the town near which their associates are encamped, and endeavour to pick up intelligence of the intended dispatch or expected arrival of goods or treasure, of which information is forthwith given to the gang, who send out a party to intercept them. Inquiry is also made for any party of travellers who may have arrived, and who put up in the suraee, or elsewhere. Every art is brought into practice to scrape an acquaintance with these people. They are given to understand that the tillăee is travelling the same road. An opportunity is taken to throw out hints regarding the unsafeness of the roads, and the frequency of murders and robberies; an acquaintance with some of the friends or relatives of the travellers is feigned, and an invitation from them to partake of the repast that has been prepared where the tillăee has put up,—the conveniences of which and the superiority of the water are abundantly praised. The result is, that the travellers are inveigled into joining the gang of Thugs, and they are feasted and treated with every politeness and consideration by the very wretches who are at the time plotting their murder, and cal-

culating the share they shall acquire in the division of their property. What the feelings must be of men who are actuated by motives so entirely opposed to their apparent kindness of behaviour, it is difficult to imagine; and I know not whether most to admire the address with which they conceal their murderous intentions, or to detest the infernal apathy with which they can eat out of the same dish, and drink of the very cup, that is partaken of by their future victims!

It is on the perfection which they have attained in the art of acting as tillāees that the Thugs pride themselves, and they frequently boast that it is only once necessary to have an opportunity of conversing with a traveller, to be able to mark him as an easy victim, whenever they choose to murder him. Instances sometimes occur where a party of Thugs find their victims too numerous for them while they remain in a body, and they are seldom at a loss for expedients to create dissensions, and a consequent division among them. If all their arts of intrigue and cajolery fail in producing the desired effect, an occasion is taken advantage of to ply the travellers with intoxicating liquors; a quarrel is got up, and from words they proceed to blows, which end in the dissension of the company, who, proceeding by different roads, fall an easier prey to their remorseless destroyers. Having enticed the travellers into the snare they have laid for them, the next object is to choose a convenient spot for their murder. This, in their technical language, is called a *bhil*, and is usually fixed upon some distance from a village on the banks of a small stream, where the trees and underwood afford a shelter from the view of occasional passengers. The Thug who is sent on this duty is called a *bhilla*, and having fixed on the place, he either returns to the encampment of his party, or meets them on the way to report the result of his inquiry. If the bhilla returns to the camp with his report, the *suggaees*, or grave-diggers, are sent out with him to prepare a grave for the interment of the persons it is intended to murder. Arrangements are previously made so that the party in company with the travellers shall not arrive at the bhil too soon. At the particular spot agreed on, the bhilla meets the party. The jemadar calls out to him "Bhilla naujeh?" (Have you cleared out the hole?) The bhilla replies "Naujeh," on which the concerted signal is given that serves as the death-warrant of the unsuspecting travellers, who are forthwith strangled. While some are employed in rifling the bodies, others assist in carrying them away to the ready-prepared graves. The suggaees perform the office of burying the dead, and the remainder of the gang proceeds on its journey, having with them a certain number of the tillāees or watchmen on the look-out to prevent their being disturbed. Should a casual passenger appear, the tillāee gently throws a stone among the suggaees, who immediately desist, and crouch on the ground until the danger is averted. After the interment is completed, the suggaees rejoin their party, but it is not unusual to have one or more of the tillāees to keep watch to prevent the bodies being disinterred by beasts of prey; and if a discovery should be made by the village people, to give instant information to their companions, in order that they might have an opportunity of getting out of the way.

It often happens that the arrangements and precautions above-mentioned cannot be entered into; that travellers are casually met with on the road, and hastily murdered, and as carelessly interred. In these cases, if the opportunity is afforded them, the Thugs always have some

one to keep watch at the place; and, rather than run the risk of detection, by the bodies being dug up by wild animals, they return, and re-inter them. If the ground is strong, they never touch the corpse; but if the soil is of that loose texture as to render it probable that the bodies, in swelling, will burst the graves, they generally transfix them with knives or spears, which effectually prevents that result.

When the Thugs may choose to strangle their victims in some more exposed situation,—as in a garden near a village where they may have put up for the night,—they resort to further precautions to prevent discovery. The grave is on this occasion prepared on the spot, after the murder has been committed; and the corpse having been deposited therein, the superfluous soil is carried away in baskets, and strewn in the neighbouring fields; the place is watered and beaten down, and it is ultimately plastered over with wet cow-dung, and *choolahs*, or fire-places for cooking, are made on the spot. If the party find it necessary to decamp, they light fires in the choolahs, that they may have the appearance of having been used to cook in. Should they determine on staying, they use the choolahs to cook their food in on the succeeding day, having few qualms of conscience to prevent their enjoying the victuals prepared on a spot, the associations attendant on which might be considered too revolting for even a Thug to dwell on.

The parties of Thugs being often very large, they have many beasts of burthen in their train—as bullocks, ponies, and sometimes even camels. If they remain at a place where they have committed a murder, and do not construct fire-places, they take the precaution of tying their cattle on the spot. The Thugs say they can always recognize the fire-places of their own class, there being peculiar marks about them, which are made to serve as directions to the next party that comes that way. The Thugs always prefer burying their victims at some distance from the public road; and therefore, as soon as the bodies of the murdered persons have been stripped of the property found on them, they are carried on the shoulders of the suggaes to the spot selected for interring them. They say they are more careless about the concealment of corpses in the Nizam's country than elsewhere; for they are always so secure from molestation, that they have frequently left bodies exposed without running any risk, as no one takes the trouble of inquiring about them.

The division of spoil does not usually take place immediately after a murder, but every one secures a portion of the property on the spot; and when a convenient opportunity occurs, each produces the articles he has been the bearer of, and a division is made by the jemadar, whose share is, in the first instance, deducted; then the bhuttoat's; next the sumseahs and bhugdurras claim the extra reward for each murder they have assisted at; the tillaee receives the perquisite which is his due for inveigling a traveller into their snares; the suggaee takes his recompense for the trouble he had in digging the grave; and the residue is divided, share and share alike, among the whole gang. It may be supposed that the cupidity of individual Thugs may occasionally lead them to attempt to defraud their comrades, by secreting an article of value at the time the murdered bodies are plundered; but they say that the whole class are bound by an inviolable oath to produce, for general appropriation to the common stock, everything that may fall into their hands while engaged with a particular party.

The division of plunder, as may be supposed, often leads to the most violent disputes, which it is astonishing do not end in bloodshed. But it might almost be supposed the Thugs have a prejudice against spilling blood; for, when pursued, they refrain from making use of the weapons they usually bear, even in defence of their own persons. The most wanton prodigality occurs when plunder is divided; and occasionally the most valuable shawls and brocades are torn into small strips and distributed amongst the gang, should any difference of opinion arise as to their appropriation. The Thugs say this is also done that every person may run the same risk, for such an article could not be shared among them until converted into money, and some danger is attendant upon the transaction. They appear invariably to destroy all hoondies* that fall into their hands, as well as many other articles that are likely to lead to detection. Ready money is what they chiefly look for, and when they have a choice of victims, the possessors of gold and silver would certainly be fixed upon in preference to others. In consequence, it seems to have been a general practice among the Bundelcund Thugs to waylay the parties of sepoys of the Bombay and Nizam's armies, while going on leave to Hindoostan, for the sake of the specie they are usually the bearers of; and they remark, that of the many sepoys who are supposed by their officers to have abandoned the service, while their friends and relatives consider them to be still with their regiments, they alone can tell the fate, the whole number being strangled by their hands. The immense wealth that has, at various times, fallen into the hands of these miscreants, has been expended in the grossest extravagance and debauchery, and, as may be supposed, their ill-gotten gains remain but a short time in their possession.

The Thugs have in use among them, not exactly a language of their own, but they have sets of slang terms and phrases which give them the means of holding a conversation with persons of their own class, without any chance of being understood by the uninitiated. Their term of salutation, whereby also they recognise each other, if they casually meet without being personally acquainted, is, *ali khan bhaee salaam*. What appears most extraordinary is, the manner in which the Thugs recollect the names of their comrades, as well as their persons; and they declare, that though the name of any one of a gang may have escaped their recollection, they never forget the person of a Thug who has assisted with them in the perpetration of a murder. The Thugs, indeed, seem to know each other almost intuitively; and the quickness with which the recognition is made is almost enough to warrant the supposition, that a sort of Freemasonry has been established among them.

To facilitate their plan of operations, the Thugs have established a regular system of intelligence and communication throughout the countries they have been in the practice of frequenting, and they become acquainted, with astonishing celerity, with proceedings of their comrades in all directions. They omit no opportunity of making inquiries regarding the progress of other gangs, and are equally particular in supplying the requisite information of their own movements. For this purpose they have connected themselves with several persons residing in the Nizam's dominions, as patails† and cultivators of villages, many of the

* Bills of exchange. † Headmen of villages.

latter of whom follow the profession of Thugs in conjunction with their agricultural pursuits.

The Marwarries* and other bankers are also frequently the channels of communication between Thugs, and there is no doubt of their being the purchasers of the property of the murdered. The religious medicants throughout the country occasionally assist in this measure, by becoming the receivers of messages from bands of Thugs, to be delivered to the next party that comes that way; with this view also they have adopted the practice of forming *choolahs*, or fireplaces of a particular construction, to serve as marks of their progress through the country. When a party of Thugs come to a road that branches off in two directions, they adopt the precaution of making a mark, for the guidance of their associates who may come after them, in the following manner:—the soil in a convenient spot is carefully smoothed, and the print of a foot is distinctly stamped upon it. A Thug on seeing this mark, which he naturally searches for, knows by the direction in which it points which track has been followed by those that have preceded him.

The peculiar designation by which they are known is a point in which the Thugs are particularly tenacious, and they attach an importance and even respectability to their profession, that they say no other class of delinquents is entitled to. The denomination of *thief* is one that is particularly obnoxious to them, and they never refrain from soliciting the erasure of the term, and the substitution of that of Thug, whenever it may occur in a paper regarding them, declaring that, so far from following so disgraceful a practice as theft, they scorn the name, and can prove themselves to be as honest and trustworthy as any one else, when occasion requires it.

It seems their ambition to be considered respectable persons; and with this view they expend much of their gains on their personal decoration. Even those who have been seized and admitted as approvers, or informers against their comrades, in fact, king's evidence, are more solicitous about their dress and decent appearance than anything else. They mostly seem to be men of mild and unobtrusive manners, possessing a cheerfulness of disposition entirely opposed to the violent passions and ferocious demeanour that are usually associated with the idea of a professed murderer.

Such is the extent to which this dreadful system has been carried that no idea can be formed of the expenditure of human life to which it has given occasion, or the immensity of the wealth that has been acquired by its adoption. When it is taken into consideration that many of the Thugs already seized confess to their having, for the last twenty-five and thirty years, annually made a tour with parties of more than a hundred men, and with no other object than that of murder and rapine; that they boast of having successively put their tens and twenties to death daily; and that they say an enumeration of all the lives they have personally assisted to destroy would swell the catalogue to hundreds, and, as some declare, to thousands †—some conception of the horrid reality may be formed; of the amount of the property that they have yearly made away

* Inhabitants of Marwar, generally bankers and traders.

† Ameer Ali, an approver and noted Thug, now at this place, declares and glories in having been present at the murder of 719 persons, whose property is estimated at two lacs and a half of rupees!

with, it must be impossible to form any calculation; for, independent of the thousands in ready money, jewels and bullion, the loads of valuable cloths, and every description of merchandise, that continually fall into their hands, the hoondies that they invariably destroy must amount to a considerable sum.

The impunity with which the Thugs have heretofore carried on their merciless proceedings, the facility they have possessed of recruiting their numbers—which are restricted to no particular caste or sect—the security they have had of escaping detection, and the ease with which they have usually purchased their release, when seized by the officers of the weak native governments, in whose dominions they have usually committed their greatest depredations, have altogether so tended to confirm the system, and to disseminate it to the fearful extent to which it has now attained, that the life of no single traveller on any of the roads in the country has been safe, and but a slight chance has been afforded to large parties of escaping the fangs of the blood-thirsty demons who have frequented them.

THE LATE LONDON HURRICANE.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—The following document gives the most interesting and highly wrought account which I have met with of the recent storm in the metropolis. It is evidently sketched by the masterhand of some inspired paragraphist, who appears to have dropped it on his road to one of the newspaper offices in the neighbourhood of which I had the good fortune to meet with it. It is headed—

PARTICULARS OF THE LATE DREADFUL STORM.

Never did the sun rise on a more lovely morning than that which cheered this large and smoky metropolis, on Tuesday, the 18th of June, 1833, a day destined to be ever remarkable in our London annals. At about 7 o'clock, A. M., the wind was observed by many foot passengers (whose daily occupations had called them abroad at that early hour) to be increasing gradually in strength, and there were sundry nods and winks among those who have learned to watch the various changes of the moody weather, from which a keen observer might have gleaned the fact that something out of the usual course might before night be expected. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon it became palpable, even to the most cursory observer, that "*it was excessively windy*," a fact which, by 12 o'clock, was found to be, in almost every case, the opening assertion in every conversation that occurred between acquaintances meeting in the highways accidentally. At about a quarter past twelve, the general apprehension was, in some degree, confirmed by the rather unusual circumstance of a man's hat being seen to roll at an extremely rapid rate down Holborn Hill, as it was construed into a proof presumptive that the wind had commenced taking rather serious liberties with the property of the street passengers. Considerable consternation was excited by this abstractedly unimportant circumstance, but the general anxiety was soon after rendered much more intense by the arrival of an omnibus from Hampstead, the passengers in which brought the news that old father Boreas had been, for the last half hour, amusing himself by ringing all the bells at the gates of the various rural retreats which line the road the omnibus had been travelling. At about 2 o'clock it was palpable that no person could leave his residence without receiving a terrible blow in the face from Eurus, who was,

to speak figuratively, rushing through the streets of London and raising a dust in every direction. At one minute he was to be found on Blackfriars Bridge puffing the hat of a passing passenger into the foaming element beneath, while the next minute he was blowing up poor old father Thames, whose agitation was evinced in the most violent heaving of his venerable bosom, to the great alarm of the unskilful navigator between the bridges of London and Westminster. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the effects of Tuesday's wind, but we must content ourselves with specifying a few of the most remarkable.

In Clerkenwell, a policeman was taken up and carried a considerable distance.

In Gray's Inn gardens, several trees were blown down, and there was scarcely one which *rude Boreas* did not *take leave* to strip of *its foliage*.

An unfortunate, who went to drown herself in the Regent's Canal, was providentially blown into *the Lock*, near Hyde Park Corner.

A poor starving man, who had not tasted food for three days, met with a tremendous *blow out*, from a nook on Westminster Bridge, into which he had crept for security.

For further similar particulars, the reader is referred to all the newspapers.

D.

ON THE PROGRESS OF MUSIC FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

NO. II.

Our first Essay concluded with a promise to lay open the consequences of the various improvements made, during the long period we coursed through, by foreign composers and their works, upon "English taste and English composition." Now that we sit down to fulfil our engagement, we begin to perceive that our terms have been too strict, and that, instead of them, we ought rather to have said, the music which native composers have submitted to the taste of the English public;—so little do we find that can really be esteemed of native origin and growth.

Since the expulsion of the mass, music may almost be said to have departed from the ceremonial of our worship. The plain, unisonous psalmody of the churches ties genius down to the construction of the simplest and the purest melody; and none but those whose professional duties compel them to daily attendance in cathedrals can know to what a wretchedly inconsiderable number of the people the worship of these noble edifices, so richly endowed, is reduced. The result will be easily anticipated,—our psalmody continues in the same state. Its small treasures have been indeed collected, during the last few years, by able hands,—by Mr. Burrowes, the industrious theorist, composer and adapter; by Mr. Edwards; and, lastly, by Mr. Greatorex. But the thing itself is, and must be, incapable of any large or valuable additions, because so limited in its nature. Every attempt to introduce novelty has been discouraged and put down. Mr. Gardiner, of Leicester, amongst others, endeavoured to introduce a love of more varied melody, by adapting the compositions of great foreign masters to English words*; but

* "Sacred Melodies from Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, adapted to the best English Poets, and appropriated to the use of the British Church." 3 vols.

either it was found incompatible with the associations previously attached to them, or it was considered to be too violent a combination of the sacred and the profane, to be admitted. Whatever the cause, the attempt failed; nor has any subsequent experiment been a whit more successful. Sacred songs, by Moore himself, and a volume of original sacred music, which combined the talents of very many of the existing composers of England, published by Mr. Pettet, had little circulation or effect. They may, perhaps, have made some way among the class distinguished by the epithet "Evangelical," and serious persons, and may be used to diversify their Sunday evenings' religious amusements; but general effect, such publications can be said to have had none.

It may thus fairly be inferred, that the Protestant Church, as by law established, admits of no musical improvement. The Sectarians think otherwise, and search after what they consider pleasing tunes*. It is related of the late Rowland Hill, that he said in a sermon, "They cannot listen to our singing without listening to our preaching;—we catch them there." The difference, however, consists not only in the superior force and liveliness of the sectarian hymns; the allurement is not in the music, but in the manner: they all join, voice or no voice; those who cannot sing can vociferate,—they become actors, and vehement actors, in the scene; they are art and part in it, and excitation is enjoyment. Not so the colder congregations of the establishment. The nasal parish clerk, or the screaming children of the school †, drone and squall through the Psalms. The congregation generally feel too much pride, or too much reserve, to assist, and consider it to be a wearisome annoyance. The truth is, our church rejects music, as too sensual for its forms, which they would refer wholly to reason, and the natural feeling of veneration ‡. Thus it holds out small, if any, encouragement to composition in this species.

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* The unfortunate use of this word was nearly fatal to an amateur just arrived from a foreign tour. He built a splendid mansion in a provincial city, enriched it with his collection of objects of *virtù*, and, to crown the celebration, a concert was to be performed at the opening of his rooms, in which he was to delight and astonish by a concerto on the violin. All the town was invited. But as gentlemen have a privilege to be tremulously apprehensive on such occasions, and to whisper their fears to their guests, with a view to propitiate sympathy, our host availed himself of this prerogative. At length he insinuated his tremblings to a grave old physician, who, being wholly ignorant of "the good set phrase" of musical jargon, seriously asked him how it was possible for one who had played so many "*tunes*," to harbour any such anxieties? "*Tunes!*" ejaculated the horrified concerto player; "Tunes! D—— the fellow; does he take me for a fiddler at a fair?" And his nerves were so shaken, that his guests were deprived of the scientific treat with which it was his purpose to have ravished them, by the mistake of this medico-philosophic barbarian.

† Some parishes, both in and out of the metropolis, are beyond the pale of this classification. In the general, it applies but too well.

‡ There is high authority against this assumption and this practice. "In Harmonie," says Hooker, "the very image and character of vertue and vice is perceived, the minde delighted with their resemblances, and brought, by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmonie; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kinde from another, we need no proof but our own experience; inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness; of some more mollified and softened in minde; one apter to stay and settle us; another to move and stir our affections: there is that groweth to a marvellous, grave, and sober mediocrity; there is also that carryeth, as it were, into extacies, filling the mind with a heavenly joy, and, for the time, in a manner, severing it from the body; so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of dittie or matter,

The decay of the popular estimation of cathedral music is to be attributed to the falling away of the attendance of the people on cathedral worship; for strange as it may seem, and contradictory as the practice is to the theory, our services in this kind have everything that can commend them to an English temper. They are recommended by the highest Christian antiquity, having been introduced so early as 596, by Austin, and his brother missionaries. The music attained a noble perfection in the reign of Elizabeth, when, according to Strype, the French ambassador exclaimed, on hearing the service at Canterbury, "Oh, God! I think no prince in all Europe ever heard the like;—no, not our holy father, the Pope himself." Its solemn beauty accords strictly with English notions of what is proper to ecclesiastical composition. And in spite of the discouragements under which it has laboured, large and valuable additions have been made to the stock. Some years ago, an amateur (we believe Mr. Peace, of Bristol) undertook the labour of collecting a catalogue of the printed and MS. music in the various cathedral libraries, and there is certainly no lack of comparatively modern additions. Sir John Stevenson has published a collection of Services and Anthems—Dr. Hodges of Bristol, his inaugural exercise. Whatever we have seen of such works declare that the spirit exists, and that it languishes only from the change of the direction of popular attention *. Were we called upon to cite an example, we should name an unpublished anthem by the late Dr. Beckwith of Norwich, "My soul is worthy of life," which is conceived in the purest and finest manner. It is at once declamatory and pathetic; beautiful for its melody, scientific in its harmony, learned yet flowing, and on the whole eminently touching. The chaunts by Dr. Crotch, Mr. Novello, and others (indeed, this is a favourite exercise with composers for the Church) declare that, if the

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the very harmonie of sounds being framed in due sort, and carryed from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our soules, is, by a native puissance and efficacy, greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled; apt as well to quicken the spirits, as to allay that which is too eager: soveraignne against melancolie and despair; forcible to draw forth teares of devotion, if the minde be such as can yeeld them; able both to move and to moderate all reflections. The prophet David having, therefore, singular knowledge, not in poetrie alone, but in musique, also judged them both to be things most necessarie for the house of God, left behind him to that purpose a number of divinelie indited poemes; and was farther the author of adding unto poetrie, melodie both vocal and instrumental, for the raising up of men's harts, and the sweetening of their affections towards God."

* "When a man tells you that he admires a great singer, Catalani or Fodor, for instance, the first question to be asked is, whether this man was born in a religion where good singing is admitted into the churches? Suppose a man of a mind the most susceptible of enjoying the concord of sweet sounds; if born at Glasgow, how would you have him admire a Davide? All must be simplicity with him; the ornaments of Davide would to him be incomprehensible things. The inhabitant of Glasgow who, though in other respects a very estimable man, has never had an opportunity of hearing fine music, but three or four times in his life, would be, with respect to Davide, what we ourselves were with regard to a painter at Berlin, who had represented one of the battles of Frederic the Great on a piece of ivory, of the size of a crown piece. Except by the help of a glass, we could distinguish nothing. The glass which is wanting to the inhabitant of Glasgow is the pleasure of having applauded, at fifty representations, the 'Barbière di Seviglia,' sung by the delightful voice of Fodor. The inhabitant of every village in Italy hears singing twice or thrice a week at church, and music in every street, written, if you please, without much genius, but executed with neatness and precision, qualities that suffice for the education of the ear. This is what is entirely wanting to the inhabitant of Glasgow."—*Vie de Rossini.*

authority of Gregory the Great, Dr. Burney, and of all writers upon the subject be of any weight, no nation has surpassed us in that "religious harmony which should be moving, but noble withal, grave, solemn, and seraphic." Our composers have neither been allured into light ornaments by the examples of the great mass-writers, nor too much confined by the stricter opinions of style. But who will write, when there are so few who will listen? Nevertheless, this is amongst the species in which we may lay just claim to originality and strength. The foreigner of late has done nothing for us.

We must recur to that change in the affections displayed by our countrymen, in their musical pleasing perceptions, to enable us to account for the disuse of the oratorio. This sublime spirit of writing seems to have reached its pitch at once, in the person of Handel. Between the middle and the end of the last century, (say in about forty years,) fifteen or sixteen were produced; since that period, we know of only two or three oratorios; for we except, of course, Mr. Gardiner's "Judah," chiefly a pasticcio adaptation from the works of foreign masters. But of these, the "Palestine" of Dr. Crotch indubitably places him at the head of living English composers. It is a work of deep erudition and elegance, showing how classically the learned Doctor has assimilated, not imitated the best portions of every style, but most perhaps of Handel, which constitutes the nucleus of all the rest; they must, in this case, be taken as the ornamental parts. He proves himself conversant with all the resources of his art, as well as of the science. He manifests fire, fancy, and fine taste, compacting them all in a way to give solidity, strength and richness to the design, and to the construction. Dr. Crotch, perhaps, owes it in some degree to the extravagant terms he demanded for the use of his real score, and to the publication of a reduced one only, that the work has not been more frequently heard. The most complete opportunities have been offered in the musical festivals, as well as at the Lent oratorios, and it is certainly much to be regretted that, principally for the reason assigned, the greatest modern work of an English composer may be said to be absolutely unknown to the country at large.

But we must note it amongst the changeful progressions of public taste, that the Lent performances originally instituted in 1717, with the pious view of making amusement useful in planting or sustaining devotional feelings, have departed almost entirely from that intention. None of our public entertainments more powerfully evince that these, and similar appeals to the higher affections are no longer in unison with the lighter dispositions of the people of England. Selections may now be fairly said to have superseded entire oratorios*. Even "The Messiah," formerly, and indeed up to a late date, the most certain to secure a large

* Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," though translated into English, and performed often in its parts in this country, does not properly fall within the compass of our observation; neither can we embrace Bochsa's "Deluge," Spohr's "Last Judgment," or Mr. Neukomm's "Resurrection." The reception given to these compositions has not, however, exceeded that extended to "Palestine," or to Mr. Perry's "Priests of Baal," a composition of much merit; but from the causes assigned in the text, totally unknown to the country that produced it. We may, however, observe that the encouragement of the oratorio was nurtured in England, and has probably given birth to the foreign oratorios since Handel. The fact is worth recording, for it is perhaps the only instance in which we have preceded the Continent.

receipt, has ceased to be attractive, and therefore has ceased to be performed. The opinion of its sombre effects, or rather the indisposition to give ourselves up to awful and solemn impressions, permeates the kingdom, and we have reason to believe that in some of the festivals about to be given this year, "The Messiah" has been displaced by "The Creation," in the conviction that it will not, in theatrical phrase, "draw." Another proof is, the vastly more numerous audiences at the evening concerts, over the morning and sacred performances, in spite of the presence of the many Dissenters who will go to the last, but will not be present at the first.

We come next to the music of the theatre, which, from the diffusive and popular power of the vehicle, must always stand pre-eminent in displaying the nation's taste, and the genius of its composers.

The admixture of dialogue and song, called opera by the English, is, perhaps, of all forms of theatrical illusion, the very worst. The reciprocal interruption which the one continually gives to the other—the perfectly unnatural, and perfectly impossible transitions—the pause which, in the most striking situations, or the hurried passages of passion, is imposed upon the actor and the audience, in order to enable the orchestra to symphonize, and the singer to warble,—the rush from the deepest grief to the ballad or the bravura, not only set reason at defiance, but preclude all continuity of impression. The incongruity of an entertainment entirely vocal is indeed objected to, as an original absurdity not to be overcome; but can anything be so incongruous as the perpetual change from speech to song? Which arrangement does the least violence to common sense and propriety—upon the principle that music being the great end of the performance, the auditor should imagine it to be the accompaniment of the language of the people whose words and actions it conveys; or that he should carry his natural associations, as to dialogue and song, into his feeling of the matter? We think there can be no question concerning the philosophy of the construction, but that the opera, properly so called, which consists entirely of a series of musical scenes, is by far the most rational, and the most likely to produce a true feeling of the music. Yet, so contrary has recitative been held to the temper of Englishmen, that *Artaxerxes* remains the only legitimate opera ever heard upon the boards of our theatres. Our countrymen have consented to listen with patience to melo-drames, musical farces, and all sorts of nonsensical anomalies, and have found pleasure in them; but the scientific intelligence of the country has never yet reached the dignity of the real musical drama, serious or comic. Nevertheless we are not absolutely in the darkness which has so long reigned; the light has dawned, and grows stronger We must retrograde a little, in order to convey a clear idea of the progress of this department of art.

It is to the genius of the poet, rather than to that of the musician, that the perfection of the musical drama is attributable. Till Metastasio arose, the opera in Italy and Germany was almost in a state as imperfect as the inspirations of tragedy in the time of its earliest inventors; and it is a felicitous instance of the return of good for good, which, like the contrary retribution, is so visible in human affairs, that the Italian stage owes its greatest poet to the kindness of a public singer. Mariana Bulgarini it was who rescued Metastasio from the persecutions he suffered after the death of his early patron, Gravina; saved him from a ruinous lawsuit carried on against him in Rome, and enabled him to prosecute

those studies and pursuits which have so largely added to the intellectual enjoyment of every succeeding age, and every civilized country.

Arteaga (a Spaniard by birth, but who has written in "choice Italian" the most philosophical treatise upon the musical drama* that ever appeared †) has graced his pages with an admirable analysis of the qualities which Metastasio displays, and by which that poet perfected opera. He says,—"Beginning with his style, the first beauty which strikes us is a felicity (of which it would be difficult to find another example) in combining conciseness with clearness, decision with flexibility, uniformity with variety, and the musical with the picturesque. All is ease and freedom. It seems as if words were formed to drop in at the time and in the manner he wished. No one ever knew better how to adapt the Italian language to the peculiarities of music, by forming brilliant periods in recitative, by rejecting those words which, by their length or sustained sound, are unfitted for singing, by frequently adopting elisions and words which terminate in an accented vowel, as, *ardì*, *piegò*, *sarà*, which contributed much to smoothness of diction; by artfully intermixing different species of feet, to give a variety to the periods corresponding with musical intervals, and allowing room to the singer to breathe; by dividing lines in halves, in order to shorten periods, and render them smoother; by using rhythm discreetly, though without any fixed law, making it subservient to the ear, and to the prevention of monotony; and, finally, by adapting different metres with singular dexterity to the expresssions of different passions, making use of short lines in the description of languid feeling, when the soul may be said not to be sufficiently strong to express the entire emotion."

The philosophical critic goes on to point out the manner in which Metastasio has assimilated the splendid imagery of Hebrew poetry, and "accommodated the lyric style to the dramatic, so that the embellishments of the one should not disturb the illusion of the other," nor the sublimity be opposed to the picturesque. He continues:—"In the greater part of his poetry, we can but observe the dexterity with which he has imparted to his lines the necessary degree of harmony, so that, when adapted to melody, it may not be too sustained and sonorous. Smoothness of style, a certain softness, as well in expression as in imagery, easy versification, and a rhythm not too diversified; all these, combined with a happy union of sound in the arrangement of the syllables, are the qualities required by poetry for music, and are those

* A French author, M. Castil Blaze, has written a treatise, in two volumes, "De l'Opéra en France," which divides the subject into all its branches, and discusses methodically what belongs to each. He addresses it, not to the scientific, but to the unlearned, and thus he states his purpose:—"It is impossible to hear music talked of in the drawing-room, the theatre, and the coffee-houses, and to see it discussed in the papers without being astonished at the manner in which the million, as well as many amateurs and people of education, talk nonsense—at the absurdities propagated by certain authors without remorse, and at the profound ignorance, even of the most familiar terms of our art so generally cultivated, and whose wonders strike daily on our senses. Thus it must be in a country where almost all the works that treat on music have been written by learned or literary men, who are perfectly ignorant of the subject. Instead of enlightening us, they have brought new errors, heresies, and mistakes into credit, such as make musicians smile with pity, and which people of the world, and the critics of the drawing-rooms, adopt with avidity, relying on the reputations these authors have acquired by their superior treatment of other subjects."

† "Le Rivoluzioni del Teatro Musicale Italiano dalla sua Origine fino al presente."

which particularly characterize the style of Metastasio." Arteaga dilates upon the choice and arrangement of his stories, his conciseness and precision in dialogue, his interspersion of moral axioms, which renders him the first philosophical poet of his nation. His highest qualification is his art in moving the affection. Our author places him upon the same plane with Racine, and he thus sums up his comparison: "Tragedy is found to satisfy both reason and the heart. Hence it requires, chiefly, unity of action and grandeur of dialogue—qualities which naturally conduce to greater equality in the scenes, more ornamented dialogue, and a larger number of events; these requisities have all been supplied extensively by Racine. The Opera, always accompanied by vocal and instrumental music, or dancing, and aided by grand scenic decorations, has for its object not only the full satisfaction of the mind, but also that of the ear and the imagination. Hence its style must be more lyrical, introducing great dramatic illusion, avoiding all complication, and crowded incidents; passing, in fact, rapidly from one situation to another, to render the action brilliant and animated. In this the imperial poet has wonderfully succeeded. Thus the question remains doubtful, and Italy may always oppose her Metastasio to the Racine of the French, without the competition being ever decided." We have dwelt thus long upon this portraiture of Metastasio, because it appears to us to contain a better digest and summary of the requisites of the melodrama, properly so called, and because it forms a code of instruction for the poet of Opera. To such a genius England must look, to give the impulsive elevation to its musical drama.

Returning from our apparent digression, but which is in fact the very root of the subject, we must briefly revert to Arne, and his solitary atempt—*Artaxerxes*. He took the right path, and he succeeded, if the immortality of his work be success. But it was no less apparent, that the English public mind was not then prepared for the reception of the principle—indeed it can hardly be said to be so now. Ease, elegance, and smoothness are the characteristics of this beautiful composer; but he wanted the fire and the force which move the affections so strongly in the Italian, and which are essential to dramatic effect. He introduced, indeed, grace, together with the passages and divisions, but he could not imitate the passion of the Italian school. We pass over Jackson, Linley, Dibdin, Arnold, Kelly, and Shield, (the most worthy of them all, because the most natural and original,) to come to our allotted æra, and to Storace, who possessed science, fancy, and a wide knowledge of the works of the Italians. His great aim was clearly to make their compositions better known in England, and to found a school. But the fact that his best operas, ("the Pirates and Mahmoud") musically speaking, were "shelved," while "The Haunted Tower," "The Siege of Belgrade," and "No Song no Supper," retain a place by the aid of their plots and dialogues, sufficiently confirms the proof of the slow national progression. Up to this period the English were *imitatores tantum*, with perhaps the exception of Shield. He adhered to the ballad, and, notwithstanding the multitude of beautiful things he wrote, he still owed the greatest part of his fame to his simplest melodies. After the premature death of Storace, a fruitless struggle was maintained, to gain for England an original place in melodramatic writing. Reeve, Attwood, Davy, and others, rose to the surface, and sunk almost as soon

as they rose. Braham appeared at the very close of the last century as a singer, and soon after the commencement of this, as a composer. His extraordinary merits in the one capacity at once recommended and lowered him in the other, for his wonderful power of voice, passion, versatility, and execution, created expectations which his music did not gratify; and this disappointment took from his works some portion of the estimation they really deserved. It is, however, a curious trait in the history of composition in England, that he obtained the largest sum ever given for the copyright of a musical piece—1200*l.*, for "The English Fleet," not a single air of which is now, we believe, ever heard, or scarcely remembered.

The ear of the play-going Englishman, so to speak, has since been almost entirely filled by the productions of one composer, Mr. Henry R. Bishop, whose works equal in quantity, perhaps, those of almost any other master. Nor are they wanting in much of various ability. But the struggles of genius are for a long time vain against the trammels of custom. Managers must look to profit, and fear hazardous experiments upon a people not yet *educated* to music*. England has continued, even up to this time, in the state that Arteaga describes the foreign theatres at a certain period. "In the meanwhile, the poetry was the part of the drama least attended to by composers. Order, sentiment, good sense, situation, *character*, plot, passion, dramatic interest, were counted as nothing by them. . . . . Such mediocrity in musical matters arises from various causes. The pleasure taken by the multitude in machinery and decorations leads them to esteem a clever machinist above either poet or musician: hence emulation evaporates among professors, when it is no longer stimulated by public applause." The same author has thus considered the musical progression of the anterior ages:—"Thus, by degrees, increasing from dances to *canzoni*, from canzoni to songs of the vintage and the carnival, and madrigals; from madrigals to choruses and concerted pieces, and from these to dramatic scenes, the reader may easily trace the steps by which music has attained the magnificent spectacle of the opera." In everything that relates to the spectacle, it would, we apprehend, be difficult to show that England has not transcended every other country, France, perhaps, alone excepted. But we are still as far as ever from Opera.

Mr. Bishop has laboured, and laboured hard, for fame under this depression. He has tried not only his own, but every other style. No author has ever imitated (not stolen) the works of others so well, or combined their several peculiarities so strikingly. His power of invention is established by the multitude of his works, amounting now, probably, to at least an hundred entire operas—his originality and excellence, by very many songs, duets, glees, and choruses, &c., that still

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* Music may boast of having made an immense progress in a country, where the reply made by the majority of an audience is, "*the thing pleases me.*" Such would have doubtless been the reply of the Athenians, if a stranger had asked them to give a reason for the transports which a tragedy of Æschylus excited among them. The treatises of Aristotle had not yet opened the mouths of people who have nothing to say. On the contrary, now-a-days, all the world aspires to explain the *why* and the *wherefore* of their enthusiasm; and the utmost contempt would be shown to an unsophisticated visitant of the Opera, who should reply with unaffected simplicity, "*Because I feel it.*" —*Vie de Rossini.*

live*. But his genius is subdued, and must be subdued, by the want of concentration, continuity, and intensity in the structure of the opera. And what are we at length arrived at? The adaptation of the music of Italy, France, and Germany to English translations, *retaining, however, the original sin of the admixture of dialogue and singing*, and rejecting some of the finest and most effective parts of the music in the accompanied recitatives. We will not detract from the first-rate merit of Mr. Rolphino Lacy, who has proved himself a more than equal successor to Storace, in this portion of his design. His adaptations of Rossini are truly admirable; but the latest experiment, the performance of the *Somnambula* of Bellini, arranged by Mr. Bishop, music so infinitely below regard†, declares that every spark of the hopes of native composers is, for the present, smothered, if not extinct. We are still further behind our exemplars in the contrivance and management of comic operas. The easy lubricity of the Italian language, and its verisimilitude to their rapid conversational utterance, allow them to avail themselves to an extent perfectly unknown, and we fear perfectly impossible, to our own rougher tongue, of the swift articulation of notes and words; the velocity they can thus give to melody and speech, is irresistible; refinement is added to mirth. Their comic characters are never vulgar; ours are drawn from the lowest life, and its lowest peculiarities. An English comic song is, of all things, the broadest and the coarsest; it has no connexion with music, and frequently the character stops in the middle to imitate the peculiarities of his calling, or of the low colloquies which form his subject. This is disgusting to all but the galleries. Another vehicle, almost peculiar to the Italians, is the finale, which, for the same reasons, we can scarcely ever adopt. Storace and Bishop have, however, given some good instances of what may be done by a judicious application of the principle. If the later adaptations, from Rossini especially, have not been so successful, it is because the multiplication of notes, and the extreme velocity of the articulation necessary to complete expression, sets a limit to their use.

Can we hope for better things? We are of opinion that the musical intelligence of the country is now sufficiently advanced to give an opening for a fair experiment. There are poets (Moore among the first) perfectly competent to produce a fine libretto, (we use the Italian term for want of an English equivalent). We doubt not that there are musicians of sufficient capability to satisfy the public, and our singers are far better trained than ever. Had the proprietor of the King's Theatre engaged all the "native talent" in these departments, and been permitted to diversify the entertainments with them, instead of the German company, a noble opportunity would have been afforded to the exalted patrons of that establishment to manifest a patriotic desire to nourish the genius of their own countrymen. Nothing would give so immediate an impulse to our authors, composers, and singers. They would be

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* "Fast into the Waves," and "Bid me discourse," for example, "As it fell upon a day," "Blow, Gentle Gales," "When the Wind blows," "The Tramp Chorus."

† Nothing but the acting of Mad. Malibran, which is terrifically fine, though in many parts much too violent, could have saved this noisy piece; but heaven forbid her taste as a singer should be judged by her performance of "La Somnambula."

placed in direct and manly competition with the Italians. They would enjoy the same advantages, except in the beauty and superior adaptation of the Italian language for music—the splendour of the house, the precision of the band, the incentive of the most polite of all audiences. But till this be done, the foreigner is in the possession of encouragements which must ever place English ability at an infinite remove in the chances of public favour. Our poets for the melodrame will be mere translators, our musicians, adapters, and our singers, subordinates; and for this plain reason—no other theatre can be invested with the same attributes. The attempt to establish what was called the English Opera-house is but a demonstration of these principles. Melodrames and farces are not operas, nor anything like it. The one capital distinction is, that the true opera is all passion. This it is that unfits the ear and the mind trained to Italian music to listen to that of England. Nothing in the whole range of our compositions moves the affections of such a mind, but the most exquisitely simple of all productions, so inferior are we in the expression of passion, and in the combinations of orchestral effect*.

The Concert forms one of the peculiar excellencies of English music. The Philharmonic, according to the admission of musicians of all nations, may vie with any continental establishment. The Ancient Concert has done almost all that has been done to keep alive the claims we have to an original style of writing, and a traditional manner of execution; while the former has nourished and inculcated the knowledge and the study of foreign grace, it has given some encouragement to English productions of the highest instrumental class. Symphonies by Clementi, Potter, Burroughes, and other resident masters, have been produced in the best possible manner; and there can be no question but the instrumental supremacy attained by Lindley, Mori, Willman, Nicholson, Mackintosh, Harper, and others, is mainly attributable to the high cultivation of this concert. Its effects, too, are to be found wherever instrumental music is required. This theatre of display has been the object of ambition to foreign artists, and through this orchestra the finest examples have been introduced. It is not only a school, but the Capitol, where exalted merit receives its crown.

The Ancient Concert, apparently more confined in its range, but not really more restricted, now begins to feel that novelty is no less necessary than habit, to pleasure. It is on the verge of dissolution, and unless saved by royal patronage, (the Queen has been a visiter for one night,) its death is all but certain. If taste be engrafted on learning, which can hardly be denied, the very foundations of taste have been laid and maintained by this institution—we repeat, not only in the matter, but in the manner. Not alone the style of Locke, Purcell, Handel, and indeed of all the old masters, has been kept in remembrance, but the traditional manner of singing them. England has, by that means, become the depository of this pure, simple, and nationally expressive manner

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* The long retention of "Auld Robin Gray," by Miss Stephens, is, perhaps, the strongest instance; or "John Anderson, my Jo," sung by Mr. Broadhurst. We have known amateurs the most indurated by the impassioned music of the Italians, melted by these strains, and totally incapacitated for the enjoyment of elaborate compositions for the rest of the evening, even when the finest Italian artists have sung.

Nothing is so ludicrous or so abhorrent to English ears, as to hear Handel sung by an Italian; the Germans, indeed, come nearer to us; but the innate grandeur which depends upon the declamation, the simplicity, even certain appoggiaturas, and certain turns and cadences, is known only to the English, and to one school of the English themselves —the school of Greatorex, Bartleman, and Harrison. Mara reached a greater sublimity than any other singer of Handel, but she learned it here. Unhappily but little of Purcell is now heard—unhappily we say, for it appears to us that to relish Purcell, is in music, what to enjoy Spenser is in literature. "Let the dreadful Engines," "From Rosy Bowers," "Mad Bess," and "Sing all ye Muses," are specimens of English force and expression, which ought never to be suffered to slide out of recollection. When they depart, the ancient glories of our real style are gone. Yet we fear they will have no public, no general existence after another generation; certainly not, if the Ancient Concert be given up.

This brings us to the change that has already taken place, to the symptoms of which all we have said only relates. In the commencement of the century, English vocal music was the supremest fashion. The Ancient Concert was quite as much sought in musical circles, as Almack's has been of late amongst the exclusives. The Vocal Concerts were established to take off the surplus patronage. These were not even thought sufficient, but a second rival set was established. Where are they gone?—together with the taste which supported them. Later attempts in a series of British concerts failed. But this season, a similar experiment in favour of native ability has met with more encouragement than heretofore. Perhaps it is not too much to say, these were the best attended *popular* concerts of the season.

To ascertain the direction of taste, we must, however, look to the *general* run of concerts, which, from May to August, fill the mornings and the evenings. For one English, there are at least ten foreign pieces, while English singers have all but disappeared. German, French, Italian, we have, but where are the English? At the theatres? These also are invaded and Germanized. At Vauxhall? even the gardens have been Italianized. What a metamorphosis from the Organ Concertos of Handel and Worgan, which once formed their attractions!

Even the most beautiful and peculiar of English compositions, the glee, does not receive the countenance it was wont to enjoy. But nevertheless, if part-songs possess any claim to distinction, the supremacy rests with us,—here we may defy the world. When the Frenchman spoke of the English glee, as "*Quelque chose bien triste*," he betrayed only his own ignorance or his own flippancy. The works of Webbe, Callcott, Horsley, Stafford Smith, Spofforth, Knyvett, Walmisley, and a host of others, rise up in judgment against him. Nor do we confine our range to this age. The glee is a composition in which melody, harmony, the interweaving of the parts—in short, the construction, in all its various points and contrivances—conspires to establish "the energy of artful song." It is alike serious or cheerful. The beauties are not, indeed, of the piquant, meretricious kind, which belongs to the theatre, but they are natural and touching. If it lack the vehemence, it has all, and more than all, the truth of deep-felt passion. It embraces every species; the heroic, the amatory, the picturesque; and we may challenge any nation to produce more exquisite specimens of the adaptation of sound to sense

than are to be found in "When winds breathe soft," "Swiftly from the mountain's brow," "By Celia's arbour*," "Peace to the souls of the heroes," and, indeed, in *hundreds* of later, though, perhaps, not equally rich, splendid, and pathetic works of modern date. It is in these that the solidity of English genius is best to be traced; and it is clear that it is formed on our ecclesiastical style—on our deep and strong affections. It is because the tone of thinking is changed—because the national desire is turned towards lighter impressions—that the taste is passing away from the million. We may challenge the most accurate judgment, and the most acute perception, to discover anything like imitation in these compositions. That the taste of the authors may have been refined and polished by their acquaintance with foreign masters is true, but it is impossible to trace the effects otherwise than in their general results. Our glee writing is still all our own. The Madrigal Society, (where sometimes fifty amateurs and professors may be heard chaunting the compositions of Ford and Luca Marenzio in swelling chorus,) the Select Catch Club at the Thatched House, and the more numerous Glee Club at the Crown and Anchor, still preserve and propagate the love and the style and the manner of our glee singing.

Our song writing partakes of all styles; and some things of great merit and beauty have been produced during the period of which we treat. It is at once a misfortune and an injustice that our music makes no way on the continent, chiefly, perhaps, because our language is so little understood. We cannot wonder that no English opera was ever performed abroad; but we may express some surprise that no English song was ever heard†. Webbe's "Mansion of Peace," Attwood's

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* We have often endeavoured to trace why the passion of Italian music affects us so differently from the passion of the English composer; for instance, "Mi manca la voce," and the above-cited exquisite piece of tenderness. England can show nothing so vehemently expressive as the one, Italy has nothing so deeply tender as the other.

† "Tally-ho."—Michael Kelly thus relates the introduction of this new popular song at the court of Vienna. "At the end of the first act, the beauteous syren, led into the orchestra by her caro sposo, placed herself just under the emperor's box, the orchestra being on the stage. She requested me to accompany her song on the piano-forte;—I, of course, consented. Her air and manner spoke of 'dignity and love.' The audience sat in mute and breathless expectation. The doubt was, whether she would melt into their ears in a fine cantabile, or burst upon them with a brilliant bravura. I struck the chord of the symphony—silence reigned—when, to the dismay and astonishment of the brilliant audience, she bawled out, without feeling or remorse, voice or tune, or, indeed, one note in tune, the hunting-song of 'Tally-ho!' in all its pure originality. She continued shrieking out Tally-ho! Tally-ho! in a manner and tone so loud and dissonant, that they were enough to blow off the roof of the house. The audience jumped up, terrified. Some shrieked with alarm, some hissed, others hooted, and many joined in the unknown yell, in order to propitiate her. The emperor called me to him, and asked me in Italian, what Tally-ho! meant? I replied, I did not know; and literally, at that time, I did not. His Majesty the emperor, finding that even a native of Great Britain either could not, or would not, explain the purport of this mysterious word, retired, with great indignation, from the theatre; and the major part of the audience, convinced, by his majesty's sudden retreat, that they contained some horrible meaning, followed the royal example. The ladies hid their faces with their fans, and mothers were heard cautioning daughters on their way out, never to repeat the dreadful expression of 'Tally-ho!' nor venture to ask any of their friends for a translation of it. The next morning, when I saw the husband of 'Tally-ho!' he abused the taste of the people of Vienna, and said that the song, which they did not know how to appreciate, had been sung by the celebrated Mrs. Wrighton at Vauxhall, and was a great favourite all over England. Thus, however, ended the exhibition of English taste; and Signora 'Tally-ho!' with her Italian poet, went *hunting* elsewhere, and never returned to Vienna, at least during my residence there."—*Kelly's Reminiscences.*

"Soldier's Dream," Horsley's "Gentle Lyre," Dr. Callcott's "Angel of Life," Knapton's "There be none of Beauty's Daughters," Bishop's "By the Simplicity of Venus' Doves," Smith's "Hohenlinden," and Beale's "Brutus," are pure and beautiful as music, as well as songs of expression. These are models. But we cannot conceal the fact that we owe to Haydn's Canzonets the introduction of a new species which has run into all sorts of anomalies. Our simple ballad style has been deserted for the ornamented canzone. Plain melody has been set off by figurate accompaniments, and the appropriateness of the harmony itself sinks before the tittuping of an arpeggio bass. One writer has, however, been eminently successful—Mr. Moore. Not only is the adaptation of his "Irish Melodies" unrivalled, but his "National Airs" have naturalized, as it were, the most beautiful traits of foreign melody. But these cannot be called English. The ballad is not, however, quite lost; "Alice Gray" is not more popular than deserving: no modern piece since "Crazy Jane" has been so universally a favourite. The hunting-song and the sea-song, which used, in the days of Dibdin, to permeate and delight all England, are extinct. Thirty years ago, singing such joyous airs at table was common: now, scarcely an individual would attempt a song without a pianoforte. Even at Melton Mowbray, we are told by "the tip-top provincial," of the pleasures of an evening in which "wit and music" were more thought of than wine*. Thus the heartiness of "Merry England" is sliding fast into "high civilization."

It is strange that, under the admitted superiority of our instrumental performers, so little of instrumental music, properly so called, should be produced. Hardly a solo or concerted piece has been written by our countrymen. They confine themselves to elementary works of instruction, and here, though they rank high, they are still below the foreigner; for England has no such work, for instance, as "Baillot's Instructions for the Violin," or "Hummel's Piano-forte School"†. Mr. J. B. Cramer, indeed, has published numerous and very beautiful compositions for the pianoforte; but even in this department of our most popular chamber music, we are indebted for by far the greater portion to foreign hands. Arrangements are the general practice, together with airs with variations—the compositions of Kalkbrenner, Moscheles, Hummel, Hery, *cum multis aliis*.

The establishment of a regular school of musicians in the "Royal

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* "Covers, he writes next day to some friend in his remote western province, were laid for eight, the favourite number of our late king; and perhaps his majesty never sat down to a better dressed dinner in his life. To my surprise, the subject of fox-hunting was named but once during the evening, and that was when an order was given that a servant might be sent to inquire after a gentleman who had had a bad fall that morning over some timber, and to ask, by the way, if Dick Christian came alive out of a ditch in which he had been left, with a clever young thorough-bred on the top of him. The writer proceeds to describe an evening in which wit and music were more thought of than wine; and presenting, in all respects, a perfect contrast to the old notions of a fox-hunting society."—*Quarterly Review.*

† We hardly dare claim the works of Clementi for English, though the early period of his life, when he first came hither, almost makes him an Englishman "by transmutation," as he may be said to be "by education and by present profession." His "Instructions for the Pianoforte," his "Gradus ad Parnassum," and his "Practical Harmony," form a succession quite without parallel. The richest and most comprehensive treatise on music the world ever saw is, perhaps, Choron's "Principes de Composition."

Academy of Music," is an event of importance in our musical history. It has been regarded, as is the fate of all things, in two ways. Its founders and supporters announced its institution to be the commencement of the diffusion of true science:—its opponents calculated only upon its making musical knowledge so common that its professors would become a race of beggars by their own competitions. Neither of these results are yet demonstrable. Music is a little, and but a little better taught in the Academy; the expense moderate, though sufficient to forbid the extensive use of the school, and more than half of the pupils quit the Academy not half formed. One or two singers, (Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Mrs. Bishop, for instance,) and a somewhat larger list of instrumentalists, have made some stand before the public; but the first seven years of this college of the propaganda has not produced any strong or visible effects. Still it must tend to good—if it have vitality enough to live on.

The literature of music is improved. But it is not very complimentary to musical men, that the "Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review," the most philosophical work upon such subjects, died at the end of ten years, as we have understood chiefly, from two causes; first, a difficulty in finding writers able and willing to assist, which produced constant delays in its publication; and, secondly, a paucity of readers. "The Harmonicon," a work of lower aims, but conducted upon a more popular and extended plan, has scarcely, we are told, covered the expenses of publication. Sill in the periodical essays, and in the criticsms of some of the Journals, there is a manifestly better judgment. Lord Mount Edgecumbe's little tract; Bacon's "Elements of Vocal Science," and a "Ramble among the Musicians of Germany," are all proofs of an increasing spirit of inquiry, philosophically directed.

If then England do not advance at an equal pace with Italy and Germany, she does not stand still. Our natural affections are certainly colder than the one—we are less romantic, less intense than the other. We have other and more weighty employments, as we deem them, than either of these nations; we are men of business and politicians. Amusement is neither our single nor our most serious occupation. We have our national temperament, and, gainsay it who will, our national music, derived and descended (if it be so) like Daniel de Foe's true-born Englishman, from all the nations of Europe. The music of the cathedral, the glee, and the ballad, are our own, or have become so, by a naturalization which cannot now be distinguished from natural descent. It is questionable, perhaps, whether we are gifted with those acute sensibilities which can ever place us upon an equality as inventors with the livelier nations, who have hitherto led the way in the other departments of the science;—for the distinction is not of art, but of nature.

VIEW OF THE CHARACTER OF GOETHE.

FALK'S GOETHE, TRANSLATED BY MRS. AUSTEN.

We are indebted to the pen of Mrs. Austen for one of the most elegant and complete translations which ever enriched the stores of the English language. We know but one English translator of prose works who equals this lady in the easy comprehension of the spirit and the style of the author to be transferred to a new tongue; we speak of Cotton, the translator of Montaigne. In Mrs. Austen's translations, there is that singular felicity to which so few translators attain; *her words seem always at their ease.* You see the genius of a foreign language—but it does not appear in a rough or abrupt guise—the stranger seems as much at home as if he had lived with us all his life.

The remarkable peculiarity of all that related to Goethe seems to be in this: your mind *takes a leap* after reading his works or examining his character; nothing about him is common-place or vulgar; even his attachment to a courtier's life is full of a certain intellectual poetry; he looked upon it as we look upon a play, in which the real actors are often but poor creatures, but in which the delusions that surround them are full of magic and of grace. Let us give ourselves up for a moment or two to the consideration of so remarkable and complex a mind. Goethe appears early in life to have established two main rules, upon which he founded both his happiness and his greatness. The first was to regard and preserve before all things the clearness of the intellect; the eyes of the mind. In order to be happy, and in order to be wise, he judged it necessary to make calmness the great dominant moral habit. He avoided violent emotions. He "shrunk sensitively from all intense impressions." He seems to have written Werther rather as a relief to the pressing accumulation of the romantic and exaggerated emotions that force themselves upon youth, than from any pleasure the emotions themselves afforded him. He set about the task like a man clearing his house of some unruly servants; the task done, he established order and quiet within for the rest of his life. "The Equilibrium" was his favourite phrase; and over all the strength of his gigantic mind there breathed an irrefragable repose. Like the celebrated image of the Hercules, you see not the labours he has performed, except by the calm which has succeeded them. Associated with this self-possession of mind and conquest of the more hurried and absorbing emotions, were all the lesser habits of his life. To be precise and methodical was a necessary part of such a character. He carried the love of order into the minutest details; the arrangement of his papers, or the folding of a letter. His affections and his friendships appear to have been genial, but controlled. He resolved to spare himself all the pain in his power, less from a regard to mere physical ease than from that preference which he gave to the intellectual portion of his nature, and his persuasion that error itself must follow the derangement of the equilibrium of the passions. When one of his friends—the venerable Wieland—dies, he refuses to see his funeral; when another—his great rival Schiller—is no more, he attempts to plunge into poetry as a relief to the disturbance

the melancholy event occasions. His very sorrow is that of the intellect, and the only tribute which he dreamt of rendering to the memory of his friend was the composition of a play.

The second characteristic of Goethe's mind was the natural result of the first.—It was the desire of truth. He was fond of examining nature in all her smallest as her largest varieties. He would pause for half an hour to gaze upon—to examine into—a flower. He gave himself up to a thousand studies which would seem to the superficial as mere distractions from his great ruling art—the art of poetry; but which he deemed vitally necessary to that art, because illustrative of truth—and the knowledge of which he rendered subservient to all its triumphs. Out of this accuracy of examination resulted his wildest thoughts—his most dream-like speculations. He kept a snake in a glass—"he made minute and daily observations on it;" from these observations sprung the following mystical and strange thoughts:—

"'What splendid, intelligent eyes!' said he. 'A great deal was half-finished in this head, but the awkward writhing body would not allow much to come of it. Nature, too, has cheated this long, ensheathed organization of hands and feet; though this head and these eyes might well have deserved both. Indeed she frequently leaves such debts unpaid, at least for the moment, though sometimes she afterwards pays them under more favourable circumstances. The skeletons of many marine animals clearly show, that when she made them she was full of the thought of some higher race of land animals. Very often, working in an ungenial and intractable element, she was obliged to content herself with a fish's tail where she evidently would have liked to give a pair of hind feet into the bargain—nay, even where the rudiments of them are clearly to be discerned in the skeleton.'"

A feeling of the want of accuracy of all spoken language attached him to the art of drawing—which represents things as they are, not the shadows and symbols of the ideas that the things represent. "We constantly talk a great deal too much," said he; "we ought to talk less, and draw more."

Examining these main principles of his character, we find a clue to all the rest, and the explanation both of his political and theological creed: on the one hand, it was natural to a man valuing tranquillity as the *summum bonum*—and carrying the love of "order" into an universal system—to dislike and apprehend political changes—to fear a shock upon the established harmony of things—to view human affairs through a philosophy of toryism. So, on the other hand, out of his regard for Mind, and the immense disproportion which he established between the intellectual faculties and all the other components of our motley frame, grew his peculiar theology. He could not believe annihilation possible; but he ascribed immortality to intellect alone: he supposed certain germs or monads in all existences—germs of a higher fulfilment—germs found in every phenomenon of nature—a rose-leaf, a planet—a bird, a man; but, individual consciousness of immortality, he considered doubtful—the intellect alone, he deemed certain to exist, and certain to progress.

We might follow out these his two guiding principles, through all the multiform and "many-sided" character of one before whom Scott himself seems commonplace and coarse, but our space forbids it; we content ourselves with what we have already established, and with referring

our readers to one of the most singular and charming books to a meditative mind that the age has produced.

One word more;—we believe, that in all great men there are peculiar and latent metaphysical properties—on which their whole genius and their whole character depend. For want of understanding this truth, biographies appear to us so imperfect, and characters so contradictory. No character is contradictory if rightly examined*.

A.

* We take this opportunity of recording our gratitude to Mr. Hayward for his recent translation of Goethe's Faust; it is the only one that conveys to us a literal and precise notion of the original. And every English reader unacquainted with German, and solicitous to understand that great masterpiece of the grotesque—the harmonious union of the humorous and the terrible—should lose no time in possessing himself of so valuable a desideratum.

PERSUASIONS AGAINST CARE.

Shake off these cares, my friend,
And let us make an end
Of these saddening fears!—
If sorrow or cold care
Could darken a grey hair,
Rub out a graven wrinkle,
Or give our yellowing years
The tints they used to wear,
Why then 'twere well to sprinkle
Our smiles with tears.

But since our lots are cast,
Come, let us love the hand
That, weighing all our past,
Our future lives has planned!—
Thy lot might still be worse,
And mine be more distressing;—
Some joy, which now we nurse,
Might yet become a curse,
Which Heaven has made a blessing.
Trusting,—I can resign
The hopes which still are mine
Into His hands who gave
All that I had and have:—
With what is Thine do so,—
Then may we smoothly go
Into the careless grave!

W.

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON. BY LADY BLESSINGTON. NO. IX.*

"I AM persuaded (said Byron) that education has more effect in quelling the passions than people are aware of. I do not think this is achieved by the powers of reasoning and reflection that education is supposed to bestow; for I know by experience how little either can influence the person who is under the tyrant rule of passion. My opinion is, that education, by expanding the mind, and giving sources of tasteful occupation, so fills up the time, that leisure is not left for the passions to gain that empire that they are sure to acquire over the idle and the ignorant. Look at the lower orders, and see what fearful proofs they continually furnish of the unlimited power passion has over them. I have seen instances, and particularly in Italy, among the lower class, and of your sex, where the women seemed for the moment transformed into Medeas; and so ungoverned and ungovernable was their rage, that each appeared grand and tragic for the time, and furnished me, who am rather an amateur in studying nature under all her aspects, with food for reflection. Then the upper classes, too, in Italy, where the march of intellect has not advanced by rail-roads and steam-boats, as in polished, happy England; and where the women remain children in mind long after maturity has stamped their persons!—see one of their stately dames under the influence of the green-eyed monster, and one can believe that the Furies were not fabulous. This is amusing at first, but becomes, like most amusements, rather a bore at the end; and a poor *cavalier servente* must have more courage than falls to the share of most, who would not shut his eyes against the beauty of all *damas* but his own, rather than encounter an explosion of jealousy. But the devil of it is, there is hardly a possibility of avoiding it, as the Italian women are so addicted to jealousy, that the poor *serventi* are often accused of the worst intentions for merely performing the simple courtesies of life; so that the system of *serventism* imposes a thousand times more restraint and slavery than marriage ever imposed, even in the most moral countries: indeed, where the morals are the most respected and cultivated, (continued Byron,) there will be the least jealousy or suspicion, as morals are to the enlightened what religion is to the ignorant—their safeguard from committing wrong, or suspecting it. So you see, bad as I am supposed to be, I have, by this admission, proved the advantages of morals and religion.

"But to return to my opinion of the effect education has in extending the focus of ideas, and, consequently, of curbing the intensity of the passions, I have remarked that well-educated women rarely, if ever,

* Continued from No. CL. p. 153.

gave way to any ebullitions of them; and this is a grand step gained in conquering their empire, as habit in this, as well as in all else, has great power. I hope my daughter will be well educated; but of this I have little dread, as her mother is highly cultivated, and certainly has a degree of self-control that I never saw equalled. I am certain that Lady Byron's first idea is, what is due to herself; I mean that it is the undeviating rule of her conduct. I wish she had thought a little more of what is due to others. Now my besetting sin is a want of that self-respect,—which she has in *excess;* and that want has produced much unhappiness to us both. But though I accuse Lady Byron of an excess of self-respect, I must in candour admit, that if any person ever had an excuse for an extraordinary portion of it, she has; as in all her thoughts, words, and deeds, she is the most decorous woman that ever existed, and must appear—what few, I fancy, could—a perfect and refined gentlewoman, even to her *femme-de-chambre*. This extraordinary degree of self-command in Lady Byron produced an opposite effect on me. When I have broken out, on slight provocations, into one of my ungovernable fits of rage, her calmness piqued and seemed to reproach me: it gave her an air of superiority that vexed, and increased my *mauvaise humeur*. I am now older and wiser, and should know how to appreciate her conduct as it deserved, as I look on self-command as a positive virtue, though it is one I have not courage to adopt."

Talking of his proposed expedition to Greece, Byron said that, as the moment approached for undertaking it, he almost wished he had never thought of it. "This (said Byron) is one of the many scrapes into which my poetical temperament has drawn me. You smile; but it is nevertheless true. No man, or woman either, with such a temperament, can be quiet. Passion is the element in which we live; and without it we but vegetate. All the passions have governed me in turn, and I have found them the veriest tyrants;—like all slaves, I have reviled my masters, but submitted to the yoke they imposed. I had hoped (continued Byron) that avarice, that old gentlemanly vice, would, like Aaron's serpent, have swallowed up all the rest in me, and that now I am descending into the vale of years, I might have found pleasure in golden realities, as in youth I found it in golden dreams, (and let me tell you, that, of all the passions, this same decried *avarice* is the most consolatory, and, in nine cases out of ten, lasts the longest, and is the latest,) when up springs a new passion,—call it love of liberty, military ardour, or what you will,—to disgust me with my strong box, and the comfortable contemplation of my *moneys*,—nay, to create wings for my golden darlings, that may waft them away from me for ever; and I may awaken to find that this, my present ruling passion, as I have always found my last, was the most worthless of all, with the soothing reflection that it has left me *minus* some thousands. But I am fairly in for it, and it is

useless to repine; but, I repeat, this scrape, which may be my last, has been caused by my poetical temperament,—the devil take it, say I."

Byron was irresistibly comic when commenting on his own errors or weaknesses. His face, half laughing and half serious, archness always predominating in its expression, added peculiar force to his words.

"Is it not pleasant (continued Byron) that my eyes should never open to the folly of any of the undertakings passion prompts me to engage in, until I am so far embarked that retreat (at least with honour) is impossible, and my *mal à propos sagesse* arrives, to scare away the enthusiasm that led to the undertaking, and which is so requisite to carry it on. It is all an up-hill affair with me afterwards: I cannot, for my life, *échauffer* my imagination again; and my position excites such ludicrous images and thoughts in my own mind, that the whole subject, which, seen through the veil of passion, looked fit for a sublime epic, and I one of its heroes, examined now through reason's glass, appears fit only for a travestie, and my poor self a Major Sturgeon, marching and countermarching, not from Acton to Ealing, or from Ealing to Acton, but from Corinth to Athens, and from Athens to Corinth. Yet, hang it, (continued he,) these very names ought to chase away every idea of the ludicrous; but the laughing devils will return, and make a mockery of everything, as with me there is, as Napoleon said, but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous. Well, *if I do* (and this *if* is a grand *peut être* in my future history) outlive the campaign, I shall write two poems on the subject—one an epic, and the other a burlesque, in which none shall be spared, and myself least of all: indeed, you must allow (continued Byron) that if I take liberties with my friends, I take still greater ones with myself; therefore they ought to bear with me, if only out of consideration for my impartiality. I am also determined to write a poem in praise of avarice, (said Byron,) as I think it a most ill-used and unjustly decried passion,—mind, I do not call it a vice,—and I hope to make it clear that a passion which enables us to conquer the appetites, or, at least, the indulgence of them; that triumphs over pride, vanity, and ostentation; that leads us to the practice of daily self-denial, temperance, sobriety, and a thousand other praiseworthy practices, ought not to be censured, more especially as all the sacrifices it commands are endured without any weak feeling of reference to others, though to others all the reward of such sacrifices belongs."

Byron laughed very much at the thought of this poem, and the censures it would excite in England among the matter-of-fact, credulous class of readers and writers. Poor Byron! how much more pains did he bestow to take off the gloss from his own qualities than others do to give theirs a false lustre! In his hatred and contempt of hypocrisy and cant, he outraged his own nature, and rendered more injustice to himself than even his enemies ever received at his hands. His confessions of errors were to be received with caution; for he exaggerated not only his

misdeeds but his opinions; and, fond of tracing springs of thought to their sources, he involved himself in doubts, to escape from which he boldly attributed to himself motives and feelings that had passed, but like shadows, through his mind, and left unrecorded mementos that might have redeemed even more than the faults of which he accused himself. When the freedom with which Byron remarked on the errors of his friends draws down condemnation from his readers, let them reflect on the still greater severity with which he treated his own, and let this mistaken and exaggerated candour plead his excuse.

"It is odd (said Byron) that I never could get on well in conversation with literary men: they always seemed to think themselves obliged to pay some neat and appropriate compliment to my last work, which I, as in duty bound, was compelled to respond to, and bepraise theirs. They never appeared quite satisfied with my faint praise, and I was far from being satisfied at having been forced to administer it; so mutual constraint ensued, each wondering what was to come next, and wishing each other (at least I can answer for myself) at the devil. Now Scott, though a giant in literature, is unlike literary men; he neither expects compliments nor pays them in conversation. There is a sincerity and simplicity in his character and manner that stamp any commendation of his as truth, and any praise one might offer him must fall short of his deserts; so that there is no *gène* in his society. There is nothing in him that gives the impression I have so often had of others, who seemed to say, I praise you that you may do the same by me. Moore is a delightful companion, (continued Byron;) gay, without being boisterous, witty without effort, comic without coarseness, and sentimental without being lachrymose. He reminds one (continued Byron) of the fairy, who, whenever she spoke, let diamonds fall from her lips. My *tête-à-tête* suppers with Moore are among the most agreeable impressions I retain of the hours passed in London: they are the redeeming lights in the gloomy picture; but they were

"Like angel visits, few and far between;"

for the great defect in my friend Tom is a sort of fidgety unsettledness, that prevents his giving himself up, *con amore*, to any one friend, because he is apt to think he might be more happy with another: he has the organ of locomotiveness largely developed, as a phrenologist would say, and would like to be at three places instead of one. I always felt, with Moore, the desire Johnson expressed, to be shut up in a post-chaise, *tête-à-tête* with a pleasant companion, to be quite sure of him. He must be delightful in a country-house, at a safe distance from any other inviting one, when one could have him really to one's self, and enjoy his conversation and his singing, without the perpetual fear that he is expected at Lady this or Lady that's, or the being reminded that he promised to look in at Lansdowne House or Grosvenor Square. The wonder is, *not* that he is *récherché*, but that he wastes himself on those who can so

little appreciate him, though they value the *éclat* his reputation gives to their stupid *soirées*. I have known a dull man live on a *bon-mot* of Moore's for a week; and I once offered a wager of a considerable sum that the reciter was *guiltless* of understanding its point, but could get no one to accept my bet.

"Are you acquainted with the family of ——? (asked Byron.) The commendation formerly bestowed on the Sydney family might be reversed for them, as all the sons are virtuous, and all the daughters brave. I once (continued he) said this, with a grave face, to a near relation of theirs, who received it as a compliment, and told me I was very good. I was in old times fond of mystifying, and paying equivocal compliments, but 'was is not is' with me, as God knows, in any sense, for I am now cured of mystifying, as well as of many others of my mischievous pranks: whether I am a *better* man for my self-correction remains to be proved; I am quite sure that I am not a more agreeable one. I have always had a strong love of mischief in my nature, (said Byron,) and this still continues, though I do not very often give way to its dictates. It is this lurking devil that prompts me to abuse people against whom I have not the least malicious feeling, and to praise some whose merits (if they have any) I am little acquainted with; but I do it in the mischievous spirit of the moment to vex the person or persons with whom I am conversing. Is not this very childish? (continued Byron); and, above all, for a poet, which people tell me I am? All I know is, that, if I am, poets can be greater fools than other people. We of the craft—poets, I mean—resemble paper-kites; we soar high into the air, but are held to earth by a cord, and our flight is restrained by a child—that child is self. We are but grown children, having all their weakness, and only wanting their innocence; our thoughts soar, but the frailty of our natures brings them back to earth. What should we be without thoughts? (continued Byron;) they are the bridges by which we pass over time and space. And yet, perhaps, like troops flying before the enemy, we are often tempted to destroy the bridges we have passed, to save ourselves from pursuit. How often have I tried to shun thought! But come, I must not get gloomy; my thoughts are almost always of the sombre hue, so that I ought not to be blamed (said he, laughing) if I steal them of others, as I am accused of doing; I cannot have any more disagreeable ones than my own, at least as far as they concern myself.

"In all the charges of plagiary brought against me in England, (said Byron,) did you hear me accused of stealing from Madame de Staël the opening lines of my 'Bride of Abydos?' She is supposed to have borrowed her lines from Schlegel, or to have stolen them from Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister;' so you see I am a third or fourth hand stealer of stolen goods. Do you know de Staël's lines? (continued Byron); for if I am a thief she must be the plundered, as I don't read German, and do French; yet I could almost swear that I never saw her verses when I

wrote mine, nor do I even now remember them. I think the first began with 'Cette terre,' &c. &c. but the rest I forget; as you have a good memory, perhaps you would repeat them."

I did so, and they are as follow:—

"——— Cette terre où les myrtes fleurissent,
Où les rayons des cieux tombent avec amour,
Où des sons enchanteurs dans les airs retentissent,
Où la plus douce nuit succède au plus beau jour."

"Well (said Byron) I do not see any point of resemblance, except in the use of the two unfortunate words land and myrtle, and for using these new and original words I am a plagiarist. To avoid such charges, I must invent a dictionary for myself. Does not this charge prove the liberal spirit of the hypercritics in England? If they knew how little I value their observations, or the opinions of those that they can influence, they would be perhaps more spiteful, and certainly more careful in producing better proofs of their charges; the one of the Staël's I consider a triumphant refutation for me.

"I often think (said Byron) that were I to return to England, I should be considered, in certain circles, as having a *très mauvais ton*, for I have been so long out of it that I have learned to say what I think, instead of saying only what, by the rules of convenience, people are permitted to think. For though England tolerates the liberty of the press, it is far from tolerating liberty of thought or of speech; and since the progress of modern refinement, when delicacy of words is as remarkable as indelicacy of actions, a plain-speaking man is sure to get into a scrape. Nothing amuses me more than to see refinement *versus* morals, and to know that people are shocked *not* at crimes, but their detection. The Spartan boy, who suffered the animal he had secured by theft to prey on his vitals, evinced not more constancy in concealing his sufferings than do the English in suppressing all external symptoms of what they must feel, and on many occasions, when Nature makes herself felt through the expression of her feelings, would be considered almost as a crime. But I believe crime is a word banished from the vocabulary of *haut-ton*, as the vices of the rich and great are called errors, and those of the poor and lowly only crimes.

"Do you know ——? (asked Byron). He is the king of prosers; I called him he of the thousand tales, in humble imitation of Boccaccio, whom I styled he of the hundred tales of love—*mais hélas!* ——'s are not tales of love, or that beget love; they are born of dulness, and inciting sleep, they produce the same effect on the senses that the monotonous sound of a waterfall never fails to have on mine. With —— one is afraid to speak, because whatever is said is sure to bring forth a reminiscence, that as surely leads to interminable recollections,

'Dull as the dreams of him who swills vile beer.'

Thus (continued Byron), —— is so honourable and well-intentioned a man that one can find nothing bad to say of him, except that he is a bore; and as there is no law against that class of offenders, one must bear with him. It is to be hoped, that, with all the modern improvements in refinement, a mode will be discovered of getting rid of bores, for it is too bad that a poor wretch can be punished for stealing your pocket-handkerchief or gloves, and that no punishment can be inflicted on those who steal your time, and with it your temper and patience, as well as the bright thoughts that might have entered into the mind, (like the Irishman who lost a fortune before he had got it,) but were frighted away by the bore. Nature certainly (said Byron) has not dealt charitably by ——, for, independent of his being the king of prosers, he is the ugliest person possible, and when he talks, breathes not of Araby the blest; his heart is good, but the stomach is none of the best, judging from its exhalations. His united merits led me to attempt an epigram on them, which, I believe, is as follows:—

'When conversing with ——, who can disclose
Which suffers the most—eyes, ears, or the nose?'

"I repeated this epigram (continued Byron) to him as having been made on a mutual friend of ours, and he enjoyed it, as we all do some hit on a friend. I have known people who were incapable of saying the least unkind word against friends, and yet who listened with evident (though attempted to be suppressed) pleasure to the malicious jokes or witty sarcasms of others against them; a proof that, even in the best people, some taints of the original evil of our natures remain. You think I am wrong (continued Byron) in my estimate of human nature; you think I analyse my own evil qualities and those of others too closely, and judge them too severely. I have need of self-examination to reconcile me to all the incongruities I discover, and to make me more lenient to faults that my tongue censures, but that my heart pardons, from the consciousness of its own weakness."

We should all do well to reflect on the frailty of man, if it led us more readily to forgive his faults, and cherish his virtues;—the one, alas! are inextirpable, but the others are the victories gained over that most difficult to be conquered of all assailants—self; to which victory, if we do not decree a triumph, we ought to grant an ovation; but, unhappily, the contemplation of human frailty is too apt to harden the heart, and oftener creates disgust than humility. "When we dwell on vices with mockery and bitterness, instead of pity, we may doubt the efficacy of our contemplation; and this," said I to Byron, "seems to me to be your case; for when I hear your taunting reflections on the discoveries you make in poor, erring human nature; when you have explored every secret recess of the heart, you appear to me like a fallen angel, sneering at the sins of men, instead of a fellow man pitying them. This it is that makes me think you analyze too deeply; and I would at present lead you to

reflect only on the good that still remains in the world,—for be assured there is much good, as an antidote to the evil that you know of."

Byron laughed, and said, "You certainly do not spare me; but you manage to wrap up your censures in an envelop almost complimentary, and that reconciles me to their bitterness, as children are induced to take physic by its being disguised in some sweet substance. The fallen angel is so much more agreeable than demon, as others have called me, that I am rather flattered than affronted; I ought, in return, to say something *très aimable* to you, in which angelic at least might be introduced, but I will not, as I never can compliment those that I esteem.—But to return to self;—you know that I have been called not only a demon, but a French poet has addressed me as *chantre des enfers*, which, I suppose, he thinks very flattering. I dare say his poem will be done into English by some Attic resident, and, instead of a singer of hell, I shall be styled a hellish singer, and so go down to posterity."

He laughed at his own pun, and said he felt half disposed to write a quizzing answer to the French poet, in which he should mystify him.

"It is no wonder (said Byron) that I am considered a demon, when people have taken it into their heads that I am the hero of all my own tales in verse. They fancy one can only describe what has actually occurred to one's self, and forget the power that persons of any imagination possess of identifying themselves, for the time being, with the creations of their fancy. This is a peculiar distinction conferred on me, for I have heard of no other poet who has been identified with his works. I saw the other day (said Byron) in one of the papers a fanciful simile about Moore's writings and mine. It stated that Moore's poems appeared as if they ought to be written with crow-quills, on rose-coloured paper, stamped with Cupids and flowers; and mine on asbestos, written by quills from the wing of an eagle;—you laugh, but I think this a very sublime comparison,—at least, so far as I am concerned,—it quite consoles me for 'chantre d'enfer.' By the bye, the French poet is neither a philosopher nor a logician, as he dubs me by this title merely because I doubt that there is an *enfer*,—ergo, I cannot be styled the *chantre* of a place of which I doubt the existence. I dislike French verse so much (said Byron) that I have not read more than a few lines of the one in which I am dragged into public view. He calls me, (said Byron,) 'Esprit mystérieux, mortel, ange ou démon;' which I call very uncivil, for a well-bred Frenchman, and moreover one of the craft: I wish he would let me and my works alone, for I am sure I do not trouble him or his, and should not know that he existed, except from his notice of me, which some good-natured friend has sent me. There are some things in the world, of which, like gnats, we are only reminded of the existence by their stinging us; this was his position with me."

Had Byron read the whole of the poem addressed to him by M. de Lamartine, he would have been more flattered than offended by it, as it

is not only full of beauty, but the admiration for the genius of the English poet, which pervades every sentiment of the ode, is so profound, that the epithet which offended the morbid sensitiveness of Byron would have been readily pardoned. M. de Lamartine is perhaps the only French poet who could have so justly appreciated, and gracefully eulogized, our wayward child of genius; and having written so successfully himself, his praise is more valuable. His "Meditations" possess a depth of feeling which, though tempered by a strong religious sentiment that makes the Christian rise superior to the philosopher, bears the impress of a true poetical temperament, which could not fail to sympathize with all the *feelings*, however he might differ from the *reasonings* of Byron. Were the works of the French poet better known to the English bard he could not, with even all his dislike to French poetry, have refused his approbation to the books of M. de Lamartine.

Talking of solitude—"It has but one disadvantage (said Byron), but that is a serious one,—it is apt to give one too high an opinion of one's self. In the world we are sure to be often reminded of every known or supposed defect we may have; hence we can rarely, unless possessed of an inordinate share of vanity, form a very exalted opinion of ourselves, and, in society, woe be to him who lets it be known that he thinks more highly of himself than of his neighbours, as this is a crime that arms every one against him. This was the rock on which Napoleon foundered; he had so often wounded the *amour propre* of others, that they were glad to hurl him from the eminence that made him appear a giant and those around him pigmies. If a man or woman has any striking superiority, some great defect or weakness must be discovered to counterbalance it, that their contemporaries may console themselves for their envy, by saying, 'Well if I have not the genius of Mr. This, or the beauty or talents of Mrs. That, I have not the violent temper of the one, or the overweening vanity of the other.' But, to return to solitude, (said Byron,) it is the only fool's paradise on earth: there we have no one to remind us of our faults, or by whom we can be humiliated by comparisons. Our evil passions sleep, because they are not excited; our productions appear sublime, because we have no kind and judicious friend to hint at their defects, and to point out faults of style and imagery where we had thought ourselves most luminous: these are the advantages of solitude, and those who have once tasted them, can never return to the busy world again with any zest for its feverish enjoyments. In the world (said Byron) I am always irritable and violent; the very noise of the streets of a populous city affect my nerves: I seemed in a London house 'cabined, cribbed, confined, and felt like a tiger in too small a cage:' apropos of tigers, did you ever observe that all people in a violent rage, walk up and down the place they are in, as wild beasts do in their dens? I have particularly remarked this, (continued he,) and it proved to me, what I never doubted, that we have much of the animal

and the ferocious in our natures, which, I am convinced, is increased by an over-indulgence of our carnivorous propensities. It has been said that, to enjoy solitude, a man must be superlatively good or bad: I deny this, because there are no superlatives in man,—all are comparative or relative; but, had I no other reason to deny it, my own experience would furnish me with one. God knows I never flattered myself with the idea of being superlatively good, as no one better knows his faults than I do mine; but, at the same time, I am as unwilling to believe that I am superlatively bad, yet I enjoy solitude more than I ever enjoyed society, even in my most youthful days."

I told Byron that I expected he would one day give the world a collection of useful aphorisms, drawn from personal experience. He laughed and said—"Perhaps I may; those are best suited to advise others who have missed the road themselves, and this has been my case. I have found friends false,—acquaintances malicious,—relations indifferent,—and nearer and dearer connexions perfidious. Perhaps much, if not all this, has been caused by my own waywardness; but that has not prevented my feeling it keenly. It has made me look on friends as partakers of prosperity,—censurers in adversity,—and absentees in distress; and has forced me to view my acquaintances merely as persons who think themselves justified in courting or cutting one, as best suits them. But relations I regard only as people privileged to tell disagreeable truths, and to accept weighty obligations, as matters of course. You have now (continued Byron) my unsophisticated opinion of friends, acquaintances, and relations; of course there are always exceptions, but they are rare, and exceptions do not make the rule. All that I have said are but reiterated truisms that all admit to be just, but that few, if any, act upon; they are like the death-bell that we hear toll for others, without thinking that it must soon toll for us; we know that others have been deceived, but we are either too clever, or too *lovable*, to meet the same fate: we see our friends drop daily around us, many of them younger and healthier than ourselves, yet we think that we shall live to be old, as if we possessed some stronger hold on life than those who have gone before us. Alas! life is but a dream from which we are only awakened by death. All else is illusion; changing as we change, and each cheating us in turn, until death withdraws the veil, and shows us the dread reality. It is strange (said Byron) that feeling, as most people do, life a burthen, we should still cling to it with such pertinacity. This is another proof of animal feeling; for if the divine spirit that is supposed to animate us mastered the animal nature, should we not rejoice at laying down the load that has so long oppressed us, and beneath which we have groaned for years, to seek a purer, brighter existence? Who ever reached the age of twenty-five (continued Byron) without feeling the *tædium vitæ* which poisons the little enjoyment that we are allowed to taste? We begin life with the hope of attaining happiness;

soon discovering that to be unattainable, we seek pleasure as a poor substitute; but even this eludes our grasp, and we end by desiring repose, which death alone can give."

I told Byron that the greater part of our chagrins arose from disappointed hopes; that, in our pride and weakness, we considered happiness as our birthright, and received infliction as an injustice; whereas the latter was the inevitable lot of man, and the other but the *ignis fatuus* that beguiles the dreary path of life, and sparkles but to deceive. I added that while peace of mind was left us, we could not be called miserable. This greatest of all earthly consolations depends on ourselves; whereas for happiness we rely on others: but, as the first is lasting, and the second fleeting, we ought to cultivate that of which nought but our own actions can deprive us, and enjoy the other as we do a fine autumnal day, that we prize the more, because we know it will soon be followed by winter.

"Your philosophy is really admirable (said Byron) if it were possible to follow it; but I suspect that you are among the number of those who preach it the most and practise it the least, for you have too much feeling to have more than a theoretical knowledge of it. For example, how would you bear the ingratitude and estrangement of friends—of those in whom you had garnered up your heart? I suspect that, in such a case, feeling would beat philosophy out of the field; for I have ever found that philosophy, like experience, never comes until one has ceased to require its services. I have (continued Byron) experienced ingratitude and estrangement from friends, and this, more than all else, has destroyed my confidence in human nature. It is thus from individual cases that we are so apt to generalize. A few persons on whom we have lavished our friendship, without ever examining if they had the qualities requisite to justify such a preference, are found to be ungrateful and unworthy, and instead of blaming our own want of perception in the persons so unwisely chosen, we cry out against poor human nature: one or two examples of ingratitude and selfishness prejudice us against the world; but six times the number of examples of goodness and sincerity fail to reconcile us to it,—so much more susceptible are we of evil impressions than of good. Have you not observed (said Byron) how much more prone people are to remember injuries than benefits? The most essential services are soon forgotten; but some trifling and often unintentional offence is rarely pardoned, and never effaced from the memory. All this proves that we have a strong and decided predisposition to evil; the tendencies and consequences of which we may conceal, but cannot eradicate. I think ill of the world, (continued Byron,) but I do not, as some cynics assert, believe it to be composed of knaves and fools. No, I consider that it is, for the most part, peopled by those who have not talents sufficient to be the first, and yet have one degree too much to be the second."

(To be continued.)

ROMAIC POETRY.*

" Libertà vo cantando, ch' è si cara,
Come sa chi per lei vita rifiuta.'

DANTE.

THE pacification of Greece, and her deliverance from Barbarian oppressors, was an event in which, although some politicians perceived a bad example for all legitimate governments, we, as members of civilised society, for many reasons, greatly rejoiced; for we never could feel any sympathy with those villainous Turks who shut up their women, and do not cultivate the fine arts. There is even reason to hope that those of a different persuasion, who may chance to peruse the following fragments, will rejoice with us that a calamity, which occasioned so much misery to such brave and devoted sufferers, has at length ceased, and we are sure that those of our own belief will see in them additional motives for increasing their hatred of " all the oppressions that are done under the sun."

The few memorials which the rude genius of simple bards has left of the struggle between the natives of modern Greece and their Mahommedan conquerors, are not of very ancient date. They mostly relate to the celebrated chieftains of the war with which we are familiar, and of a few others who hazarded the ill-starred insurrection, in conjunction with the Russians, during the Empress Catharine's time: and their subjects are almost always the expressions of these simple warriors' praise of the heroes of their admiration,—the endeavours of a rude Tyrtæus to enwreathe with myrtle the swords of his Harmodius and Aristogeiton. There is a simplicity and melancholy beauty universally pervading these pieces, which tells of misery and oppression, and seems to speak, as a critic has remarked of Ossian, of the fag end of the world. To this is united the inspiration of Christianity, and the dim memory of their former renown. The names of their ancient bards still abide among these rude poets; the shades of Homer, of Hesiod, and Orpheus, still flit before them in the Islands of the Blessed, and they continue to hear the echo of their songs, but they lack the skiff to transport them into their own land and tongue. The waves of the sea of oblivion benumb their harps; and the winds, with a sigh, waft their melodies backward to where, in amaranthine bowers, amidst eternal feast and dance, their poets dwell.

Few remarks are necessary to introduce these specimens to our readers, and still fewer to indicate the character of such compositions in general. Among those arts which profess for their object the imitation of nature, poetry has this peculiar advantage, that instinct alone, or the inspiration of uncultivated genius, may attain the highest end of art without the assistance or habitual means of refinement; at least when that end is neither very complicated nor difficult. In every poetical composition which, under primitive and natural forms, how rude soever they may be, contains a basis of facts or ideas, true or beautiful in themselves, this will be found to be the case. And, moreover, it is in this very deficiency of art, this species of contrast or disproportion between the simplicity of the means and the plenitude of effect, in which the principal charms of such compositions consist. Poetry thus participates, as it were, in the character and privileges of the works of nature, and there seems to enter into the impres-

* Gordon's History of the Greek Revolution. 1832.
Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne. Par C. Fauriel. 1825.

sion which results from it something of the feeling we experience in contemplating the course of a river or the aspect of a mountain, a picturesque mass of rocks or an aged forest;—for the uncultivated genius of man is also one of the phenomena,—one of the productions of nature. Certainly a work of poetry in which genius has only availed itself of art as the means of purifying and ennobling it, will always prove superior in merit and effect to every work of savage genius whatsoever; but the successful attempts of art are so few, its unfortunate attempts so numerous, and there is something so melancholy in beholding so considerable a portion of human intellect wasted in vain and useless efforts, that beauties devoid of art, or of art without pretension, ought, assuredly, to be doubly pleasing, from the very fact that they demonstrate the superiority of genius. The more we know of those productions in which the natural, the true, and the beautiful are a-wanting in spite of the art, the care, and the polish bestowed upon them, the more charms do we find in those productions in which a youthful and original imagination indulges in every licence. From nearly analogous motives we come out from an entertainment given by grandeur and luxury to vanity and *ennui*, and enjoy with greater zest the spectacle of the innocent joys and animated sports of infancy. These few reflections apply directly to popular poetry, to the poetry of nature in opposition to that of art, provided it be the expression of something true, serious, and intelligible. They are more particularly applicable to the national songs of the Greeks, as uniting, in a high degree, to the interest and truth of their reality the nationality of their form. That which characterises them generally, whatever be their subject or tone, is the being almost all equally concise; more so perhaps than would accord with the taste of any other people. They are not finished works, where the poet has studied to say every thing, to describe every thing, and to leave nothing to the imagination. They are only fragments, but fragments in which every touch is one of life and character, and in which the colours strike us by a certain propriety of local tints, and impress upon our minds the feeling that they are the production of a privileged sky and climate.

"Das land wo die citronen blühen."

But whether it be a fact, an idea, a sentiment, or a sally of imagination, the theme of these songs is always of the greatest simplicity, and almost always set off by the originality of the execution. Those shades of the marvellous, those peculiarities of expression and imagination, so foreign to European taste, the loftiness of their tone, and the fire of their inspiration give to the modern Greeks an Oriental tinge, which distinguishes them very characteristically from the popular poets of their calm and noble antiquity, where all appears so wise, so gracious, and so tempered.

It is difficult to decide whether it be in the verse of their rhapsodists, or in the lives of their heroes, that most enthusiasm, love of liberty, and hatred of the Turks is displayed. In all these compositions we feel, as we have said before, the influence of the scenery which inspired them,—we feel that they must have been composed among the mountains. But those mountains are the mountains of Greece, which have no everlasting snows spread over them, and whose loftiest summits do not rise greatly beyond the height at which the earth feels the genial heat of the sun, and continues to yield her verdure and her flowers.

Any further announcement of our simple versions would be quite superfluous. The argument, or history of each, as given by M. Fauriel, is prefixed; and we have carefully endeavoured to preserve the unfigured, inartificial language of the originals, often with the addition of all its puerility. But the translation of popular poetry, so rude as the following, is not adapted for displaying a learned choice of poetical diction. Whether or not there be any loss of effect from proceeding in this manner, the reader must judge.

Our first is a little piece composed on the chief of a band in Acarnania, surnamed Ghiptakis, or the Little Gipsy, from the dark hue of his skin. He lived towards the end of the last century, and was slain in fighting against the Turks, commanded by the famous Joussouf Pacha, one of Ali's Arab generals, called by the Greeks the Drinker of Blood. The piece is plaintive and touching, and exhibits the point of honour among the Klepths, or modern Greeks, of not allowing their heads to fall into the hands of their ferocious enemy. The other is one of the best for its sentiment and idea.

"THE FALL OF GHIPTAKIS.

"The fields they thirst for water, and for snow the mountain-beds,
The wandering hawks for little birds, the Turkish foe for heads.
O whither goes the mother of our Ghiptakis the bold,
Who now has lost two children fair, whose brother, too, lies cold?
Who, having lost her senses, wildly weeping, wanders on,
Not on the mountains is she seen, in forest, field, nor town;
'Tis said she has departed to the lone Caloyer's cell,
And awful there upon the ear the roar of cannons fell!
It is not for a bridal feast they boom so loud as this;
Lo! in the knee and in the hand the balls strike Ghiptakis.
He totters like a branchless tree—a lofty cypress falls;
And, like a hero as he was, with dying voice he calls,—
Where art thou, noble brother! O where art thou, dearest friend?
Return, return upon thy steps, thy last assistance lend!
O bear me now away, or bear my head, lest Joussouf's gang
Of tiger Arabs strike it off before the mortal pang,
For that dog, old Ali Pacha, on Yannina's towers to hang!

"Sad has come the spring-time, mournful the summer, cruel and pernicious the autumn! Georgakis and Pharmakis deliberate together. Come, Georgakis, let us depart; let us go into Muscovy.—Thou speakest wisely, Pharmakis—sagely thou reasonest; but there is a little shame in it, and the world would laugh at us. Better let us hold out in this monastery: the Russians will march to the field, and come to our succour. And all of a sudden the vanguard of Sekos cries out—Lo! a dense cloud of war approaches; the mountains are black with them! Will it be our succours who arrive,—will it be our companions? It is not our succours,—it is not our friends. They are Turks,—five thousand Turks are upon us! When they had come to Sekos,—when they had driven back our posts,—they planted cannon around the monastery. A thousand fall near the church, a thousand under the wall; and the Turks fall back upon Kombolaki. But a pacha was spying on the other side of Sekos.—Ahmet! Mahomet! shouted he; fall on! fall on! Surround the monastery!—And all the Turks and janissaries surround Sekos.

"Pharmakis was seized with grief: he sighed profoundly. From the monastery he called to his heroes—Where linger ye, my brave? why stand ye, my heroes? Hold! take my pieces of gold and my vest; take my pockets of silver, that I may be lighter for the combat. Draw your sabres, break your scabbards, and fall briskly upon the Turks!—But a Protopallikar stops him, and says—Blunt are our swords, and mournful our rifles! The Turks are innumerable; the mountains are covered with them.—He had scarcely spoken, when Pharmakis was a prisoner—a prisoner alive!

"Have I not told thee, Pharmakis, once, twice, five times, Stay not in Wallachia—stop not at Sekos.—Ah! wretch that I was! how could I know, how could it enter into my soul to conceive, that Christian consuls would deceive me? O ye birds!—little birds, who fly aloft there in the air,—go tell this in the country of the Christians, in the land of Franks; and say, in passing, to the wife of Pharmakis, that Pharmakis is dead!"

The next has for its subject the dying words of a wounded Klepth, who

is about to expire at the moment when his band, attacked by the Albanian militia, come in search of him to lead them on. The first four verses form a prologue, in which the poet speaks in his own name, and as a witness of what he is about to relate. The real subject of the piece is in the subsequent lines, which appear to be the commencement of another more ancient song which the dying hero attempts to sing, as retracing the image of all which he had loved dearest in the life he is about to quit for ever. It is unquestionably composed amidst the mountains, and is one of the most beautiful of its kind, both as to sentiment and originality. The Tomb of the Klepth and the Naval Victory also breathe the bold spirit of the highland Greeks. Most of those chiefs who had acquired any renown perished, either through constant fatigue or tragical accidents, long before the period of old age. The one who figures in this song is represented as worn out with age, and about to die a natural death. He is surrounded by his family and heroes, to whom he gives his farewell address, declares his last will, and gives instructions for the erection of his tomb. This song is, of its kind, one of the most beautiful and celebrated. It is sung throughout all Greece, with variations, which attest its popularity. The reader will be struck, we think, with the exceeding naïveté of the idea, and the vigour and courage which breathe in the last words of this old Klepth, carrying with him to his grave the desire of still combating the Turks, and the hope of respiring once more the free air of his mountains on the return of spring.

"IOTIS DYING.

"I arise from dreams of night ere the stars their farewell take,
And I bathe me in the waters of the pure and limpid lake;
I hear the pines that murmur, I hear the oak-trees groan,
And the Klepths weep in their citadel, their captain they bemoan.
O rise, O rise, Iotis! sleep no more that slumber deep,
Thy raging foes surround us all, upon thy band they leap.
Ah! what unto my children brave, my heroes, can I say?
My wound is mortal, deep the ball; lift up my head, I pray!
O place me on my seat, and bring in haste the purple wine,
That I may drink, and then forget once more that I recline,
And sing all sad and mournful songs. O would that now I stood
Upon the lofty mountain's top, or the dark and sombre wood,
Where feed my flocks, divided from the goatherd's neighbourhood!"

"THE TOMB OF THE KLEPTH.

"The sun had reigned, and Dimos gave his orders:—Go, my son!
Go seek for water for this eve, ere daylight's hour be done.
Thou, Lamprakis, draw nigh to me; my nephew, sit thee down.
Hold! take my arms, be thou the chief, as foremost in renown;
And you, my heroes, take my sword—my poor sword take, and hew
The green and verdant boughs from yonder overarching yew;
And make my couch, that I may rest; and the old confessor bring,
That I may haste and shrive my sins ere yet my soul takes wing.
A Klepth, the foes of Greece I slew in many a hecatomb;
For fifty years an Armatole; but now my hour is come!
Then make my tomb both large and high, with room around, above,
That I may charge and combat, and my sabre freely move.
Leave on the right a window, that the swallows, too, may come
And the spring announce to me; nor let the nightingales be dumb,
But sing to me the month of May and the flowers' sweet perfume,
When breathe their grateful odours round my green and verdant tomb."

"IANNES STATHA.

"A sable ship in calmness floats along Cassandria's coast,
And sable sails o'ershadow her dark prow with gold embossed;

Right onward comes a corvette with a blood-red flag, and cries
Strike—strike your flag! I shall not strike! I am not one who flies.
What! think you I'm a girl betrothed?—a new-made bride to make
A reverence to your worship, or before your pride to quake?
I am Iannes Statha, son of Dimos Constantine!
Throw quick the grappling-irons, boys!—Bring down the Crescent's sign!
In torrents make their blood to flow!—Spare not the Infidel!
The Turks who boarded turn their prow, so fast their numbers fell.
Iannes foremost leapeth now with sabre in his hand;
The blood streams through the ports; the Turks, before that lion-band,
Cry Allah! Allah! Then their swords surrender at command."

The subject, or motive, of the following piece cannot be indicated with precision. The most evident intention we can perceive in it is, that of recalling, in a general manner, the ineffable regrets of those who love at the hour of inevitable separation, and to characterise the all-powerful charm of existence to human beings. If this be not the end which the poet has expressly contemplated, it is that, at least, which he has arrived at, in representing to us those who are no more, being yet filled with the idea of what they loved when they were in existence, and longing, with a passionate desire, to arrest some of the simple and common impressions of life. The motive of this fragment is, at least, sufficiently plain to feel its beauty and effect. The wonderful originality of the idea, or, if you please, the *reverie* which is its foundation, becomes still more apparent from the extreme naïveté of the execution and details. It has been translated by Goethe into German, along with a few others. The wife of Kalliakondas is a composition of the islands of Scio, or Ipsara, or of some of the milder inhabitants of the Archipelago, and has consequently a more tender and less warlike tone than those of the simple mountaineers. Our next is a little composition, full of grace and poetry. To those who like to compare the productions of different times upon similar subjects, we may recall to mind the fourth Idyll of Theocritus (Pharmaceutria): Πᾶ μοι ταὶ δάφναι; φίρε, θέστυλι· πᾶ δὲ τὰ φίλτρα;—if the modern one be inferior in the richness of its detail, and in the elegance of its diction, it will not, perhaps, be found to be inferior in delicacy and poetical inspiration. The Pallikar at the gate of his Mistress; the Children's song of the Swallow follow next.

Charon's Refusal.

"Why look the mountains dark and drear? Why seem they sad and dim?
Say, does the wind torment them, or the showers their vales o'erbrim?
'Tis not the warring wind torments, nor showers of slanting rain,
'Tis Charon passing o'er their heads with his dead in sable train!
He makes the young to march before, the old men far behind,
The little, tender children next, in cruel bands confined.
The aged pray, the young implore, while lingering slow along,
For one last hour of rest and peace their memory to prolong.
'O Charon, halt! some village nigh, or bank of limpid fountain;
The old will drink, the young will throw the disk, and o'er the mountain
The little babes will wander, gathering every blooming flower.'
'I shall not halt near hut nor town, nor fountain, bank nor bower;
The mothers who for water came would know the babes they bore.
The wives and husbands all would know the face they loved before;
And from their clinging arms I could divide my flock no more.'"

Kalliakondas.

"O wherefore am I not a bird, that from these flowery banks
I might fly afar and cast mine eyes towards the land of Franks!
Towards the mournful Ithaca, to hear the tender spouse
Of Kalliakondas how she mourns her desolated house,

And sighs, and sheds her bitter tears, and like a turtle dove
Will not be comforted, but tears her hair for grief and love.
All sable as the raven's wing her garment shades her brow;
She sits all day, and from her tower awaits each distant prow;
Across the solitary sea sometimes aloud she cries,
O ships, and golden brigantines, say if your course now lies
Towards sad Valtos, then I pray you, gallant ships, inquire
How fares my noble husband? O! last night we past the fire
Of the gallant Kalliakondas, nigh to Garrolimis coast,
Where with his Klepths he keeps his watch, and mountain herds they roast,
Whilst twice ten Beys his turnspits are, the captives of his host."

The Imprecation.

"Bright wandering moon! thou pilgrim of heaven's lone and pathless way!
Ere yet thou sleep'st, go hail my love who stole my heart away;
He kissed me, and, in tears, he cried,—'I will forsake thee never.'
But, like a field that's shorn and gleaned, he hath left me now for ever.
All lonely as a church that's banned—a village lost and won,
I wish to curse; my heart it melts before a word's begun.
My bosom heaves in tenderness, my soul is pained for him;
I tremble now with rage or love, in tears mine eyes they swim.
No matter; it is best to curse, and let God's will be done.
Hereafter with my pains and sighs, my sorrows every one,
Aloft may he, from a cypress tree, to gather the blooming flower,
Upon the grass fall, crushed like glass flung o'er a dizzy tower;
Or may the faithless one be passed, before the Turkish ranks,
Well sabred, or expire beneath the bayonet of the Franks;
And past the power of man to help, and leeches ten to cure,
Though all the art in Greece should join his healing to ensure."

The Pallikar at the Gate of his Mistress.

"At the gate of Salonichi
Sits a noble Pallikar,
O'er his neck his hair is hanging,
By his side his scimitar;
Thus he sang, the while uplifting
In his hand a light guitar:—
'O ye shining golden windows,
Crossed with every brilliant bar,
Tell your gentle mistress, quickly
Must she rise, for, from afar,
Come I now to gaze upon her,
With each gallant Pallicar,
Tell my lovely one to fear not,
These, my comrades, but unbar—
Lions are they not to eat her;—
Lions though they truly are."

Chelidonisma.

"The swallow has come
O'er the bright sea from far,
And leads back the spring
In her silver-throned car:
And there, on a bough,
Doth the nightingale sing
Her sweet roundelay;
O sweet month of May;
O sweet month of May!
Art thou come? and dost thou,
O gloomy December,
Midst snow and midst rain,
Once more remember
'Tis Springtime again?"

Written on the Sabre of Kontoghiannis.

"To him who fears no tyrant powers,
Who, in this world, lives free from wrongs,
Whose life is honour bright as ours,
To him alone this sword belongs."

Fragment.

"Enjoy this world, O haste, enjoy this day too while you may.
To-morrow comes, beneath the tomb, for thee there shines no day:
O dearest son, Iannes! be a cloud and cleave the sky.
And thou, my darling Constantine, like a little swallow fly,

Fly o'er the Danube hither; and my Heliodora, too,
Return, ere it be late, and bid your father dear adieu!"

Our next piece is in a peculiar metre, of which it is the only example, and was probably composed in honour of some Dimos, who fell a victim to his courage. Such is the catastrophe to which the song seems to allude in a mysterious manner. The first verses are a little prologue detached from the body of the piece, in which the poet addresses himself directly to his hero to avert the peril to which his courage and magnanimity have exposed him. The remainder is the relation of an ominous dream which strikes Dimos as a presentiment of his approaching fate,—a catastrophe which, in the intention of the poet and imagination of the reader, can be no other than that with which he was menaced, viz., falling unawares under his Albanian assassins. It is probably of ancient date, and belongs to the mountainous districts. After this comes the voice from the tomb, and a war song, written with a fire and gaiety which might have pleased the soul of Hotspur himself.

The Dream of Dimos.

TO ONEIPON TOT AHMOT.

"O Dimos! and have I not told thee once,
Or told thee now fifty times,
To cover thy turban and cover thy cross,
That gaudily glitters and shines;
For fear the Albanian tyrants see,
And fire and bring thee down,
For sake of thy silver and gold, and for sake
Of thy haughtiness and renown?

"The cuckoos they sing on the mountains,
The partridge she lights in the fields,
And a little bird flies, and, round Dimos' head,
Warbles, and flutters, and wheels.
'Tis not like the song that a little bird sings,
A swallow or nightingale:
But discreetly he speaks, with the voice of a man,
And repeats his melodious tale.

My Dimos! and wherefore art thou so wan,
Thy cheeks so haggard and pale?
O little bird, since you demand of me now,
I will tell what it is that I ail!
To slumber once more am I now returned,
A sweet little sleep to take:
And I thought in the sleep I was plunged, that I dreamt,
And then from that dream I did wake;
And I saw that the heavens were troubled, the stars
Like the colour of blood were turned,
And blotted with blood my Damascus sword,
I looked on its blade and I mourned."

The Voice from the Tomb.

"Daylight had waned, and the night followed after,
Now waned our feast, and now finished our wine;
Our Captain, prolonging the song and the laughter,
Sent for some more, and that errand was mine.
By moonlight I wandered unknown, and a stranger,
Pacing a path that was shaded by trees;
Sad moaned the wind, as foretelling my danger,
Still I walked on, still I climbed by degrees

Hills high as mountains, with tombstones all covered,—
Covered with tombs—and all tombs of the brave:
Far from them all, by no moonlight discovered,
Stood, undistinguished, a horrible grave.
I saw not,—I trampled the ground where 'twas lying.
A voice thundered forth from the realm of the dead.
O tomb! what art thou that thou moanest? replying
I cried—is the marble oppressing thy head?
O 'tis not the earth nor the black marble shading,
My pain, my affront is, thou treat'st me with scorn;
O'er my head thou hast marched, on my head thou art treading—
Can I feel that, can I feel and not mourn?
Have I not also these thickets unravelled,
And a young warrior watched through the noon?
Have I not also an Armatole travelled,
Travelled by night by the light of the moon?"

WAR SONG.

"No happier death is in the world
Than with the foe to fight,
On the grass so green, in the open field,
With warriors brave in sight.

"In the narrow bed, why all alone
Must I mix with the mortal clay,
But here shall I find good company,
Fallen, like the leaves in May.

"I say without
Reproach or doubt,
No happier end
The world can send,
Than thus to fall,
The sky your pall.
No priest to embalm,
Or song or psalm,
But trumpets twang,
And rifles clang,
Above the grave
Where lies the brave.
Then for his name
Immortal fame.
Each hero bold,
All stark and cold,
Who poured his blood to see
His fatherland made free."

There is not a more curious little piece in their whole poetical literature than the fable of a young maiden who abandons her home on account of the persecutions her beauty occasions, and perishes in the vessel on board of which she had embarked, through the brutal haste with which the captain throws her into the sea, when she has only fainted through alarm at his rudeness. But nothing is more original than the concluding verses. Every one who has seen a similar ghastly spectacle is aware of the effect of the imagination in investing every object with the predominant idea; and the rude and unlettered poet has expressed this effect in the most natural and striking manner. This ballad belongs to the literature of the Archipelago. We conclude with "Love's Witnesses" and another little piece containing the lamentations of the mistress of that captain whose death is recounted above. This little poem, in its extreme simplicity, has something impassioned and touching in it. It is sung and danced to in

different parts of Greece,—particularly in Etolia and Thessaly. The name Dimos, a corruption for Demetrius, is very common, as the numerous songs testify.

The Young Damsel Errant.

"Lovely maiden, lovely maiden,
For thy beauty sore distrest,
Thou wouldst wander from thy country
Seeking from thy lovers rest!
For the hiring of a galley
Ninety sequins offered she,
And a hundred more she offered
For respect and courtesy;
But when far beyond the harbour,
Many a mile apart from land,
Lo! the captain, faithless captain,
On her bosom laid his hand!
And for shame and virgin honour,
Fainting without life or motion,
Fell the maiden, and the captain
Plunged her in the unfathomed ocean,
And the ocean soon it wafted
To the Moreat wells the maid:
All the Moreat dames and damsels
Seeking water hither strayed;
Now they throw each one her pitcher,
And the pitchers lift her hair.
Day and night! O horror, horror!
See a body young and fair!
See those fingers long and slender,
Fitting for the pen to hold.
O! behold those lips for kissing,
Pale and bleeding, pale and cold;
I have kissed them, I have kissed them,
Yes, those lips so crimson red,
And mine own with fear though pallid
Soon with crimson they were spread.
I have wiped them with a mantle,
And the mantle it was dyed;
I have bathed it in the river,
Tinged with purple was its tide;
Tinged the river bank, the ocean,
And a galley tinged beside;
Red the river, red the ocean,
Red the fishes ran and died."

ΤΟΥ ΔΗΜΟΥ.

"Αὐτὰ τὰ μάτια, Δῆμο, τά 'μορφα,
Τὰ φρύδια τὰ γραμμίνα,
Αὐτὰ μὲ κάμνουν, Δῆμο, κ' ἀρρωστῶ,
Μὶ κάμνουν κ' ἀπαιθαίνω.
Ἔβγαλι, Δῆμο, τὸ σπαθάκι σου,
Καὶ πόψι τον λαιμόν μου·
Καὶ μάσι, Δῆμο, καὶ τὸ αἷμά μου,
'Σ ἴνα χρυσὸν μαντύλι·
Σύρι το, Δῆμο, σ' τὰ ἰνιὰ χωριὰ,
'Σ' τὰ δίκα βιλαίτια.
Κ' ἂν σ' ἰρωτήσουν, Δῆμο, τ' ἰν' αὐτό;
Το αἷμα τῆς ἀγάπης."

Dimos.

"Thine eyes, my Dimos, those beautiful leyes
They have won my love!
My heart is faint, and I fain would die
All alone, my love!
My beloved! thy sword bury far within
This tempestuous breast,
Then at length will the wanderer find repose,
And the weary rest.
In a golden veil then receive the blood
Of thy paramour,
Through the forest, the field, and the mountain go,
Through the dreary moor!
And if, perchance, from whose veins it flowed
One should ask thy pride,
O say 'tis the blood that beat round the heart
Of thy love—thy bride!"

Ο ΕΡΩΤΑΣ ΦΑΝΕΡΩΜΕΝΟΣ.

" 'Κόρη, ὅντας φιλιωμαστον, νύκτα ἦτον' ποιὸς μᾶς εἶδι;'
Μᾶς εἶδ' ἡ νύκτα κ' ἡ αὐγὴ, σ' ἄστρου καὶ τὸ φιγγάρι·
Καὶ σ' ἄστρον ἐχαμηλωσι, τῆς θάλασσας τὸ εἶπι·
Θάλλασσα τό εἶπι τοῦ κουπιοῦ, καὶ τὸ κουπὶ τοῦ ναύτη,
Κ' ὁ ναύτης τὸ τραγούδησι 'ς τῆς λυγηρῆς τὴν πόρτα.

Love's Witnesses.

"Love! when we, last night embracing,
Sighed, farewell! who saw us part?
Was it night, or sly Aurora,
Or the stars or moon who heard?

"A star shot down and told the ocean!
Ocean told a mariner:
Then the sailor told his mistress,
She—she told it everywhere."

Upon contemplating these rude records of the heroes of Hellas, it is possible, we think, to discover the germs of an original and beautiful literature, if the seeds of peace were allowed by Russian intrigue and barbarian venality to take root. They are as yet the only original works of which she can boast since the period of her regeneration; for her young men of talent have hitherto wisely confined themselves to translating from foreign languages. There may probably arise, hereafter, some poet to celebrate the war of independence, when these frail memorials, living only in the ears of the peasantry, will become the mere records of the "Fortes ante Agamemnona;" but at present the Greek of education, upon looking back to the rich inheritance of his forefathers, and beholding his present offerings to the Muse, must contemplate them with the mingled feelings of pride and regret with which Lais in the Anthology hangs up her mirror in the Temple of Venus.

"Je le donne à Vénus, puisqu'elle est toujours belle:
Il redouble trop mes ennuis;
Je ne saurois me voir dans ce miroir fidèle,
Ni telle que j'étois, ni telle que je suis."

HOW TO TRAVEL.*

When Tom Sheridan told his father that he had been down in a coal-pit, Richard Brinsley very properly asked him what could be his motive for such an expedition. "That I might say that I had been there," answered Tom. "You might have said so," rejoined his father, "without taking the trouble to do it."—Such-like question and answer might be very applicable to many travellers. They travel for the sake of saying they have travelled, and when they return, this is all they know of the matter. These are the very lowest grade of travellers;—they cannot make a book! Is it possible to conceive a degree of imbecility and stupidity so great as that of a human being who cannot make a book? The difficulty one should rather suppose would be to avoid making a book.—But let that pass: with such travellers as these we have nothing to do, our business is with those who bring their travels home with them. The natural torrent of questions to a traveller is, "What have you seen? Where have you been? What have you heard?—Come tell us all about it." Such is the natural vanity of the species, that these questions are considered to imply an interest in, and a sympathy with, the traveller himself, who forthwith begins to swell with an exceeding conceit, and to dilate himself into the semblance of a peacock's tale or a quarto volume; and instead of Mr. Such-a-one's travels in a certain country, we have nothing but the history of the gentleman himself while dwelling in and passing through the country. Avoiding this too-inviting error, other travellers bring home memorials only of what they have seen, and relate it in such style as if nobody else had ever seen it before them, or was likely to see it after them. They are merely itinerant land-surveyors; their only travelling companions are their eyes and Cocker's arithmetic. There is also a great difference between the styles of travelling, according to the nature of and the general acquaintance with the countries visited. The style of Sterne's Sentimental Journey would not be quite the thing in exploring the centre of Africa or crossing the Andes. There is a certain degree of freedom and familiarity to be observed in visiting countries, as in our intercourse with our neighbours, which must be proportioned to our acquaintance with them. A gossiping tour in China would be quite abominable; and a didactic peregrination of France, describing the aspect of the towns, and the dresses of the people, and the fishes of its rivers, and its constitution, laws, and government, would be equally ridiculous. The one would be impertinent familiarity at first acquaintance, and the other would be treating an old acquaintance with all the formality of a new one.

We have been led into this train of thought by an unpretending volume, which has been recently published, entitled "Six Weeks on the Loire, with a Peep into La Vendée." The book begins thus:—

"We left Paris on the 1st of June, 1832, in torrents of rain, which scarcely allowed even the gloomy Bicêtre, rising on an eminence to the right, the receptacle of three thousand victims of crime or misfortune, to make itself visible through the aqueous medium in which we for a moment leaned forward to contemplate it. Fortunately there is but little philosophy necessary to reconcile the traveller to not seeing his road before him, on going out of Paris; the more general complaint is, that it is seen too clearly; for never capital was less fortunate in its suburbs and immediate environs; and one long dull straight line, always beyond what the eye can reach, soon informs those who are entering upon it of the monotony and tedium they have to encounter before they attain the end."

Here are two excellent traits of travelling on the very threshold of the book. Here is a pleasant optimism reconciling itself to an inconvenience, and so promising an agreeable travelling companion; and here is a topographical picture of the environs of Paris, not given in the form of information, but merely as the result of an impression. This is the spirit that pervades

* Six Weeks on the Loire, with a Peep into La Vendée. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1833.

the whole volume, and gives its charm to the tour. It is a kind of sentimental journey without the affectation of sentimentality. The tourist is a lady, —a lady of good taste and good feeling. Very pleasant is it to gain information in this incidental way, so that we are not receiving it in the way of dry instruction, but by the channel of a pleasant ramble. There is a charm and a tact in her mode of describing places to you, as though you had been familiar with them, and yet giving an image of them to one who has not visited them. For instance:—

"Passing the ancient château of Beau-désir, and of Mont St. Louis, we soon arrived within sight of Tours, the garden of France, the classic ground of her most interesting recollections. The noble avenue by which we entered, the fine bridge, stretching to a length of one thousand three hundred and thirty-five feet, the venerable cathedral, the widening river, and the increasing masts that here begin to give it the character of commerce, all prepossessed us in its favour; and as we drove down the Rue Royale, justly esteemed one of the finest streets in Europe, and at that moment thronged with military, on their way into La Vendée, and with peasants from all the surrounding villages, in their gayest attire, preparing for the feast of Pentecost, we acknowledged we had not seen in France a place so likely to charm the gaze of strangers."

There is nothing in the above extract at all remarkable in point of thought or expression. The beauty of it, as of the volume throughout, is in its pure and appropriate good taste; it supposes the place to be known, and at the same time makes it known to those who were previously unacquainted with it. Such a description of a city in China, or even in Hindostan, would be altogether inappropriate and out of keeping. With all the good taste that pervades this pleasant volume, there is also an abundance of good feeling and unstrained sentiment. The tourist travelled with heart as well as eyes open. Here is a pretty picture:—

"After wandering over hill and dale, more and more delighted at every step, I bent my course back to the town. In descending the hill, I turned round by a sharp angle of rocks; and there, sitting all alone in a hollow, with wild flowers springing around her, twirling her distaff, and watching a solitary cow grazing beside her, sat the prettiest little creature I ever beheld; she was not above eight years old: the first moment I saw her I thought of Annette Nicholas, and fancied that love-model of humble piety must have been such another; but the next I seemed to see in her my own sweet Alice, the gem of her father's heart, and kissed the flaxen locks and dimpled cheeks that recalled her so forcibly to my remembrance. She was no way embarrassed by my caresses, and returned them by smiles, and a heightened bloom that made her look prettier still: 'Et aimes-tu beaucoup ta vache, ma petite?'—'Ah! oui, Madame, beaucoup, beaucoup.' 'Et l'embrasses-tu quelquefois.' 'Oui, quelquefois, quand on la trait.' So we kissed her again, and made her happy by giving her a few sous. It was thus, on the opposite side of the Loire, that Madame de Maintenon kept sheep in the days of her infancy; and better had she never left her native fields, than sat at the side of a doting monarch to procure the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—an act alike of injustice and impolicy, of whichs he is generally supposed to have been the instigator."

Our tourist is not always sentimental in the graver sense of the word, but a pleasant humour frequently displays itself in her pages, as may be seen in the following exhibition of an English traveller:—

"It is astonishing, go where you will, to see how the English may always be distinguished from all the world besides, by their invariably choosing to do every thing in a manner and at a time that no one else would. I never saw an English person at a table-d'hôte, that I did not instantly know him to be such by his deportment. One in particular amused me, by the solemn sense he seemed to entertain of his own importance: when he took his place at dinner, he left space enough for half-a-dozen more between the

other guests and himself; and thus sitting in solitary grandeur at the bottom of the table, he reminded me of

> '——the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
> Where cheerless Saturn, 'mid his watery moons,
> Girt with a lurid zone, in gloomy pomp,
> Sits like an exiled monarch.'

He consoled himself the first day in his insulated greatness, by calling for wines which the house did not afford; and when they were at length procured for him, he found them so novel to his palate, and ungenial to his stomach, that he was obliged to have recourse to the vulgarity of qualifying them with cogniac; which, however, he asked for in an octave lower than he had done for the wine. After dinner he remained alone, with his dessert and wine at a small table, but alas! the newspaper, that silent, best companion of an Englishman's self-concentrated sociability, was wanting; and to supply its place, he gravely took out his passport, and with an abstracted, business-like air, held it at arms' length from his eyes, and, with both his legs on a chair opposite to him, read it through, probably for the hundredth time, from beginning to end, no doubt charmed with seeing his name at full length, accompanied by an appropriate description of his age, height, and complexion. He was a little man, but had a laudable ambition always to hang his hat on the highest peg in the room: one day, in disengaging it from its 'high estate,' it fell upon his nose, and rolled under the table. 'Give me leave, Sir,' said a good-natured young Frenchman, who spoke English like a native, diving at the same time in search of it; but the little man was offended at being addressed in his own language, and replied stiffly, 'Non, Monsieur, je vous suis fort obligé, mais je puis le lever moi-même;' and with this specimen of his proficiency in French, he stooped down,

> 'Regained the felt, and felt what he regained.'"

From this entertaining volume we might select many extracts illustrative of the writer's happy tact in knowing what to look at and how to look at it.

On the whole, we regard this work as one of the neatest and pleasantest specimens of what should be the mode of travelling through a country, known, yet unknown. The book is one of the most agreeable companions that we have recently met with, and derives a peculiar interest from the agitations which are yet moving amid the scene of its descriptions.

SONNET.

ON FIRST READING THE POETRY OF WORDSWORTH.

We tread the teeming earth with half-shut eyes.
Beauty and glory from the prodigal urn
Of Nature lavish'd, woo, at every turn,
The trampling step to pause—but on it flies:
A thousand floral things of heavenly dyes
Flit with the summer and with spring return,
Again to flit, that florists never learn
Ope bud or petal to the west-wind's sighs.
A thousand pomps and glories deck the skies,
That make nor bard's nor painter's mimic strife.
Avarice may pine where scarce-hid store is rife;
Hunters despair a spear's length from the game;
And I have lived through half a poet's life,
And known a WORDSWORTH only yet by name!

G***.

Bishopwearmouth.

PERRAN PATH.

A CORNISH STORY.

Place me among the rocks I love,
Which sound to ocean's wildest war.
BYRON.

HENRY NORTON was—— but it does not signify what he was; suffice it he was poor and in love—had nothing, indeed, but the half-pay of a service which he had not health to remain in, while Mary Franklin was rich, and her parents intended her for a much higher rank in society than the life of a "half-pay luff," as they used contemptuously to call him. But women are obstinate in these cases; and, moreover, even if there had been no opposition, she would very likely have fallen in love with the young sailor; and as her fortune would be her own when she was of age, the odds were very much in her favour. But the parents were aware of this also; so, from the time they dismissed Mr. Norton, they watched their daughter with lynx-eyed vigilance, but not so carefully but that the lovers contrived to meet, though, it must be confessed, it was but seldom, and their interviews short.

Sweet are such meetings, by moonlight, in a grove, or by a lake; but they met not there. Sweet are such meetings at balls, theatres, bazaars; but they met not there. But, as the grey dawn was breaking slowly and mistily over Perran cliff,—as the spray was breaking over the Mussel Rock clearly in the haze of the morning,—as the lengthened wave was curling along the white and seemingly endless beach,—they would meet on the dizzy height of the precipice, and repeat their vows of love. But as it was impossible for them to give each other notice when these meetings would be, it was Norton's business to be on the cliffs by daybreak every morning. Sometimes, for days, Miss Franklin found it impossible to come, and Norton's walks were often quite as solitary as a lover could wish. Now and then, indeed, he would meet a lonely miner, or occasionally a fisherman, who would eye him with suspicion or pass him unnoticed, according as they were or were not engaged (as almost all Cornish peasants are) in assisting the landing of contraband goods.

One morning, however, he was sitting on the cliff, thinking, of course, of his beloved Mary, and frequently hoping his watch was wrong, for the time of meeting was past, when, as the sun would rise, in spite of his wishes, and it was perfectly certain that he would not be able to see her that morning, he saw, or fancied he beheld, on the next promontory, on the very edge of the cliff, the figure of a woman, standing and waving a handkerchief. With the speed of a lover he rushed to the place, but there was nothing to be seen but spray and foam, and it was a spot where no woman could have dared to go; so he laughed at his absurd fancy, and the next morning he went again. But again there was the same figure, only rather more distinct; and again he ran to the spot, and again he found nothing but the white spray, hanging like a silver shower over the cliff, and the foam trembling on the edge. The next moment Mary came; and, telling her the story, they walked towards the place where he had seen the "grim white woman," as they called her; but she was not visible, so they laughed and forgot her.

"And is this to last for ever, Mary?" said Norton. "Are we ever to meet thus, and scarcely to say two words of welcome, before we have to say good bye, to meet again we know not when?"

"Be patient, Henry—be patient; and if, when I have a right to my fortune, my parents still refuse—why, I will give my consent without waiting any longer for theirs."

"Yes! and then the world will call me a fortune-hunter."

"But what does that signify? I do not think so. Is not that sufficient, Henry? And if we do our duty, and wait with patience, and prove to our friends that our love is real and enduring, they may at last consent, and Heaven will ——"

"Curse, curse ye!" cried a voice from beneath them; and a woman started from the rock, and sprang to their side. She was dressed in a white gown, a plain cottage bonnet, with white ribbons. In one hand she held a white handkerchief, in the other a stout riding-whip, such as is used by farmers' drivers. Her hair was brushed straight down over her forehead, while her pale features looked much the paler for its raven blackness. "Who are ye, and what are ye," continued she, coming up to Norton, "that, for this third time, have frightened him away? for I have called, and he did not come; I have sung, and he hath not heard me: for you have scared him away with your false vows,—you have driven him away the while I was sleeping, and he will not come again. But I'll away to your father, Mistress Mary; Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

So saying, she sprang away with the speed of a fawn; and though Norton rushed after her, she turned round the hill before he could overtake her, and on reaching the spot, he could see no traces or signs of her. Poor Miss Franklin, though she did not faint, was so frightened, that on his return, Norton found her leaning against a rock, so dreadfully nervous as to be unable to walk without assistance. This, under existing circumstances, was particularly agreeable. Upon going a little way, she found it impossible to go farther without resting, and it was getting late. This was still more agreeable. She had to pass some cottages, and the inhabitants were awake and stirring, and they stared, and wished her good morning;—they would have known her a mile off. This was perfectly delightful. She might, however, still get home unobserved through the shrubbery; but then she was so ill. However, she reached the gate, and Norton effected his retreat; and no one had met them —except the inhabitants of the village. She was entering the house, somewhat cheered by this circumstance, when she met her father at the door.

"You are early, Mary," said he. "It is too cold now for you to walk before breakfast; you will be ill, child."

"The child will never be well," said a voice behind them, which made the old gentleman start, "that heeds not the mother's bidding. Well, well! I called, and he came not; ye called me not, but I am here."

"What is your business, woman?" asked Mr. Franklin. "Mary, what does this mean?"

"I will answer," said Rosa Rosevargus; "I will answer, for the truth is speaking, and the sin of the disobedient has kept him away. Three mornings have I called him, and he remained behind,—for why?

the daughter was with her lover, though the command was upon her that she should have heeded; and she was away from the home where the father was sleeping, the mother at rest. And he did not come, for the false tongues of the disobedient kept him away. But Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

And so saying, she ran off to the gate, to which one of the strong ponies of the country was tied; and jumping on his back, was out of sight in an instant. Mary would not live so near her lover, and not see him, or let him suppose she had forgot him, for mere prudish etiquette; but she could not utter a falsehood, even for his sake; and the enraged father heard all the story, and her meetings with Norton were, of course, put a stop to. And many long and weary walks by the side of the cliff had poor Norton, guessing what had happened, yet having no certain information; and often did he see the "grim white woman," and often did he attempt in vain to overtake her. Her pony was always at hand, and she would spring on her rude saddle, and gallop off, with her usual parting of "Aha! I wish you well—aha!" In answer to his inquiries, Norton could only hear that she was the "Mazed woman," who lived at Mr. Herring's, at the far end of Cuthbert parish; and it was too far for him to follow her.

But it is time the reader should know who Rosa Rosevargus really was. Her father had been an opulent farmer, and had once rented a large tract of land. But the times and his landlord both pressing him at the same time, he was obliged to give it up. He, however, took a smaller farm; and while the times continued bad, it was determined his daughter Rosa should, as the Cornish express it, "go out in service." But Mrs. Franklin, taking compassion on their distresses, took her as her own maid; and would have kept her, but the maid had a susceptible heart, and so had the butler; and Mr. Rosevargus was a monied man. He had formerly been an apprentice; but now, as I said before, he was Mr. Rosevargus, and a monied man. Accordingly it was agreed that he should take a small farm; and for some time fortune favoured them exceedingly, for, speculating in mines, they became very rich. But their happiness was of short duration. A few years after their marriage the husband died, leaving behind him only one son. Robert did not, however, inherit his father's industry. The wrestling ring, the hunt, and the alehouse, had more of his presence than his pocket could stand; nay, so great was his passion for all these, that not only were his mother's persuasions of no avail, but even pretty Anne Roberts could not reform him. She even threatened to find another and a steadier sweetheart without effect; so she tried another plan, and said, if he would live quietly, she would marry him directly. Now this said Anne Roberts was, his mother thought, exactly the person Robert should not marry, being fond of dress, and excessively extravagant. Accordingly, she expostulated and reasoned; but it was no use. So the day was fixed, and she was obliged to consent, though, as she said, no good would ever come of it. However, she was somewhat appeased by a white gown and bonnet Anne Roberts sent her, to be worn on the day of the wedding, as a joint gift from both of them; and so the day was fixed. Two nights, however, before the wedding-day, two friends of the young farmer came to his house, and insisted on his accompanying them on a fishing ex-

cursion. This his mother insisted very strongly on his not doing; but his friends laughed at him, and he went, and never returned. The boat was swamped in one of those sudden ground seas, which are so frequent on that coast, and which the most expert seamen can scarcely ever foresee, and every one on board perished. From that time the senses of the unhappy mother forsook her; and though her father took her home, and she grew better in time, still she would frequently put on the white dress—her son's last present—and mounting her pony, would ride off to that part of the coast where it was supposed the boat was lost. She used to fancy he was only still at sea, and would be too late for the wedding, and call him, and wave her handkerchief, and then ride home, and say he was coming. At times she was perfectly rational; but it was almost dangerous to interfere with her rides to the cliff. It was in one of these fits she first met Norton; and having sense enough to remember Mary Franklin, and to know the reason she was there, she avenged herself for the interruption in the manner we have related.

About two months after this, her madness took another turn. She fancied that he was just upset, and that she would go and look for his body. The fishermen, to humour her, would say they would take her out for a pound; but as they never trusted her with money, she would only answer them with her usual salutation, and ride on. One day, however, she met Mr. Franklin in one of the narrowest of all narrow lanes; and suddenly seizing his horse by the bridle, she exclaimed—

"And have ye heard of my loss, Mr. Franklin? have ye heard of my loss? Willy—ye know Willy the fisherman?—Willy tells me that my poor boy is drowned; and Willy says he will take me out for a pound—for one pound, Mr. Franklin. Now, your honour would not refuse the value of a pound to poor Rosa Rosevargus for this cause?"

Mr. Franklin did refuse, however. But Rosa was not satisfied with this refusal; she went twice afterwards to the house, and demanded her pound; till at last the squire lost his temper, and sent her rather rudely out of the house. A short time afterwards, in the same narrow lane, Mr. Franklin met her. His horse was awkward at opening the gate, and the rider, as usual, lost his temper.

"Curse ye, curse ye," cried Rosa. "Ye have turned from the mother's prayer, and ye would not help her to find the son she took delight in. Now listen while she tells ye—ye shall call for your child, and she shall not answer; ye shall seek her, and ye shall not find. For ye would not help the childless and the widowed woman; and Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baffled. Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

It was the very next morning that Norton was taking his walk along the cliff, more from habit than any chance of seeing Miss Franklin. He sat down on the same place where he had first seen Rosa,—probably blessing her in his heart for all the misery she had caused him.

"Mary," said he aloud, "I shall see you no more. They tell me that you are going to London, and I am too poor to follow you; or if I was, I would not, for I could not bear to see you happy without me. But we are separated for ever, and I will leave this place——"

"Curse ye, curse ye!" cried a well-remembered voice, as Rosa started from behind the same rock as before. "I curse ye, for ye heard not the widow's prayer, and her son is unburied on the waters."

"Woman!" cried Norton, springing on her, and seizing her by the arm, "what did you——"

"I will tell ye, then," interrupted Rosa; "I will tell ye what I did. I did the thing which makes me sleepless, and I will do the thing which will give me rest. Ye said ye were separated for ever; ye said ye would leave this place,—ye were a fool to think it. Did I not give the wound —will I not heal it? Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked."

"What mean you, woman? what are you——"

"Mr. Norton," said she, in so altered a tone that her hearer started, "they say I am mad, because I forget not my dear boy—my only son; because I come here to weep for him. You came to interrupt me, I thought,—to mock me, as others do; but I was deceived, and it has grieved me to think it; for I am not mad, indeed I am not. I have done the mischief, and I will repair it. Have you no note—no message? trust me with it, and it shall be delivered safely, quickly."

Norton was deceived, as many are deceived, by a mad person's temporary return to reason, and agreed to meet her in an hour, with a letter for Mary. But he more than half repented having done so, when, at the sight of the letter, the widow's wildness returned.

"Curse ye, curse ye!" said she. "Ye shall learn to hear the prayer of the childless and the widowed woman. Ye shall call, and none shall answer; ye shall seek, but ye shall not find; ye shall run, but it will be too late. Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!" And springing on her pony, she was out of sight as quick as ever.

"Fool that I was, to trust her," said the lover. "She will give the letter to Mr. Franklin, and it will hasten Mary's departure, and she will be guarded more strictly than ever." He was, however, mistaken. That night, as Mary was looking out of the window of her room, thinking of the comparatively happy time when she used to sit there and watch for the first light of the morning to steal out and meet her lover,—she heard a low voice singing, to the tune of one of the ballads of the country, the following words:—

The wild waves are breaking still loud on the shore,
But the call of the childless is answered no more.
The lover is there by the dawn of the day,
And the widow is mixing her tears with the spray.
The mother is mourning for him that is not,
But the maiden is sleeping—her love is forgot.

But he 'll be flying, he 'll be flying
Over land and over sea,—
He 'll be dying, he 'll be dying,
Like the child that 's lost to me.

I stood upon the cliff, maid, to sorrow for my child,
And I curst ye, and I curst ye, for my grief had made me wild;
But the sorrow of the lover I have sense enough to feel,
And the wound that I have given, he has sent me here to heal.

Mary thought she must be deceived—that she was dreaming, or mad; but she listened again, and found she was not mistaken. At this moment the dogs began their nightly conversation with the moon, and she heard no more. The next night she heard the same words again; but just as she was about to answer the signal, her father entered her room,

at and lectured her for an hour for sitting at the openedwindow; and when he left her, the singer was gone. The next night, however, the same song was again repeated, with this additional verse:—

> The burning tear is bursting from the childless mother's eye,
> And the lover's heart is thirsting with the hope that will not die.
> I shall meet him on the morrow, I shall meet him on the shore,
> Answer, false one, answer, shall I say you love no more?
> I shall meet him on the morrow, I shall meet him on the hill,
> Answer, maiden, answer, shall I say you love him still?

Mary no longer doubted, but opening her window, she repeated the last line. Immediately the white woman was under her window, and delivering the note on a long forked pole, almost instantly disappeared. Eagerly did Mary read it; and there is but little doubt that it was punctually answered. In this manner they kept up for some time a constant correspondence; till at last it was agreed upon that Norton should pretend to leave Perran; and it was hoped by that means that Mary might have more liberty. The trick succeeded, and they accordingly effected a meeting in the following manner.

Mr. Franklin, fancying that Norton was gone, and believing, from his daughter's increased spirits, that she had forgotten him, gave a grand pic-nic party on the beach. It was low water; and at that time of tide there is an excellent uninterrupted gallop along the beach, on hard sand, for two miles. On the right, towards the farther end from the Path, there is a road, which leads across a desert of sand, which extends for miles, and across which it is difficult, without much custom, to find a way; for it is not a level plain, but innumerable hills of sand. It was a common thing with Mary to gallop to the end of the beach; but on that day, no sooner did the cliffs hide her from the rest of the party, than turning her horse's head towards the sand hills, and galloping up the road, she was with Norton in a second. The undisguised joy of the lovers brought tears into the eyes of Rosa Rosevargus. Dressed the same as ever, she looked like the genius of the place, as, sitting by her pony, she watched them in silence. They had been long together, when Mary said,—

"Now, Henry, help me on my horse, and we will meet again often."

"We will, indeed," answered he; "for we will never part again."

"What do you mean, Henry?"

"Simply," said the sailor, "this: I have a chaise and four at Cuthbert; the packet passes Padstow to-night; and I claim your promise, Mary, for you are now your own mistress."

Mary loved truly, devotedly; but there is something in leaving the home of their childhood, the friends that have loved them, the parents that gave them birth,—to leave them, and offend them for ever, perhaps,—to live without their blessing,—to die, perhaps, without their forgiveness,—which requires all the courage that women are possessed of. It is an undertaking which requires long consideration, and few dare run the risk. Mary found herself unequal to it, and all Norton's prayers were useless.

"Ill come," cried Rosa, when she heard her determination, "to the false tongue of the deceiver, that can desert the wished and the lovely; ill come to the eyes of the maiden that can see their true-love in trouble

and can look round for a richer to keep her company. But it shall not be so. Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked."

Mary was frightened, but not persuaded; but the last part of Rosa's speech was not lost on the jealous lover.

"And is it so, Mary?" said he. "Is there then another, richer and dearer, suitor for your hand? You are silent. Is it so? Farewell, then, Mary; I do not blame you for leaving me; it is natural—it is right. But why deceive me?—why write to me?—or, if you did write, why not write the truth?

"I did, I did, Henry,—I did indeed; and rather than you should doubt me, I will——"

"Oh! end the sentence, Mary—say you will fly with me."

She did not say yes, but she did not say no; and Norton placed her on her horse.

"But," cried the frightened girl, "they will catch us—they will stop us; and how are you going?"

"Rosa lends me her pony."

"And you know your way over these sands? Oh! if you do not, it is useless to attempt it now. Let us wait another opportunity."

Norton was puzzled. This was the first time he had ever been across the sands; and there were old mine-shafts and pits, and but one road, scarcely to be recognised as such except by the most practised eye. He could not answer, and Mary was about to turn.

"Well, then," cried Rosa, "and what ails ye now? Away, ye can ride,—away, ye can ride; and old Rolly (so she called her poney) wants neither whip nor spur, nor guide. Away!—Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

Norton jumped on the pony, and his companion's, though a fleet horse, could scarcely keep up with old Rolly, who went off home, as if quite as mad as his mistress. As Norton arrived at the hill opposite the sand-hills, he turned to see if he was pursued, but saw nothing except the form of Rosa, waving her handkerchief, on the high sand-hill opposite the small village of Ellenglese. He answered her signal, and in a few hours was safe in the Bristol steamer.

The consternation of the pic-nic party at the long absence of Miss Franklin was indescribable. The truth flashed across the mother immediately, and at first the father agreed with her. But when he considered the impossibility of the lovers holding any communication with each other—that Norton, as was reported, was at sea—the dreadful thought that she had fallen into a shaft drove every other suspicion out of his head. For the whole night they were looking for her. Lanterns, torches, were in great requisition; horns, whistles, bells, shouts—every means of making her hear was resorted to, but she did not answer. The moon went down, and the last hour before daylight was completely dark. About this time Mr. Franklin was by himself, separated from the rest of the party. The light in his lantern was just expiring, and he was trying to trim it, when it went out entirely; and he could see nothing but the lamps of his companions, at a considerable distance, and that only now and then, as they ascended and descended the hillocks. He tried in vain to catch them; he called, but they could not hear. At last he gave it up; and fearing lest he should fall into a shaft, he surrendered the pursuit in despair. Even the cries of his companions became

at length inaudible, and he almost fancied himself in another world of darkness and desolation. Suddenly, however, a light seemed to start up from his feet, and the form of the "Mazed Woman" was before him.

"Curse ye, curse ye!" cried she. "Ye turned from the mother's prayer,—ye have refused to assist her to find and to bury the child she took delight in. Did I not tell ye? but ye did not hear; did I not advise thee? but ye were deaf. And now ye are calling on your child, but she answers not; ye seek, but ye cannot find; ye run, but it is past the time. What do ye here? She is away with the loved and the true; for Rosa gave, and Rosa healed the wound. Ye listened not to the prayer of the widow,—ye preferred your gold to the peace of the childless. Away, then, for she is not here,—away, then, for she is not home. For Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!" And holding her lantern close to the face of the astonished father, she repeated her last usual parting words, "Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

We will not say Mr. Franklin was frightened; he was startled—he was agitated; and his companions found him scarcely ten paces from the spot where Rosa had left him. The fact was now evident enough to all, and the next day's post confirmed their suspicions.

It was some time before the baffled parents would forgive their daughter. At last, however, discovering that further resistance was not only useless but ridiculous, they consented to receive the delinquents. After their first visit, they were again invited to spend a longer time. The next time they were entreated to stay still longer; and at last the old people found that they could not live without them, and gave them up a set of apartments to themselves, on condition they lived with them always. In the meantime poor Rosa, after the stimulus of avenging herself on Mr. Franklin for the imagined injury he had done her, by refusing her the pound for her son's burial, got gradually worse; till at last it was positively necessary, for the peace of the neighbourhood, that she should be confined. But Mrs. Norton would by no means consent to this, before something had been tried to effect a cure. Accordingly, at her own expense, an eminent physician was sent for; and by his advice it was settled that she should be deceived, if possible, by a mock funeral of her son. The plan succeeded. For one year she would constantly visit the spot where the old church had been for years lost in the sand, and where she believed her son to be buried; but after that she gradually recovered her senses. We need not say that Mr. and Mrs. Norton were grateful for the service she had done them; for though she did not live above two years after the recovery of her reason, she spent them in the service of those she had been the means of making so happy.

Reader, I know not how you are satisfied; but I shall be quite content if, for the space of ten minutes, you are half as much pleased as I was with the tale of the "Mazed Woman," when I heard it first in the small room of the little inn at Perran Path.

COLDSTREAM GUARDS.*

The modesty of the preface, in which the gallant author of the work before us apologizes for the possible imperfections of his performance, on the plea that his whole life, from fifteen years of age, has been passed in the active discharge of military duties, would have inclined us to view with indulgence the attempt he has made to open a new chapter in British literature, even if that attempt had proved a failure. But the public voice has already declared its approbation of the "History of the Coldstream Guards," and we think with justice. The history of a regiment is an unpromising subject. When a writer proceeds to examine his materials for such an undertaking, he finds that they consist of battles already known in all their details, or of marches and counter-marches, and those minor incidents of warfare which, however important they may have been to the individuals concerned in them, are little calculated to afford amusement, or convey instruction to others. At the outset, therefore, Colonel Mac Kinnon had to encounter the difficulty of endeavouring to give fresh interest to campaigns and combats which had long been familiar to the recollection of a majority of readers, or had ceased to be recollected in consequence of their want of interest; but this difficulty he has been enabled to surmount by the grace, spirit, and clearness of his narrative, in treating of occurrences destitute of the attractions of novelty, and by the introduction of extracts from ancient documents, and a variety of curious facts and circumstances which his laborious researches have brought to light. The style he has adopted is concise, unaffected, and lucid.

Colonel Mac Kinnon commences his history with an account of the first formation of the regiment under General Monk, at the time when Cromwell, who was well aware of his military talents, "persuaded him to accept an appointment in the army then preparing to invade Scotland;" and the following quotation informs us, that the fact was thus noticed in the Journals of the House of Commons:—

"Die Martis, 13 Aug. 1650. Colonel Jones reports from the Council of State, that the Lord General hath thought fit, upon his marching into Scotland, to draw five companies out of the garrison of Newcastle, and five out of Berwick, and to put them under the command of Colonel Monk; by reason of which the strength of these garrisons is very much diminished.—To move the Parliament that Sir Arthur Hazlerig and Colonel Fenwick may be empowered to recruit their regiments to their former numbers, and that the regiment of Colonel Monk may be taken on the establishment. —Resolved that the House doth agree with the Council of State therein."

"Thus formed," says Colonel Mac Kinnon, "the regiment entered Scotland, and did not return until General Monk, on January 1, 1659-60, quitted his head-quarters at Coldstream to restore the monarchy, and give peace to his distracted country. From the place whence these brave men set out on their splendid undertaking, and where the plan had been matured, the regiment derives its distinctive appellation; an event which Gamble, the chaplain of General Monk, has thus recorded:—'This town hath given title to a small company of men whom God hath made the instruments of great things, (and though poor, yet honest as ever corrupt nature produced into the world,) by the no dishonourable name of Coldstreamers.'"

It appears, therefore, from the evidence collected by Colonel Mac Kinnon, that the Coldstream Guards are of English origin, and that their Scottish title was only intended to perpetuate the remembrance of their valour in seconding the efforts of their cautious and determined leader. The narrative of the operations in which the regiment was concerned during its stay in Scotland is replete with interest and information. The battle of Dunbar, where Monk bravely advanced with his half pike in his hand against Tower's regi-

* Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards, by Colonel Mac Kinnon. 2 vols. Bentley, London.

ment, is the first that occurs in the "History of the Coldstream;" and it is thus noticed:—

"In August the regiment was present at the taking of Collington-house and the storming of the garrison of Redhall. On the 29th it returned with the rest of the troops to the camp near Musselburgh; on the 30th the whole army marched to Haddington, and on Sunday, September 1st, (1650,) arrived at Dunbar. In making this retrograde movement Cromwell was closely pursued, and found himself in a very critical position, as he had retired on a narrow neck of land with the sea in his rear. The Scots army, well supplied and full of hope, was posted on a hill in front. From this situation there was no escaping except by the pass of Coppersmyth, (Cockburn's-path,) which was strongly guarded by a detachment. A council of war was therefore assembled. Cromwell, seeing the enemy descend into the plain, proposed to charge. Monk volunteered to lead the attack with his own regiment and other troops. His plan was adopted, the enemy were driven from their position, and the memorable victory of Dunbar was gained."

The letter of Cromwell to the Speaker Lenthal, describing the battle, is printed in the Appendix from George III.'s collection of tracts in the British Museum, and the following extract from it will, we think, prove acceptable to our readers.

"The next morning we drew into an open field on the south side of Haddington, we not judging it safe for us to draw to the enemy upon his own ground, he being pre-possessed thereof, but rather drew back to give him way to come to us if he had so thought fit; and having waited about the space of four or five hours to see if he would come to us, and not finding any inclination in the enemy so to do, we resolved to go according to our first intendment to Dunbar. By that time we had marched three or four miles; we saw some bodies of the enemy's horse draw out of their quarters, and by that time our carriages were gotten near Dunbar their whole army was upon their march after us, and, indeed, our drawing back in this manner, with three new regiments added to them, did much heighten their confidence if not their presumption and arrogancy. The enemy that night we perceived gathered towards the hills, labouring to make a perfect interposition between us and Berwick, and having in this posture a great advantage through his better knowledge of the country, which he effected by sending a considerable party to the strait pass at Coppersmyth, where ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way. And truly this was an exigent to us, wherewith the enemy reproached us with that condition the Parliament army was in when it made its hard conditions with the King in Cornwall. By some reports that have come to us, they had disposed of us, and of their business, in sufficient revenge and wrath towards our persons, and had swallowed up the poor interest of England, believing that their army and their King would have marched to London without any interruption; it being told us we know not how truly, by a prisoner we took the night before the flight, that their King was very suddenly to come amongst them with those English they allowed to be about him; but in what they were thus lifted up, the Lord was above them. The enemy lying in the posture before mentioned, having those advantages, we lay very near him, being sensible of our disadvantage, having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor weak faith, wherein I believe not a few amongst us shared, that because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were in the mount, and in the mount the Lord would be seen, and that he would find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us; and, indeed, we had our consolations and our hopes. Upon Monday evening, the enemy—whose numbers were very great, as we hear about 6,000 horse, and 16,000 foot at least, ours drawn down as to sound men, about 7,500 foot, and 3,500 hundred horse—the enemy drew down to their right wing about two-thirds of their left wing of horse, to the right wing shogging also their foot and train much to the right, causing their right wing of horse to edge down towards the sea. We could not well imagine but that the enemy intended to attempt upon us or to place themselves in a more exact condition of interposition. The Major-General and myself coming to the Earl of Roxborough's house and observing this posture, I told him I thought it did give us an opportunity and advantage to attempt upon the enemy, to which he immediately replied, that he had thought to have said the same thing to me, so that it pleased the Lord to set this apprehension upon both of our hearts at the same instant. We called for Colonel Monk and showed him the thing, and coming

to our quarter at night, on demonstrating our apprehensions to some of the Colonels they also cheerfully concurred; we resolved therefore to put our business into this position, that six regiments of horse and three regiments and a half of foot should march in the van, and that the Major-General, the Lieutenant-General of the horse, and the Commissary General, and Colonel Monk to command the brigade of foot, should lead on the business, and that Colonel Pride's brigade, Colonel Overton's brigade, and the remaining two regiments of horse, should bring up the cannon and rear. The time of falling in to be by break of day, but through some delays it proved not to be so till six o'clock in the morning. The enemy's word was 'the Covenant,' which it had been for divers days; ours 'the Lord of Hosts.' The Major-General, Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, and Commissary General Whaley, and Colonel Twisleton gave the ouset, the enemy being in very good posture to receive them, having the advantage of their cannon and foot against our horse; before our foot could come up, the enemy made a gallant resistance, and there was a very hot dispute at sword's point between our horse and theirs. Our first foot, after they had discharged their duty, being overpowered by the enemy, received some repulse which they soon recovered; but my own regiment under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Goff and my Major White, did come seasonably in, and at the push of pike did repel the stoutest regiment the enemy had there, merely with the courage the Lord was pleased to give, which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot, this being the first action between the foot. The horse in the mean time did with a great deal of courage and spirit beat back all opposition, charging through the bodies of the enemies horse and foot who were, after the first repulse given, made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to their swords. Indeed I believe I may speak it without partiality, both your chief commanders and others in their several places, and soldiers also, were acted with as much courage as ever hath been seen in any action since this war. I know they look not to be named, and therefore I forbear the particulars.

"The best of the enemy's horse and foot being broken through and through in less than an hour's dispute, their whole army being put into confusion, it became a total rout, our men having the chace and execution of them near eight miles; we believe that upon the place and near about it were about three thousand slain; prisoners taken of their officers you have the enclosed list, of private soldiers near ten thousand, the whole baggage and train taken, wherein was good store of match, powder, and bullet, all their artillery, great and small, thirty guns. We are confident they have left behind them not less than fifteen thousand arms. I have already brought in to me near two hundred colours which I herewith send you. What officers of quality of theirs are killed we cannot yet learn; but yet surely divers are and many men of quality are mortally wounded, as Colonel Lumsdel, the Lord Liberton, and others; and that, which is no small addition, I do not believe we have lost twenty men.

"Dunbar, September 4, 1650. "O. CROMWELL."

On receiving the news of this important victory, Parliament voted that the two hundred colours captured from the enemy should be hung up in Westminster Hall, and that "the officers and men which did this excellent service should be presented with gold and silver medals."

From the period of the battle of Dunbar the regiment was actively employed in the subjugation of Scotland, and the particulars of its services, as related by Colonel Mac Kinnon, are, in many instances, novel, and in all well told. An extract from one of the diurnals, published in the year 1655, informs us, that

"The forces are peaceably settled in their winter quarters and not any visible enemy at all stirring, although this year there was not any captain of the watch as formerly, yet not so much as the stealing of a cow or horse from the lowlanders, even so that through Providence Scotland is wholly brought into the most peaceable condition that ever it was since the memory of this age." Two years after this "addresses were sent by every regiment in the army to the Lord Protector; among them was one from the Lord General Monk's regiment of foot and Colonel Talbot's, both of which were quartered in Edinburgh. Monk, from his services, had become so great a favourite with the people and the troops under his command, that it occasioned some uneasiness to Cromwell. In one of his letters to Monk he writes, 'there be that tell me there is a certain cunning fellow in Scotland, called George Monk, who is said to be in wait there to introduce Charles Stuart; I pray you use your diligence to apprehend him and send him up to me.'"

At this period Monk does not appear to have taken a single step that could justify even a remote suspicion of his future intentions; but the sagacious Protector seems to have been sensible of the instability of the government he had instituted, and with his usual tact conveyed to the commander of the army in Scotland an intimation that he was on the watch, taking care at the same time to assume a tone expressive of good-humour and unbounded confidence. The death of Cromwell soon followed.

"On the 9th of September, 1658, Richard was proclaimed, in Scotland, Lord Protector, by order of Monk and the Council; but in the early part of the subsequent year the new Protector was compelled to dissolve the Parliament he had so recently called together, and in April resigned his office."

The progress of Monk towards London with his own regiment, and other troops, to the amount of 5000 men, to restore the king, is related with minuteness and accuracy.

"Soon after the arrival of the Coldstreamers in London, General Monk received orders from Parliament to reduce the citizens to obedience, some of the principal of whom had shown a disposition to coalesce with the usurping Committee of Safety: accordingly, he led his army into the city, destroyed the gates, portcullis, and other means of defence; which, as there was no danger of foreign invasion, could only have been made subservient to factious purposes. The troops then returned to their quarters." "The first act, therefore," says Colonel Mac Kinnon, "of the regiment whose services are now recorded, on their arrival in the metropolis, was to repress anarchy, to enforce due obedience to the laws, and secure that respect for the civil government with which the welfare and happiness of a country are at all times so closely interwoven."*

After the Restoration,

"The army was disbanded by act of Parliament, with the exception of the Lord General's own regiment, which, at the request of the Lord Chancellor, was not broken up. His fears of insurrection, added to his dislike of all sectaries, induced him to conjure the King to retain Monk's regiment. The King resolved to constitute them his household troops for the security of his person and government."

We regret that we cannot follow the historian into more recent times; but we direct the attention of the reader to the battle of Fontenoy and the defence of Hougomont as examples of excellent and faithful description. The skilful arrangement of the book, its accuracy, its variety of information for the general purposes of military reference, and as a record of every fact and name connected with the history of the Coldstream Guards, its amusing anecdotes, and the power it possesses of entertaining readers of every denomination, can only be fully appreciated by the perusal of the work itself. And we have spared, from regard to the gallant and enthusiastic soldier, all mention of certain political declamations which intersect his narrative, and prove how seldom in this day and in this country the sentiments of men with swords by their sides can agree with those of peaceable and liberal citizens.

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* A dangerous sentence in the mouth of a soldier, and which may serve to show the peril of standing armies.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The Dignity of the Bar *v.* the Dignity of the Press—Trial by Battle—The Importance of Princes to Themselves—The Gaol Delivery—Characters of Servants—Reform in Municipal Institutions—Fancy Fairs—Physicians' Prescriptions.

THE DIGNITY OF THE BAR *v.* THE DIGNITY OF THE PRESS.—In a late trial, in the Court of Common Pleas, before Mr. Justice Parke, the defendant, the Editor of the "Examiner" had been erroneously stated, by some of the parties concerned, to be a barrister. On the mistake being cleared up, the Judge expressed his satisfaction, and seemed to congratulate the bar, that they had not the editor of a newspaper among them. It was a very absurd conclusion to draw, that because Mr. Fonblanque was not a barrister, that therefore the bar had no editors among them. There is no profession that has had so much to do with the press as the bar; and in the case of many barristers and judges of great eminence, it has been to their labours on the press that they have been indebted for avoiding starvation during the barren times of the profession. But is the press so low, or the bar so high, that people are to rejoice that no barrister is the editor of a newspaper? What then is the duty of the editor of the newspaper? Is it not to discuss all public questions—to guide the public opinion on momentous questions—to perform the part of guide and instructor in all those points where the interests of the whole community are concerned? Minor duties he also has, which, though he may not perform himself, are done under his eye. News is transmitted from one corner of the kingdom to the other; it is he who binds remote countries together; and so combines distant masses, that they are enabled to think, and feel, and act as one. He supplies the minds of men with intellectual roads, which are for every thing that can be conveyed through the medium of the intelligence, that which canals, roads, rail-roads, coaches, boats, are for the material intercourse of commerce. We would not depreciate the usefulness of the barrister; and to lower the estimation of the bar would be a positive injury to society—the prey as it is of law and lawyers. It is absolutely necessary to keep up the artificial defence of honour and respectability in the bar, or no man would be safe. This necessity of entrenching the bar is, however, no proof of its intrinsic merit. If Holland consisted of high ground, there would be no necessity for its enormous dykes. The various duties about a newspaper demand persons of various capacities and various station. The same may be said of the law: no one confounds the barrister and the bailiff; it is, however, from some equally palpable blunder alone that Judge Parke could be persuaded that it was a source of satisfaction that the Editor of the "Examiner" was not a barrister. What has he been thinking of? Did he confound the editor of a paper of the very highest standing with the reporter of prize fights, or the penny-a-line men, who record the departure of Mr. Justice Parke on his circuit? A far more distinguished judge than any one now on the bench, said to Mr. Rush, the American Ambassador, complaining of the smallness of the courts—"Sir, we sit in the newspapers daily." But it is only such judges as Mr. Justice Parke, whose eyes can read no type but law-stationer's text, that for one moment undervalue the importance of a public journal, or the qualifications ne-

cessary to a public instructor; and yet, even such men as Mr. Justice Parke cannot exist without their daily journal. We would stake something that Mr. Justice Parke himself is a pretty assiduous reader of the despised journal. If testimony of its utility were wanted, it would be found in a circumstance almost contemporaneous with the amusing congratulation of Mr. Justice Parke. On that very morning, the Chief Justice Denman had saved a life by the newspaper, which, like other men, judges and judged, he reads at breakfast. It is Cox's case that is alluded to, whom the carelessness of the Recorder had condemned to death, and who would have been hanged had not a timely discovery been made by the Chief Justice, from seeing the notification of the blundering decree that had gone forth in the morning paper. Mr. Justice Parke could not have been more unfortunate in the choice of his victim. The Editor in question happens to be a man about whom there can be no mistake. The genius with which he has now for years discussed the affairs of this country in the columns of the "Examiner" has saved his writings from the usual ephemeral fate of daily writing. There is no judge of either wit or style—we do not allude to Judge Parke—that has not already confirmed the public opinion, that here, at least, of all our modern writers, here is a classic; and that, since the time of Swift and Arbuthnot, we have had nothing so indelibly impressed with the marks of endurance as these very writings on temporary occasions. There is not a barrister at the bar, nor a judge either, that has ever looked beyond a record, who would not hail, not merely the public companionship, but more especially the private society, of a man of unblemished character and extraordinary genius, whose labours every week are looked for with eager delight, by those even against whose ends his conclusions make open war.

The name alone might have spoken to a duller ear than Mr. Justice Parke. Is it a name so unknown in the annals of law? Does not Mr. Justice Parke himself remember looking up with respect to the first barrister that bore it—the friend of Fox and Erskine—a chief in more illustrious times than these, and who now, in the decline of years, still proves the solid ground on which his former fame was built? If it had been a serious thing to the bar, that Mr. Albany Fonblanque, the Editor of the "Examiner," was a barrister, how much more serious must it be, that his brother is a judge! Is the honour of the bar safe, think you, Mr. Justice Parke, when it might any day be made to appear in court, that the brother of the Editor of the "Examiner" presides in a department of the bankruptcy court?

Trial by Battle.—Colonel Bricqueville, a French Deputy, in a speech to the Chamber, vehemently impeached the character of Marshal Soult, and in his presence. The Marshal replied nothing; but his son, the Marquis of Dalmatia, proceeded to challenge the accuser. They fought with small swords, tumbled down once or twice in each other's presence, and ultimately rolled in the dust, locked together in a fast embrace. The seconds, says the French official account, seeing that the affair had become one of mere personal strength, interfered, stating, that they could not permit the continuance of so obstinate a duel. "The combatants separated, interchanging marks of a frank and cordial esteem." What a wonderful thing is a tustle with small swords, especially if accompanied with a roll in the mire! Here is a son coming

to the field breathing vengeance against the calumniator of his venerable parent: he quarts and tierces for twenty minutes, slips, drops, and rolls, pulling his antagonist along with him, and, behold, he rises full of a frank and cordial esteem for the man whose life he has thus been fiercely seeking, and whose denunciation of his parent remains just as it was! This is honour—this is duelling; and we call ourselves rational creatures, and have the impudence to despise the beasts that perish, and whom we, having the gift of speech, name brute!

The seconds interfered because the affair had become a struggle of mere personal strength: what was it before—a struggle of mere personal skill? Why not decide by strength, as well as skill? The one has about as much to do with the merits of the case as the other. The Marquis of Dalmatia might have been the adroitest swordsman in Europe, and yet Marshal Soult the greatest traitor unhanged. Prejudice has given something more of gentility to tilting with a long steel wire than to floundering and buffeting in the dust; but were the man in the moon to be asked what he thought of the two schemes, he would give his preference to the least dangerous; for, however careful gentlemen may be, they will sometimes hurt each other with the pointed wire.

The English plan of pistolling, instead of strength or skill, makes accident the chief arbiter in disputes. One person is injured or insulted; he therefore contrives that both parties shall be subject to the consequence of a brace of pistols being simultaneously discharged, each fired severally in the direction of the injured and the injurer. Skill is not permitted to have much play here, and strength none. Accident may, or may not, sometimes be guided by skill; generally speaking, however, the hits are made by the greater blunderer. It would be a purer method of settling disputes, if accident alone were paramount; for instance, to cast lots as to who should be shot at, the party shooting being blindfolded. There is, however, no reason why death should ensue at all, save in the more deadly offences. The penalty might be various; a little mutilation would be more becoming than random pistol-shot wounds; for instance, were it the law of honour that two parties, who had challenged each other, should cast lots as to which should have the tip of his nose cut off, there is no doubt but that it would have a most wholesome result.

To understand the nature of duelling, it is absolutely necessary to recur to the social and moral condition of the people amongst whom it arose. When the very existence of a community, even to the supply of its daily bread, depends upon the personal valour of the individuals that compose it, the moral sentiments are quickly moulded in such a manner as to produce a universal impression, that personal valour is the paramount virtue; that its absence makes all other qualities naught, its presence dispenses with every thing else. In case, therefore, of injury or dispute, as to affairs which were all held to be far below valour or skill in arms in price, it was natural for the rude people to reason thus: "As to looking into the right of this matter, it is tedious, and after all we may never reach the truth; the short way is, who is the best man? by him we will stick." The combat is got up, the result is held to be decisive, not of the merits of the dispute about which there was little public concern, but as to the merit of the men according to the popular notion of merit. The circumstances of society have altogether changed, and yet we retain both the rude idea of the value of courage, and the institution adapted to it. In modern society, it is of extremely little

consequence whether a man is brave or cowardly; personal valour is unnecessary, except in the hired defenders of the country. The law is intended to be all-powerful, and the law decrees that personal valour shall not be called into play between man and man; it in fact nullifies courage, and any demonstration of this quality is punishable. Law, however, has its foundation in public opinion, and so also has the law of honour; and, as yet, the public opinion not having eradicated the old notion of the paramount value of personal bravery, still maintains its authority above the law of the land, and duelling continues, in spite of its absurdity when surrounded by modern institutions.

The Importance of Princes to Themselves.—When Prince George (afterwards Geo. III.) was told of his father's death, he turned pale, and laid his hand on his breast. Ayscough said, "I am afraid, Sir, you are not well." He replied, "I feel something here, just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew*." The position of royalty is very curious; the very condition of it is, that the personage born to it can feel nothing but the sentiments which nature has given, and art cannot take away. Royalty lives for itself; it watches itself, and, according to the observation of what passes in its own breast, acts and speaks. In every other relation of life, we think less of what we absolutely feel than of what others may feel respecting us; but a royal education makes self omnipotent and omnipresent. "Why do you weep?" said the young Napoleon to his governess—"*I* am very well." Poor boy! he had been taught not by words, but by actions and observances, that, in point of fact, that which he felt was of the chiefest importance to all mankind. Any other boy than a royal Prince, when told that his father was dead, would have recollected that people would expect grief from him, and he would have lamented, or seemed to do so; but the Prince feels exactly as any other boy would do; but marks his feeling as an event, and compares it to some other sensation of a similar kind. It was not that his father was dead, but the death of his father made him feel just such a feeling as he had when the men fell from the scaffold at Kew.

If there ever was a monarch who escaped this peculiar but princely egotism, it is our present sovereign. Placed far from the throne by the precedence of two hale and flourishing brothers, and put into a profession where delicacies are least of all understood, Prince William became a shipmate, took a turn of labour with his fellows, was exposed to common dangers, and thus was made as much a citizen as a prince. The result is evident in an unprincely disposition to meet his subjects on the footing of fellow-citizens, in his love of popularity, and the kindness and expansiveness of heart that so frequently exhibit themselves to old acquaintance, or on occasions of festivity and good fellowship.

The Gaol Delivery.—If the Solicitor-General carries his bill to abolish imprisonment for debt, he will have saved more undeserved suffering than perhaps either Clarkson or Wilberforce. Among all the monstrosities of law, the most monstrous is that of depriving a man of the power of paying anybody or anything, because he cannot pay somebody or something at a given time. The present law of debtor and creditor entitles a man to say, Sir, you owe me money, either pay me or be immured. The answer to this might be, Sir, I owe you no money. It

* Horace Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann, just published.

matters not, says law; go to gaol until we see whether you do or not, or find security for your appearance to *four* times the amount the man pretends to. Or, again, the answer may be, Very well, I owe this sum to you, but I have no means of paying you but from my professional income; in a year or two I shall be able to save all that is due to you and others. No, says law, speaking the language of a revengeful creditor, go to gaol and starve—neither pay me nor anybody—go and be ruined: base is the slave who cannot pay; go and be ruined in gaol; I want not my money, I like to see a scoundrel punished. The answer, again, may be this—True, I owe you money, but I have property to pay you ten times over—give me time—let me sell it—let me look out for a good purchaser. No, says law, if we had your property, it would satisfy our debt a thousand times over, but we cannot touch it, but your liberty is in our power; go to gaol, then you will have no opportunity of disposing of your property to advantage, but you may rid yourself of it at a sacrifice, and on the proceeds lead a jolly life in prison. Much will be wanted for the officers of the law; and since ruin necessarily comes upon you, make the best of your situation—it is not to be expected, treated as you have been like a felon, that you will now ever voluntarily reward the person that has thus dealt with you by the payment of his debt. Assuredly he has had his money's worth in cruelty.

This is the morality of imprisonment for debt beween one creditor and another. The debtor does not, however, suffer alone; all the other creditors are injured to the amount of the debts, or, at least, to the value of the chance of payment. Because one impatient person pursues, the law permits the body to be thrown into gaol, and the property to be squandered among the extortioners who surround it. In the ruin of character, of income, and from the circumscription of personal movement, not only is involved the destruction of the hopes of creditors, but the prospects perhaps of every member of a family. When parental surveillance is taken from children or young persons; when the reputation of the house is sunk, and the overtures of its inmates met with contumely, then comes the reign of temptation. The great upholder of honest pride or self-respect is gone, a loose is given to low inclination, and the means and the instruments are never far off. It may be safely said, that there never was a greater disproportion between any two things than a sum of money *alleged* to be due, and the loss of liberty in a father of a family, the earner of an income, the protector of his wife, and the guardian of his children. The relation between the property of a debtor and his debts is very precise, and he is not an honest man who will hesitate to satisfy one with the other: but we Englishmen, who, above all others, are deemed most of all to value liberty in the mass, are they, of all others, who most carelessly sacrifice it in detail; and not merely liberty, but morals. What prisoner leaves the gaol—haunt of vice, intemperance, and chicanery—untainted? Who will answer for the purity of his wife and daughters who daily visit him, making their way through an ordeal of temptation? How many a youthful criminal dates his first crime by the epoch of his father being dragged to gaol!

There is nothing to be said for this heinous offence against reason and morality. The creditor gets nothing, saves nothing; on the contrary, he more commonly loses all, save the pleasant reflection that the man who owes him money is morally and physically rotting in gaol. Credit is more facile under this law, but it would be far better for both parties if

such credit were not; it is a temptation to both parties—to the tradesman who speculates on the "body pledge," and the sanguine consumer who hopes he shall be able to pay, but who may be seriously deceived. No man should have credit who has not means; if he has means, it is on these means, and not on kidnapping the person, that the creditor should depend.

Why is it that this great question has not excited more sympathy in the guides of public opinion? How feebly has Sir John Campbell been supported by the "instructors of the public!" save, indeed, the humane and indefatigable "Herald," and, in one Sunday paper alone, by the intelligent "Spectator." What ink has been shed for Africans!—what wrath outpoured on Ireland!—The assessed taxes have almost raised the newspaper-press *en masse;* and yet the sufferers by the slave-trade would, in a very few years, be equalled by the traffic of the gaol-trade: the poor prisoner is a thousand times more oppressed than the most injured Irishman; no coercion bill was ever so harsh as that which has for ages peopled the King's Bench: the assessed taxes do not equal by one-half the law-taxes, and are immeasurably more just; and a hundred thousand times less mischievous.

Characters of Servants.—This is a chapter of great difficulty in domestic life, and it is a pity there is not some easy and pleasant mode of settling differences that arise out of it, without the interference sometime of police-magistrates, where the case is mixed up with the hearing of charges of felony and other infamous crimes; or, on the other hand, without taking up the time of the courts of law, the judges of the land, and involving the parties in the enormous expenses of litigation. A case has just occurred in which a lady's-maid, suddenly discharged owing to the receipt of anonymous letters, applied for her character to her former mistress. A character was given which stated the cause of dismissal, and added the recommendation that the person should not be placed near a newly-married lady: this was, certainly, tantamount to a bad character, and it might or might not be deserved. The servant brought an action against the lady; but as no malice could be proved, a juror was withdrawn—a step taken simply to prevent the poor plaintiff from being saddled with costs. The expenses on both sides in this paltry affair,—paltry as regards the country, most important as regards the servant,—will not cost less than one hundred pounds altogether; and there is no good done. The servant is where she was as to character,—the charge is not investigated,—the lady has been put to much trouble and expense,—and the lady's-maid will probably be thrown into gaol for the costs of the suit. Now, in France, the whole of this business would have been settled without the payment of one halfpenny. A *juge de paix*, a retired gentleman, sitting in a pleasant parlour, being informed of the complaint by the suitor, would have summoned both parties before him,—heard the statements of each,—and, after about half-an-hour's conversation, would himself have drawn up a definitive character, such as the servant, to whom character is bread, might depend upon—according to her deserts. The *juge de paix* is a stipendiary magistrate; has no interest to warp him; and as any one may be present—as public opinion is pretty just—his decisions will depend altogether on his judgment, and in these simple matters he cannot err far. In future, it is probable matters

of this sort will be settled before local courts such as those about to be instituted; but the intervention of a jury is neither useful nor desirable: it would be far better if the president of these local courts had the power of sitting in equity upon such matters as characters of servants, domestic disputes, cases of defamation, and other the civil branches of police, if they may be so termed.

At present very great inconvenience exists from the unsettled state of the law on this matter, small as it may seem. It greatly disturbs the harmony of families, and frequently a servant is unjustly and capriciously ruined by his or her master or mistress, most commonly the latter, who, for some reason of offence, or may be mere tyranny, refuse a character altogether, or so colour it that it amounts to a regular sentence of destitution.

Reform in Municipal Institutions.—This subject is typified in the Hackney Coachman's remark on Pope's exclamation of "God mend me." "Mend thee!" said the fellow, "he could *make* a dozen while he was mending thee." So it is with our municipal institutions; they are so crooked, irregular, and misshapen, that to put them into any uniform and efficient form for duty is almost impossible, whilst but slender projecting powers could quickly arrange a totally new system, which would be a great relief after the old corrupt and corrupting institutions, which have, in the course of ages, altogether shrunk from their original uses, and grown into all sorts of unseemly excrescences and deformities. The very spirit in which these institutions were founded is hostile to the interests of a commercial society well understood; it is a spirit of exclusion. To be a freeman of a corporation is to enjoy advantages of trade for which other parties are taxed; these taxes are not productive of public advantage, and they are of great public disadvantage. The produce is consumed in petty peculation, and in feasting on no petty scale; to the public, the result is a monopoly in bad and inefficient hands. The use of corporations hitherto has been election-packing. This office is somewhat curtailed. Few things can be more absurd than the jurisdiction of these corporations: sometimes they only extend to about one quarter of the town they preside over, in consequence of the place having outgrown its government; and sometimes they have a jurisdiction over an extensive rural district where the town only was. Sometimes their recorders are lords who never see the town, and sometimes they are the only persons in the corporation with a grain of sense or knowledge, and it is to be lamented that they are generally going the circuit, or residing in London away from their magistracy. On the other hand, while the towns are saddled with an expensive bellyocracy, the citizens have not a shadow of police, unless it be some wretched constable who would not offend his customers for the world, and who, in case of any violence, runs to hide himself and his staff behind the impenetrable barrier of a petticoat entrenchment. These are not times for what are called "sweeping" measures: a cry of corporation-robbery on the part of the Tories would destroy the best scheme that ever was devised; otherwise, it would be easy to say what ought to be done. The corporation property should be sold, the funds should be invested for the support of a system of national police; the whole country should be classed in clumps of parishes, every clump having its stipendiary magistrate and its corps of police. Corporation tolls should either be abo-

lished, or be paid alike by all; any man should be entitled to start in business or open a shop on the same footing with every other British subject. Apprenticeships may or not be continued, but if they are, corporations have nothing to do with them. The trades or guilds might still associate and establish bye-laws to be recognized by Act of Parliament, for the assurance of skill and the prevention of imposture.

Fancy Fairs.—These fairs are indeed a strange fancy; charity, it seems, has no naked charms, she must be attired in the robes of merchandise. The frequenters of fancy fairs have a few guineas to spend, but not on relieving misery or succouring the distressed, but in pleasing themselves; the contrivance, then, is to combine the gratification called pleasure with the principal object for which the guineas are to be extracted. It is effected by a series of pretences; a lady of rank enters into a compact of this kind with the subjects she intends to work upon. She says, "Now I suppose I am worth looking at anywhere, but more especially to that kind of person that has few chances of seeing a lady of fashion at her best. I will therefore dress myself up in my most becoming style, and consent to show myself in a stall to all those who will pay a certain sum to the charity. But I must not stare like a figure in a glass case; the show will then be too barefaced; I must make the pretence of having something to sell, and these somethings to sell will also be useful in extracting gains even beyond the admission-money. Though no one wants the articles; though they are not worth a tenth of what I shall ask for them, yet, out of compliment to me, and for the pleasure of making purchases from one of my rank, many will buy; and the pretence of selling will be a most agreeable way of exhibiting all those advantages of air, and shape, and graciousness, which I suppose myself to possess. All this is sheer gain to the charity, my vanity is gratified, and the curiosity of the spectators satisfied."

None but a very mercantile people surely could hit upon the expedient of playing at trade for charity; and it is still further characteristic of this most aristocratical and most commercial land, that the merchandise should be baited with rank and fashion. The combination of a love of truck and barter with the well-known reverence for aristocracy is particularly ingenious when considered as emblematic of the national character. The fancy fair is then, or ought to be, the beau-ideal of John Bull; for in one room he finds commerce and charity hand in hand, rank and trade, beauty and begging, splendour expanding all her gilded wings to shield a poor object who could have lived a year on the mere gilding of the said wings; benevolence going about in the mask of vanity; in short, a grand contrivance to do good, but in such a manner as to do it a bargain.

Physicians' Prescriptions.—The question of the language in which the prescriptions of medical men ought to be written is discussed about once a year in the public papers; but the practice of couching them in dog Latin does not alter; neither, it must be confessed, are the arguments always very convincing. On the one hand, it is alleged that an unknown tongue may cause mistakes; and, on the other, that being written in an universal, though a dead language, that the prescriptions are intelligible in every land, and may be dispensed by every disciple of Galen, no matter the jargon to which he may be born. Now and then

the physician's prescriptions may travel abroad; but, if Latin be an inconvenience, to subject ourselves to it constantly, for the sake of the chance of its being, some time or other, useful abroad, is as absurd as the carrying a perpetual umbrella, lest it should rain. It is not very often that prescriptions travel about very much, unless they are prepared for travellers, and then Latin might be used *pro re natâ*, to use their own term. Generally speaking, however, on the Continent it will be found far more difficult to procure the medicines in the form prescribed, than to read the prescription, in whatever language it may be written. Medicaments are nearly as national as language, and the drugs used in one country are rarely those employed in another; or if they happen to be virtually the same, the form is altogether another, and as such may be incapable of being compounded in the manner described. Not merely are the medicaments different, but different also is the treatment of disorders: that which an English physician would expect to cure his patient with, would be deemed poison by a German or Italian: the calomel upon which we so chiefly rely is looked upon in France with little less than horror. For these reasons, wherever the English are settled on the Continent, you will find both English prescribers and compounders; they follow in the train of emigration as absolute necessaries, so far is medicine from being an universal art—so far is the human body from being the same physical entity.

The Latin of prescriptions is not Latin; it is hieroglyphican: made still more Egyptian by the art of illegibility. A prescription is a *crux medicorum;* it must not be too plain, lest too many should understand; and the darker its configuration, the more probable is it that its mysteries will be solved only by the archiatros of the drug-shop. *Ite profani!* the medicine-compounder cries to his apprentices, when a peculiarly ill-written prescription is laid on the counter of his dispensatory. It is a thing worth his own peculiar attention when nobody can fathom its deep and darkling meaning but himself; and there he stands, putting the thing for the sign, with all the satisfaction and self-complacency of an astrologer reading the horoscope drawn by some famous master of the art. It is a truth, that a part of the examination of incipient apothecaries is in bad writing: the sages of remedial law, who hold their conclave somewhere in the precincts of the Blackfriars, retain in their portfolios some most obscurely illustrious specimens of ill-written prescriptions. These are submitted to the neophyte, as tests of his ability. So that, after all, the Latin is the least obstacle in the way of reading a prescription. It would, therefore, be a preliminary to any change in the drawing up of prescriptions, to insist first upon medical men taking a degree in writing plainly.

They who argue that prescriptions should always be written in the vernacular tongue should be reminded that the actual names of drugs are Latin or Greek; scientific nomenclature being drawn from these languages: so that all these reformers could possibly do, would be to cut off the terminations of the words, to make the Latin look like English; and this, be it observed, the physicians do in their love of abbreviations. In the directions for use alone might or need a change be made: there seems no reason why *mix* should not be written as well as *misce*, or *bedtime* as well as *horâ somni*, unless indeed it be that the practice demands some little education in the apothecary, which will lead the way usefully to his botanical, chemical, and mineral studies; the nomenclature and

terminology of science being, for excellent reasons, couched in a universal tongue.

Let it not be supposed that the Latin of prescriptions is the cause of mistake. It will always be found, that error in dispensing has arisen not from misunderstanding Latin or prescription signs, but from being ignorant of the drugs, or generally from being careless of the matter in hand. Lately, we have seen death ensue from administering hydrocyanic acid for hyoscyamus, not because the young murderer did not know language, but because he did not know one thing from another. These mistakes in things occur as readily in English as in Latin;—the infant children of Colonel Stistead have been destroyed, within these last few days, by sending for red poppies instead of syrup of white poppies. The fact is, drugs are "edged tools," and no one should handle them that is not fully aware of their use.

The Lion's Mouth.

"ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM."—*Horat.*

EMENDATORY CRITICISM.

SIR,—The field of criticism is divided into three portions:—Editorship, commentatorship, and that of translating. The first is that which I sit down to treat, and which has enticed, from its difficulty, so many scholars, and exercised their time and brain: and to prove how gainful sometimes the profession of editor, we need but mention, among Latin scholars only, Lipsius on Tacitus and Seneca; Bentley, the skilful repairer of the "old Horatian way;" Ruhnkenius on Vell. Paterculus; all of whom may be termed, without straining courtesy too far, the restorers of their several authors.

When the learned rubbish, sorry witnesses of the old-faced philosophers, poets, and historians, who graced antiquity, were dragged from the secret recesses of monasteries, and brought before a dark, unlettered, and bewildered world, even then there were some who entered themselves on the lists as champions of ancient literature, vying with each other for the olive branch in endeavouring to restore their favourite authors to their pristine purity: laying the ground-work on which their successors were to build. To my task then:

"To alter is more easy than to explain," says that dictator in the republic of letters, Sam Johnson, "and temerity is a more common quality than diligence." Be it so. The same literary colossus, that the world might not impute to him the quality on which he would seem to throw a disadvantageous reflection, has, emulating the Roman doctrine, that "'twas more praiseworthy to save a citizen than kill an enemy," by his own confession been more careful to protect than attack, in his critiques on Shakspeare. An editor indeed should be well familiarized with his author's style, his cast of thought and turn of expression, ere he presume to correct; and then he might only correct where it is evident the ignorant copyist has made an error in transcribing, and not merely to improve the sense, and make it suit to his own ideas of propriety of speech; since by misunderstanding, and then emending him, he makes his author appear inconsistent. If a statuary or painter were to take the eyes and forehead from the original he might be copying, and misunderstanding, or if, disapproving the beauties of the nose or mouth, he should supply one coined from his own fancy, he might give the leer of overweening impudence to a countenance of "modest grace," and plant an

angry nose on a placid countenance; so an author might be made to appear equally ridiculous, by imprudent corrections from the busy pen of the editor. To frolic in conjecture, then, is indeed a game of hazard, and can be diverting only to the agent; and an agent of this peculiar mould we cannot picture to ourselves, but as a "freshman," or a too adventurous practitioner in the mysteries of the craft. Were this way of emending universally prevalent, the remains of antiquity would soon be rendered (to use the term of Bentley) "a fardle of nonsense."

Bentley, the prince of critics, not only proposed but received into the text of his edition of Horace, (Reader, "thereby hangs a tale!") readings unbacked, so to speak, by the authority of MSS., and he tells us in his preface, that he esteems those most worthy of reception: "Plura igitur," he writes, "in Horatianis his curis ex conjecturâ exhibemus, quam ex codicum subsidio; et, nisi me omnia fallunt, plerumque certiora." If this be urged as an excuse, we should answer, (in the chaste and happy language of Johnson, though he does not himself allude to Bentley in the passage,) "Bentley had that intuition, by which his author's intention was immediately discovered, and that dexterity of intellect, which dispatches its work by the easiest of means." The emendations of Bentley, as I have often heard my former Orbilius say, and he was a scholar, deeply imbued with classic lore, came over his mind like lightning. His emendations were such as required little of the argument, which was within the grasp of his vast mind, to prove them firm, nor more to prove the vulgar-lection corrupt. It is a wise maxim, that example is more prevailing than precept; I will therefore produce an instance of Bentley's ability in discovering errors, one which had prevailed, (as we learn from Pliny, B. xxxv, chap. 6.) since Vespasian's age: I would allude to Virgil's 4th Bucolic, v. 45.

> Nec varios discet mentiri lana colores,
> Ipse sed in pratis aries jam suave rubenti
> Murice, jam croceo mutabit vellera luto:
> Sponte suâ sandyx PASCENTES vestiet agnos.

A reader would methinks be tempted to exclaim, by the time he had conned the last line, with Hierocles,—"As many mysteries as words."—But the mystery presently disappears, when Bentley emends NASCENTES: the justice of which happy restoration strikes at once the dullest mind. I would notice this the more particularly, since the old corrupt lection has been employed by the succeeding commentators, for which carelessness, a true lover of Virgil would be very ready to engage in a "wit-combat" (as the quaint and rugged Fuller terms controversies) against the whole tribe; if such be ever undertaken, we will furnish a motto, culled from the exquisite lawyer in the old play:—"Commensabo actionem contra omnes et singulos: et habebo pinguia damagia: et trounsabo vos, ut homo nunquam fuit trounsatus in toto mundo. Debet enim surgere per tempus qui me decipit." But we wander from the given subject.

Scholars are apt to treat conjectural emendations in general, unless the reading be against metre or sense, and is evidently an error of the transcriber, with neglect. I will quote two passages, from scholars who were constellations of learning in their age, Brunck and Grævius, the one treating an Athenian, the other a Roman author. (Br. ad Æsch. p. v. 265.) "Tales emendationes, quia sæpenumero succedunt, non inde sequitur eas contra veterum librarum fidem recipi debere." Grævius (Pref. to Cicero's Duties,) "A priscis libris non recedendum, nisi aut librarii aut scioli peccatum sit tam testatum, ut ab omnibus qui non caligant in sole, videri possit."—There are other ways of transforming authors than by infirm corrections. Dryden's publisher represents Æneas with a Roman nose, in compliment to the reigning King. Can any thing be more nauseous to a classic taste? But we have done. As I have not made any apology for trespassing on the public's attention, I have begged Mr. Editor to insert my private note to him.

SIR,—Vanity or some such demon has suggested me to offer these remarks for insertion; but the lover of literature may find another, and more

worthy excuse, in an essay to rescue that happy restoration by Bentley from an unmerited oblivion.* I have the honour to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your humble correspondent,

May 7th. P.

* Bentley would not have had so good and universal a reputation had he not been called upon by calumny to publish refutations of the same; and then he would always examine, says Boyle, his memorandum books. The Christ Church club, at the head of which was the smoker Aldrich, seemed to hold fast their opinions with astonishing firmness, though they had all argument, and the master-piece of Nature as their antagonists. "This opinion," the club seemed to intimate to the magnanimous hero, Bentley, "fire cannot quench out of us; we will die in it at the stake."—Bentley possessed the great requisite of a critic, (as it certainly is, and as Gibbon says also,) viz. ARGUMENTATIVE POWERS: it is the deficiency in this which renders Burman as a Latin, and Addison as an English writer, sometimes spiritless, (I had almost said tedious.)

Brunck was a polite scholar, skilled in languages, but though he had much genius, yet no nicety of taste to direct his judgments. His edition of Sophocles must ever be the ground-work of future editions, and his Aristophanes is perfect, were the readings of the Ravenna MS. incorporated. They were afterwards published by an ignorant lawyer.

Grævius was too hasty in his publications, but possessed much and various information. But both Brunck and Grævius were too well acquainted, if I may arrogate to myself a judicial character, with the printer's devil.

We regret much that we have hitherto been quite unable to insert the "Captain," the "Old Maid," and other communications of "W. T. H."—We hope to insert one or the other at an early opportunity; but the author who sends articles of no immediate relation to the day, to a crowded periodical, must fortify himself with patience.

Communications are left in Marlborough-street for the authors of "The Infected Village,"—"Hartland, a Tale of Modern Athens,"—"Jean Paul," and the critique on "Barbier,"—"The Adventures of an Unsuccessful Candidate at the last General Election,"—"Camoens and his Translators."

To Mr. Mackenzie we offer our best thanks for his communications,—we shall not hesitate to apply to him should we require his kind assistance. To Mr. E. Condy we make the same reply.

We regret that we cannot promise inserting all the "Last Leaves of a Poet," but will select one or two as occasion serves.

We must decline "The Philosophy of Hunger."

To our Correspondent from Naples, we say "Publish your book,"—we wish we had time to reply to his long and interesting letters.

Peter Clifford, a young author of Virginia, asks Paul Clifford to recommend him a system of reading for a desultory mind that dislikes the labour of reading at all. Paul Clifford answers thus:—"Since you have the literary capacities, my dear Peter, *write* a book that *requires* learning—the course of reading necessary will seem easy with an object in view—the delight of composition beguiles the sense of study,—by the time the book is written, the mind will have grown accustomed to exertion."

To the "Dialogues of the Damned"—Echo answers "Damned."

Zain will find his paper "On the Influence of Habit" in Marlborough-st.

We have read with great attention the various communications of Captain B——, viz.:—"Tour to Mount Ætna, Sicilian Stories," &c.: they will not suit our purpose, but they certainly merit publication,—they are sent to the publisher's.

"The Adventures of a Poet" have terminated in Marlborough-street.

"Paganini's Fiddle" under consideration.

Many thanks for the beautiful engraving of Mary, Queen of Scots, distributing presents to her dependents on the night previous to her execution.—It is full of sentiment and pathos—but the face of Mary might, we think, be handsomer—the execution is rich and mellowed.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

Sir John Malcolm was born on the farm of Burnfoot, near Langholm, on the 2d of May, 1769. This farm was granted to the paternal grandfather of Sir John, at a low rent, by the Earl of Dalkeith, in 1707; it subsequently became the residence of George Malcolm, the father of Sir John, who married Miss Pasley, daughter of James Pasley, Esq., of Craig and Burn, by whom he had issue seventeen children, fifteen surviving to maturity. Burnfoot is still inhabited by the Malcolms.

In the year 1782 young John Malcolm, then scarcely 14 years of age, went out as a cadet to India. The first service of any moment in which he was engaged, was the celebrated siege of Seringapatam, in 1792, where his abilities attracting the notice of Lord Cornwallis, his lordship appointed him to the situation of Persian interpreter to an English force, serving with a native prince. In 1794, the state of his health, impaired by hard service, obliged him to revisit his native country; and in the following year he returned to India, on the staff of Field Marshal Sir Alured Clarke: he afterwards received the public thanks of that officer for his conduct at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope. In 1797 he was made Captain, and from that time to 1799 he was engaged in a variety of important services, when he received instructions to join Nizam's contingent force, with the chief command of the infantry, at the head of which he continued to act, as well in a political as a military capacity, till the surrender of Seringapatam, where he prominently distinguished himself. In the same year, he was selected by Lord Wellesley to proceed on a diplomatic mission to Persia—a country which no British ambassador had visited since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Upon his return to Calcutta, he was appointed private secretary to the Governor-General, who stated to the secret committee, that "he had succeeded in accomplishing every object of his mission, and in establishing a connexion with the actual government of the Persian empire, which promised to British natives in India political and commercial advantages of the most important description." In January 1802 he was raised to the rank of Major; and on the occasion of the Persian ambassador being accidentally shot at Bombay, he was again entrusted with a mission to that empire, in order to make the requisite arrangements for the renewal of the embassy, which he accomplished in a manner that afforded the highest satisfaction to the Company. In December, 1804, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In the June of the following year he was appointed chief agent of the Governor-General, and he continued to serve in that capacity until March, 1806, having successfully concluded several very important treaties during that period.

Upon the arrival in India, in April, 1808, of the new Governor-General, Lord Minto, Colonel Malcolm was sent by his lordship to the court of Persia on a very important mission—that of endeavouring to counteract the designs of Bonaparte, then in the zenith of his power, who threatened an invasion of India by way of Persia, supported by the Persian and Turkish governments. In this difficult embassy Colonel Malcolm did not wholly succeed. He returned to Calcutta in the following August, and soon afterwards proceeded to his residence at Mysore, after having, to use the words of Lord Minto, "laid the government under additional obligations to his zeal and ability." Early in the year 1810, he was again selected to proceed in a diplomatic capacity to the court of Persia, whence he returned upon the appointment of Sir Gore Ouseley as ambassador. So favourable was the impression which he made, on this occasion, on the Persian Prince, that he was presented by him with a valuable sword and star, and, at the same time, made a khan and sepahdar of the empire: to that impression, indeed, may be ascribed much of the good understanding, both in a political and commercial point of view, which now so happily subsists between this country and Persia. During this embassy, while at Bagdad, Colonel Malcolm transmitted to the government at Bengal his final report of the affairs of Persia—a document so highly appreciated, that the government acknowledged its receipt to the secret committee in terms of unqualified praise.

In 1812, Colonel Malcolm again visited his native shores. He was met by the Court of Directors of the East India Company with the deepest regard and acknowledgment of his merits; and, shortly afterwards, he received the honour of

knighthood. He returned to India in 1816, and soon became engaged in extensive political and military duties; he was attached, as political agent of the Governor-General, to the force under Lieutenant-General Sir T. Hislop, and appointed to command the third division of the army, with which, after taking Talym by surprise, he acted a prominent part in the celebrated battle of Mehidpoor, when the army under Mulhar Rao Holkar was completely beaten, and put to rout. His skill and valour on this occasion were the theme of general admiration. A vote of thanks was awarded him, on the proposal of Mr. Canning, by the House of Commons; and the Prince Regent expressed his regret that the circumstance of his not having attained the rank of Major-General prevented his creating him a Knight Grand Cross: but his intention to do so was ordered to be recorded, and, in 1821, he accordingly received the highest honour which a soldier can receive from his Sovereign. After the termination of the war with the Mahrattas and Pindarees, to which Colonel Malcolm's services so eminently contributed, he was employed by Lord Hastings in visiting and settling the distracted territories of Mulhar Rao, which, and other services, he accomplished in a most satisfactory manner, and gained to British India a large accession of territory and treasure. In April, 1822, he returned once more to England, with the rank of Major-General; and shortly afterwards he was presented by those who had acted under him in the war of 1818 and 1819, with a superb vase of the value of 1,500*l*. It was during this visit to England, too, that Sir John received a proud testimony of the favour of the East India Company, and acknowledgment of the utility of his public career, in the grant, passed unanimously by a General Court of Proprietors, of a thousand pounds per annum, in consideration of his distinguished merits and services.

Sir John had quitted India with the determination to spend the evening of his life in his native country; but the solicitations of the Court of Directors, and of his Majesty's ministers for India affairs, induced him to again embark in the service of his country, where experience had so fully qualified him to act with advantage. In July, 1827, he was appointed to the high and responsible situation of Governor of Bombay, which post he continued to fill until 1831, when he finally returned to England, having effected, during the few years of his governorship, incalculable benefits for this country, our Indian territories, and every class of the inhabitants there. Upon his leaving Bombay, the different bodies of the people seemed to vie with each other in giving proofs of the esteem and high consideration in which he was held. The principal European gentlemen of Bombay requested Sir John to sit for his statue, since executed by Chantry, to be erected in Bombay; the members of the Asiatic Society requested a bust of him, to be placed in their library; the native gentlemen of Bombay solicited his portrait, to be placed in their public room; the East India Amelioration Society voted him a service of plate; the natives, both of the presidency and the provinces, addressed him as their friend and benefactor; and the United Society of Missionaries, including English, Scotch, and Americans, acknowledged with gratitude the aids they had received from him in the prosecution of their pious labours, and their deep sense of his successful endeavours to promote the interests of truth and humanity, with the welfare and prosperity of his country and his countrymen. These were apt and gratifying incidents in the closing scene of his long and arduous services in our Indian empire. But whether at home or abroad, all parties who knew anything of his career concurred in awarding him the highest praises, both as a civil, military, and political character; and the brief encomium of Mr. Canning in Parliament, that he was "a gallant officer, whose name would be remembered in India as long as the British flag was hoisted in that country," is only in accordance with the universal opinion of his merits.

Shortly after Sir John's arrival in England, in 1831, he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Launceston, and took an active part in the proceedings upon several important questions, particularly the Scotch Reform Bill. He frequently addressed the House at length; and his speeches were characterized by an intimate knowledge of the history and constitution of his country, though neither voice nor delivery were much in his favour with that assembly, at once so popular and so fastidious. Upon the dissolution of Parliament, in 1832, Sir John became a candidate for the Dumfries district of burghs; but being too late in entering the field, and finding a majority of the electors had promised their votes, he did not persevere. He was then solicited to become a candidate for the city of Carlisle, and complied; but it was at the eleventh hour; and being personally unknown to the place, the result of the first day's poll

decided the election against him. Sir John then retired to his seat, near Windsor, and employed himself in writing his work upon the Government of India, which was published a few weeks ago, with the view of elucidating the difficult questions relating to the renewal of the East India Company's Charter. His last public act was his able speech in the General Court of Proprietors of East India Stock, and the introduction of his resolutions relative to the proposals of government respecting the charter—which resolutions were, after several adjourned discussions, adopted by a large majority.

As an author, the name of Sir John Malcolm will occupy no mean place in the annals of his country's literature. His principal works are—A Sketch of the Sikhs, a singular nation in the province of the Penjamb, in India; the History of Persia, from the earliest period to the present time; Sketches of Persia; a Memoir of Central India; and his last work on the Administration of British India. Sir John had also been engaged for some time past in writing a Life, and editing the papers, of Lord Clive; and we trust the work will yet be given to the public.

Sir John married, on the 4th of June, 1807, Charlotte Campbell, daughter of Sir Alexander Campbell, Baronet, who was Commander-in-Chief at Madras, by whom he has left five children, viz., Margaret, married to her cousin, the present Sir Alexander Campbell; George Alexander, a Captain in the Guards, whose regiment is now in Ireland; Charlotte Olympia; Ann Amelia; and Catherine Wellesley.

GENERAL ARTHUR SANDES.

In the city of Cuenca, Colombia, on the 6th September, 1832, after a tedious illness, which terminated in dropsy, General Arthur Sandes, of the Service of the Republic, son of the late John Sandes, Esq., of Listowel, in the country of Kerry. This distinguished officer early took part in the war of the Independence of South America. From the beginning of 1818 he accompanied Bolivar, the Liberator of three nations, successively through all his campaigns, from which period he took an active part in most of the enterprises of that great man. In the battles of Pantano de Vaigas, Boyaca, Carabobo, Bombona, and Ayacucho, he displayed the genius of an accomplished soldier, combined with a chivalrous valour, which reflected honour on his country. In the first-mentioned of these bloody affairs which took place on the 25th of July, 1819, (Bolivar's birthday,) he received two severe wounds at the head of the victorious regiment, the Rifles, while commanding that corps as Major; and finally, his horse being shot under him—unable to stand from loss of blood, he supported himself leaning against the carcass of the dying animal, and could not be prevailed on to quit the field until victory was proclaimed, and at Ayacucho he was named General on the field of battle. He was brother of Captain Sandes, 47th, and Lieutenant Sandes, 9th Regiment, in the British service.

NICHOLAS IPSILANTI.

At Odessa, on the 3d of April, Nicholas Ipsilanti. This gentleman was the younger brother of Alexander Ipsilanti, who began the Greek revolution, by a movement in Moldavia and Wallachia, in 1820. Nicholas served under his brother, and commanded the celebrated corps called the "Sacred Regiment," which contained in its ranks a number of Greek youths belonging to the first families, many of whom had studied in foreign universities. Nicholas distinguished himself at the head of those enthusiastic youths, who were nearly all destroyed. He was afterwards immured in the state prisons of Austria, with his brother, for many years, and the confinement had a fatal effect upon his naturally delicate constitution. After his liberation, a few years ago, he returned to Kischenew, in Russia, where his relations resided; but for the last fifteen months he lived at Odessa. He survived his elder brother about four years, and he was only about thirty-five when he expired.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The History of Dissenters, from the Revolution to the Year 1808, by David Bogue, D.D., and James Bennett. Second edition, by James Bennett, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo.

"I solemnly believe blue and red baboons to be more popular in England than dissenters. When a country squire hears of an ape, his first feeling is to give it nuts and apples; when he hears of a dissenter, his immediate impulse is to commit it to the county gaol, to shave its head, to alter its customary food, and to have it privately whipped." Times are altered since the facetious Peter Plymley thus described the state of general feeling in this country towards the descendants of the Puritans, the seceders from the established church. Great and surprising events have concurred with the illumination of the popular mind to remove much of this ignorance and prejudice regarding that class of the community of whom Hume nearly a century ago asserted that "the precious spark of liberty had been kindled and preserved, and to whom the English owe the whole freedom of their constitution."

Though far from being dissenters ourselves, we cannot help thinking that Nonconformity has received hard measure from the beginning—that its principles have been scandalously traduced, and that even in the eye of liberality serious misapprehensions are entertained on the subject of its political influence and its religious character. In attempting to account for all this, we shall perhaps be able to do justice to all parties, while we rescue the injured from a large portion of their unmerited reproach. Nonconformity may not, indeed, be all that its zealous friends maintain that it is; but had it been what its adversaries describe and denounce, outraged humanity would long ere this have exterminated its very name.

The nature of dissent, the very first principle which it implies, renders it peculiarly liable to misapprehension, and to that kind of misapprehension which usually produces hatred and contempt. It stands in the repulsive attitude of assumed superiority, and its advocates seem to say, "We are wiser and better than others." It assumes to be disgusted with that which satisfies the rest of the world—that its intellectual and moral taste is of a finer quality than theirs, and utterly irreconcileable with it. Thus, in the eyes of the majority, Nonconformists appear as their practical censors before the bar of whose judgment they are silently arraigned. Dissent in this view is even more provoking than avowed opposition; men would far rather be assailed than avoided; they prefer conflict to contempt. Nonconformity has drawn down upon itself the hatred and the censures of its numerous adversaries, from its necessary interference with the interests of a very influential class of the community. It was to be expected that the chief priests and rulers of the synagogues would regard with jealousy a rising sect which threatened the extermination of their power. This alone is sufficient to account for the persecution of Christ and his disciples at Jerusalem;—and that the silversmiths and shrine-makers to the Temple of Diana should involve all Ephesus in an uproar for the purpose of driving from the city men who refused to lend themselves to their craft, and to worship their divinity, was no more than the dictate of that selfishness which predominates in human nature. Perhaps the fiercest form which selfishness can assume is that of religious intolerance; and whoever calls bigotry into action may reckon upon having provoked a ceaseless and inveterate foe. Ecclesiastics, to whatever church they belong, are sufficiently tenacious of their privileges; and, when these are invaded, they never fail to fulminate their vengeance against the offender. With an adroitness peculiar to their order, they constitute every offence against themselves an offence against Almighty God; making Heaven itself a party to their quarrel; and he that presumes to question their dogmas, or to secede from their communion, is in direct league with the Prince of Darkness.

Nor is this all;—it has almost grown into a sacerdotal axiom, that the enemy of the church is the enemy of the state; and that to dissent from the one is to subvert the other. Thus, the priest arms both worlds against the miserable wretch who ventures into the forbidden ground of Nonconformity. As in this Protestant country the clergy do not consider celibacy a virtue, they are diffused through all the gradations of society; almost every family is immediately or remotely connected with an individual of the clerical profession, so that the prejudices and enmities of the clergy are, to a certain extent, the prejudices and enmities of the nation; and

as these have for ages been directed against every species of Nonconformity, we are not to wonder at the persecutions it formerly endured, nor at the gross calumnies with which it has now to contend. Another reason which has operated against Nonconformity in the popular mind is, its utter want of those appendages which have an imposing effect upon the imagination and passions of men. Contrasted with the external grandeur of the dominant church, and even with the decayed splendour of the barely tolerated church of Rome, what has Nonconformity to boast? The religion of barns can rear no mitred front amid "the dim religious light" of abbeys and cathedrals. Its worship is as simple as that of the primitive Christians, who assembled in an upper room for prayer and breaking of bread; the garb it wears is that of the carpenter's son of Nazareth; it inherits only his poverty;—its associates are Paul the tent-maker and the fishermen of the lake of Gennesareth; the badge of its ministers is not the crosier, but the cross: it sits not like a queen to command and to receive the homage and the wealth of nations, but with its few weary pilgrims it labours up the steep ascent of suffering; its path to heaven is not the broad road of worldly distinction where thousands greet and applaud, but the narrow way of loneliness and self-denial; it neither soothes the senses, conciliates the prejudices, nor tolerates the propensities of mankind: therefore, all manner of evil is spoken of it falsely.

A remote cause of the odium which stains the character of Nonconformity is the undeniable fact that it was a great fermenting element in a political convulsion which shook the foundations of society. The subtle and malignant enemies of Nonconformity, who, on this question, are equally the enemies of the constitution and liberties of their country, have taken infinite pains to cast the onus of the civil war, which ended in the dethronement and execution of the first Charles, upon the Puritans—the Nonconformists of that day. This is one of the most atrocious falsehoods in history, and which no writer in the nineteenth century can reaffirm, without incurring the guilt of deliberately bearing false witness against his neighbours. The *ultima ratio* of kings, which is generally their first as well as their last reason for tyranny, is *really* the *last* ever resorted to by an oppressed and enslaved people. The sword is seldom unsheathed by subjects against their government, until it becomes their only defence. This, at least, was eminently the fact in the case before us. The nation, driven to desperation by the aggressions of an odious religious faction, who deluded the monarch, and artfully made his power the instrument of their vengeance, against all who dared to exercise the right of private judgment, and to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, rose up, *en masse*, to assert its rights, and to save from utter destruction its expiring liberties. It has been well observed of the ill-fated Charles, that "he was neither by nature nor by nurture wise." He was first weak and then wicked. The false incense of a crafty and bigoted priesthood,—offered to him for the sake of securing, not his prerogative, but their own domination,—he mistook for loyalty. Flattered by their hypocrisy, he obeyed the impulse of gratitude, and never failed to yield to their wishes, though at the expense of justice and humanity. But in making them more than subjects, he made himself less than a sovereign. He broke the constitution because it would not bend, and banished the laws because they would not flatter. He sacrificed the crown to exalt the mitre; and oppressed his subjects to support the crown. Monarchy and the Church became at last hateful; by making themselves dreadful, and by grasping at too much, lost all. The nation, after ten years' patience, under the continued assaults of rapine and tyranny, had a fortuitous but favourable opportunity put into their hands to relieve themselves. They soon found that they were strong, and therefore resolved to be free. The monarch would not, during any period of the struggle, accept of constitutional obedience; the people would not submit to be slaves. The sequel is sufficiently known.

Notwithstanding the misrepresentations and calumnies which disgrace this part of our written history, the Commonwealth presents one of the brightest pages in our annals. The Lord Protector well became the greatness of his station. He maintained the dignity and glory of England abroad, and the people were comparatively happy at home. Under his administration, men of the first order filled the most important offices in church and state. Cromwell's chaplains would have adorned the golden age of letters; as they were undoubtedly the brightest ornaments of religion. Milton was his secretary;—wisdom sat in his councils, and valour gathered for him unfading laurels in the field. "Canting Hypocrite" as he has been termed, he stilled the fury of persecution, and though religious controversies were keenly agitated, the civil rights of the contending parties were held sacred. But ere the

system of government and law thus introduced could be perfected, and just as its benefits were taking root and beginning to flourish, the Restoration came as a withering curse and swept it all away. The triumphant despotism brought with it irreligion, profaneness, and vice; the national character was suddenly transformed; the whole current of opinion was changed; and with one voice both the court and the nation announced their degeneracy by calling "evil good and good evil." The tyrant who fell a victim to his own breach of the laws, and who forfeited the crown by confiscating the property and shedding the blood of his unoffending subjects, was denominated "a blessed martyr." The war of patriotism against oppression was termed rebellion; the glorious heroes who died in the conflict of freedom were stigmatized as traitors; Episcopacy was proclaimed, the religion, the only religion of Protestants; persecution was confounded with zeal for the true church; and intolerance was enforced as the first duty of the state. Then it was that Nonconformity was denounced. All other parties ashamed of their share in working out the liberty of their country, and ready to bow their necks to a worse despotism than had been overthrown, meanly transferred what was now deemed an inexplicable disgrace from themselves to the Puritans. The Puritans did not shrink from the imputation. It was their glory that they had taken part with the nation in denouncing a tyrant, who, as Dr. Southey says of the Second James, would have "brought back the Romish superstition, and together with the religion would have overthrown the liberties of England.*"

During the entire reign of Charles the Second, those who had espoused the cause of the Parliament against his father, and all who adhered to their principles or inherited their spirit, were proscribed and disgraced. The poets and historians of the time united to cover them with unmerited obloquy. Ridicule held them up to derision, and malignity invented the most shameless and palpable falsehoods to make them objects of universal detestation. The errors, mistakes, and crimes of individuals were painted in the most hateful colours of exaggeration, and then imputed to the whole body of the Puritans; and since that period to the present, ignorance, fanaticism, injustice, malice, cruelty, and, in fine, rebellion, have been currently, and in all popular and courtly publications, charged upon Nonconformity. The misfortunes of a cause, whose short-lived triumph rendered its fall signally disastrous, have been converted into atrocious offences, and subtilely, zealously, and perseveringly mingled up with its principle; while a powerful and victorious reaction of other principles has mainly contributed to perpetuate the calumnies and keep alive the animosities of its foes. The High Church party have been humorously described,—and it is scarcely a caricature,—as having adopted this standing maxim—"That all the Dissenters who ever lived, or shall live to the end of the world, must be the very individual men that murdered King Charles the First with their own hands." The "Quarterly," the "British Magazine," *cum multis aliis*, are ever and anon tracing the descent of modern Nonconformity to the regicides. According to one clerical novelist, the author of the "Velvet Cushion," they are all regularly descended from those arch-fiends who "rebelled upon principle, and murdered the monarch for conscience sake." These are rather intemperate epi-

* By the by, how exquisite is the consistency of this Laureate of Church and King! The opposition to Charles the First, he tells his readers, was a rebellion; those who made the noble stand against him are termed "a faction," and the "apostles" and "bell-wethers" of rebellion are the mild epithets employed to designate their leaders. But the enforced abdication of James, the exile of that illustrious fugitive, with all the branches of his family, and their utter and everlasting exclusion from the throne of their ancestors, he describes as glorious to the pure and irreproachable church by which it was effected. Will the Laureate condescend to extricate himself from this dilemma? If the Revolution of 1688 was necessary, so was that which dethroned Charles the First. If resistance in the one case was a duty, was it not imperiously so in the other? Why, then, should one be termed the "Grand Rebellion," and the other the "Glorious Revolution?" May not the guilt that forfeits a crown deserve a greater loss? None but a *capital offence* can merit the first penalty; and, if this be committed, what but mercy can shield the criminal from the last severity? The right of deposing implies the right of inflicting condign punishment, if it be deserved. When the former is conceded, what becomes of the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance? and when this is practically renounced, as it was by its most strenuous advocates in the instance of the Revolution, where is the guilt of those who sacrificed a tyrant to save the nation? The same Divinity that hedged round the sacred person of Charles encircled that of James; and what are we to think of the pious logicians who apply the principle to one monarch, and practically deny it in their conduct to another? Are the clergy of the Church of England so far privileged, that, with impunity, they may preach one doctrine and practise another?

thets, and might have been spared, especially when the want of final success is the only crime with which the people of England were chargeable, in deposing a king whose son and successor the dominant church drove from his throne, and therefore effected, not a grand rebellion, but a glorious revolution.

> "Rebellion! soul-dishonouring word,
> Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
> The holiest cause that tongue or sword
> Of mortal ever lost or gained."

Nonconformity is doomed to bear this reproach; but had not England's sons, in the day of her utmost peril, stood up against the tyrant and his army of cavaliers, and thus given the example which was followed in a subsequent reign, where would have been our charter and birthright? The curse of the Stuarts would have been upon us for ages, and a greater the vengeance of Heaven has never yet inflicted upon a sinful people.

Other causes combine to render Nonconformity an object of general aversion to a world that takes its religion upon trust, and allows not the spirit of scriptural piety to operate in forming its character. Our limits, however, will not suffer us to enumerate them; yet must we, in conclusion, advert to that which has been a never-failing source of ridicule and contempt. It cannot be denied that Nonconformity has been occasionally associated with fanaticism; that its abettors have been distinguished by manners as singular as their opinions; that their phraseology on common topics of discourse has been that of the Holy Scriptures on the most sacred themes; that both in their religious services and their intercourse with each other, their language has been peculiarly susceptible of perversion; that the solemn has bordered on the profane, and the sublime on the ridiculous;—the whole has been inconsiderately stigmatized as cant and hypocrisy: the circumstances, the education, and the habits of the men have seldom been taken into the account; and this sweeping censure has been cruelly, and from age to age, passed upon them. To form a just estimate of their character we must look at their deeds. As a body they have never dishonoured their strict profession of Christianity: they have been men of many virtues; and we know not where to look for the community which has given

> "Such heroes to earth and such martyrs to heaven."

The work which has drawn from us these observations is a "History of Dissenters," written by members of their own communion, thoroughly acquainted with their excellencies and faults, and they are, for the most part, impartial. The public may now read and judge for themselves. We recommend this "Book of Nonconformity" to all who are admirers of Dr. Southey's "Book of the Church." We cannot exactly say they are suitable companions for each other; but, as antagonist powers, their being brought into collision will be of great service to the cause of our common Christianity. The Dissenters are, in some things, wrong; the Church is not always right. We should be glad to see a comprehension large enough to embrace in one communion the devout and the virtuous of every existing denomination of Christians.

The Americans. By an American in London. 12mo.

Jonathan has buckled on his armour to some purpose. What havoc has he made with the Halls and the Trollopes, and the heavy artillery brought up to support them by their faithful allies, the "Quarterly" and the "British!" The Captain may "go to bed;" he can have nothing more to do in this breathing world. But will he sleep?—

> "In that sleep what dreams may come!"

Poor man! he is discomfited, and we cannot find it in our hearts to pity him. The lady will probably attempt to brazen it out. She is of the sex, but not of the class, to betray even the infirmity of blushing. Her education is complete: she is, we fear, incorrigible; the state of her conscience will not allow her to feel remorse. Judging from her books, she can have no compunctious visitings of nature. Mr. Stuart's book was sufficient to throw discredit upon all that she has written; but the present work has left her without defence. She saw little of America, scarcely anything as exhibited in those circles where a correct estimate could be formed of the manners of its people; and all that she has seen she has grossly, shamefully misrepresented. The strong language of one of her advocates, that if, in a particular statement, she is not borne out by the facts, she

is guilty of an *intolerable calumny*, applies, in all its force, to every statement, and from beginning to end her narrative is false. We should not deal thus unceremoniously with a lady, were we not compelled to sacrifice gallantry to truth, and did we not feel that when the character of a whole nation is at stake, all personal considerations are insignificant. This very lively and manly publication, from a writer of undoubted veracity, of competent knowledge, and whose every page and every line is a refutation of the recent falsehoods put forth against his country, will do more to disabuse the public mind in Europe on the interesting topics brought under discussion than any other work that has hitherto appeared. It is written in perfect good temper: the author feels his strength; and it is often the prowess of a giant that goes forth to battle sure of the victory. We are rather curious to see what the "Quarterly" will do with him. Will its magnanimous editor make the *amende honorable?* If he eats his words, it will be as the redoubtable Pistol ate the leek—with wry faces and "hatefulest disrelish," his mouth "with soot and cinders filled;" but, perhaps, like Falstaff, he will not do it on compulsion. Will he give up his Trollope? He must either do this, or part with his last shred of character. Even in these degenerate days, reputation is of some importance to the accredited advocate of High Church orthodoxy. But how can he expunge from his pages the loathsome extracts which describe "the Revivals" and "the Camp Meetings?" By transferring them to his work has he not made them his own? And now that they are proclaimed to all the world, not merely as caricatures, but as gross and scandalous libels, will it be a satisfactory apology that he received them as veracious, without investigating their truth, or even their probability? We leave the "British" to its consistency; and congratulate ourselves that we have not been the dupes of calumniators, but that we have ever denounced them as the enemies of their country and of all mankind. Mr. Colton's book is too *piquant* not to be read, too reasonable not to be believed; and so triumphant in its conclusions, that America may even thank her traducers for having called forth in her behalf so powerful a defender. Even Captain Hall must acknowledge that there is at least one American that understands the English language; and Mrs. Trollope will scarcely have the effrontery to deny that he has treated her with the urbanity of a gentleman. She has received at his hands far greater forbearance than she deserves; and this, we are persuaded, will be the universal conviction, both on this and on the other side of the Atlantic.

Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes (Madame Junot). Vol. v.

Positively these gossiping volumes have in them such a power of fascination, that the moment we commence the perusal of any one of them, we cannot lay it down till it is finished. The Duchess is a charming writer; the woman—the French woman—appears in every page; she does not write, she speaks, and we hear her voice; she does not describe herself or others, but she comes into the room leading them by the hand, and they stand before us in all the freshness of life and nature: the scenes startle us as a reality. We shall be sorry when the drama closes upon us; but all things have an end.

Turkey and its Resources: its Municipal Organization and Free Trade; the State and Prospects of English Commerce in the East; the New Administration of Greece, its Revenues and National Possessions. 8vo.

The Turkish empire, that so long tottered on its base, is now prostrate. At the present crisis, it is a subject of intense and awful interest to the civilized world. We trust Great Britain will not be unmoved at the spectacle, and that her Government will feel that the moment is arrived when, in relation to Turkey and to Europe, they have a great duty to perform. Mr. Urquhart thus describes the position of Turkey, as implicating the interests of four out of five of the great states of Europe:—

"One," he observes, "has for its chief end to create anarchy in Turkey; one, that order and tranquillity should be maintained, but under the most despotic form of government; the third endeavours in vain to conciliate a general system of support with a particular scheme of dismemberment; and the fourth, which alone has a direct and philanthropic interest in preserving its integrity, and in reforming its abuses, unfortunately, by the very absence of a specific and interested object, is either unprepared or interferes when too late."

This being, as we are persuaded, the true state of the case, we enter fully into the author's views in the next paragraph.

"It is the deep conviction that the future condition of Turkey hangs at this moment on foreign policy, and that to this country will belong, as the event will decide, the honour or the reproach,—nay, more—the profit or the loss,—of her preservation or her destruction,—that induces the writer of the following pages, at so critical a moment, to publish his opinions on the elements of re-organization which Turkey possesses."

We recommend the work as containing full information on every topic connected with the present state and probable destiny of the Ottoman power. The opinions of the writer are sometimes bold; but a little reflection convinces us that they are just. The work fully answers to its title, and is the best condensed account of Turkish affairs that we have yet seen.

Loudon's Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture. Part XII. and Last.

The size and beauty of this part, and the immense number of cuts which it contains, would make it extremely valuable, even if the letter-press were a mere description of the cuts: this, however, is by no means the case. In this part, which concludes the work, Mr. Loudon has given what he considers the theory of Architecture, under the title of the "Principles of Architectural Criticism." We have read the pages devoted to this subject with great attention, and have been exceedingly pleased with the good sense and sound information which they contain. We advise every one to study them who may wish to know in what the merits of an edifice consists, or who wishes to make one what it ought to be. Mr. Loudon lays down three fundamental principles:—First, that every building should possess the conveniences necessary for the uses for which it may be designed,—secondly, that its outward appearance should express its use; for example, a house should be distinguished at first sight from a stable, &c.,—and thirdly, that it should possess a certain degree of architectural style; that is, that its outward appearance should be arranged according to regular laws, and that all its parts should be in harmony with each other. These principles are clearly laid down and fully developed. Mr. Loudon is an enemy to all mystery; what he treats on he explains *au fond*, and in language that may be understood by the general reader. It has hitherto been generally asserted by most architectural writers, that architecture is an art of imitation,—*purely imitative* one writer calls it,—and that the type of Grecian style was a wooden hut, that of the Gothic an arbour, that of the Egyptian and Hindoo a cave, and that of the Chinese a tent. This Mr. Loudon denies. He contends that architecture is an art of utility, springing from the wants of men, and varying in different countries, from local circumstances, or the different habits and inclinations of mankind.

The illustrated portion of this part is excellent. We were particularly pleased with the fountains, some of the designs for which were so elegant, and had such a cool, refreshing air, that we almost longed to repose beside them, and listen to the gentle dripping of the water. The interiors of rooms in villas are also very beautiful: those in the Elizabethan and Gothic styles struck us as particularly good, and some of the furniture to correspond. Most of these are designed by a young architect of the name of Lamb, whose taste and skill in drawing are so conspicuous, that we scarcely ever were struck with a beautiful design but, on turning to the name, we found it was drawn by Mr. Lamb. Altogether, we have seldom seen a work which we think more deserving of public patronage; and we have no doubt that the time will soon come, when not only every architect and artist, but every country gentleman, will think his library incomplete, unless Loudon's "Encyclopædia of Architecture" is upon its shelves.

History of the Christian Church. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A., &c. Vol. 1. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.

We notice this elegant volume merely for the purpose of announcing that the historical series of the "Cabinet Library" has commenced as auspiciously, and is executed thus far with as much ability, as those which have already so deservedly obtained the patronage of the public. The peculiarities of Mr. Stebbing's "History of the Church," as distinguished from those of his predecessors and contemporaries, as well as the character of the work as a literary performance, we hold ourselves engaged to present to our readers as soon as we receive the complete series.

Facts not Fables. By Charles Williams. 12mo.

We do not quite comprehend Mr. Williams's logic; he argues, that if *Fables* be good, *Facts* must be better. We do not perceive the *sequitur*. As sources of instruction, fables and facts cannot be compared; that is best which best answers its design; a fable may teach better than a fact. This He well knew who generally spake in parables, and instructed men in the science which makes wise to salvation, through the medium of stories which he invented for the purpose. We are pleased, however, with Mr. Williams's "Facts." It is just the book for children, and its whole tendency is to imbue them with the spirit of humanity towards the whole animated creation. The most effectual way to prevent cruelty to animals is to render the rising generation familiar with such beautiful narratives as those which we have great pleasure in recommending to every domestic circle in the empire.

The Infirmities of Genius illustrated, by referring the Anomalies in the Literary Character to the Habits and Constitutional Peculiarities of Men of Genius. By R. R. Madden, Esq., Author of "Travels in Turkey," &c. 2 vols. 12mo.

The title of these volumes is too general and indefinite. "The Infirmities of Genius!"—what does this mean? "Anomalies in the Literary *Character*" is nearly as obscure. "Habits and Constitutional Peculiarities!"—do not these comprehend the very infirmities of which they are represented as the origin? Precision, indeed, in terms does not seem to be one of Mr. Madden's distinguishing qualities as a writer. A great portion of the present work does not apply to men of genius at all, but to those who pursue literature as a profession, or who devote themselves to intellectual as distinguished from manual occupation. The first volume is desultory; and several of the topics, which are dwelt upon at considerable length, have a very remote connexion with the general design of the author, which, indeed, he has well described in the conclusion, at the end of the second volume. Mental and moral irregularities frequently lead to physical derangement, and lay the foundation of diseases which strengthen and increase the causes which have produced them; while the habits of sedentary and studious men, a too close application to a favourite and absorbing pursuit, will lead to those eccentricities and deviations from propriety which have so often shaded the glories of some of the most gifted of our species. Mr. Madden is one of the medical profession; and in this character, as developed in the work before us, he appears to the greatest possible advantage. He has applied his science to the subject under consideration with great ability; and his suggestions and cautions, if properly regarded by the literary profession, for whose benefit they are chiefly intended, will be productive of incalculable benefit. The brief sketches which the work contains of the physical infirmities of Pope, Johnson, Burns, Cowper, Byron, and Scott, are admirable: these alone entitle it to no mean place among the literary productions of the day. The work is one of high value and deep interest, and will amply deserve the most extensive patronage it can receive.

The Parson's Daughter. 3 vols.

"Mais, Denon, contez nous cela!" was the exclamation of Napoleon to that celebrated *raconteur*, who gave his own peculiar charm—that touch turning into gold—to whatever he narrated. The compliment which the conqueror paid to Denon's style of story-telling in conversation we must pay to Mr. Hook's style of story-telling in fiction. Of all the annals of the day, "contez nous cela" is the ejaculation naturally addressed to him; for who tells them with so much animation and epigram? He paints portraits in words, as Lawrence painted them in colours; full of grace and fashion also, with that indescribable air which marks the present time, and in some instances wrought up to deep and touching beauty. To this the author adds a vein of caricature which had been out of keeping with the painter's high art, but permitted to the variety of the writer. Who that remembers the keen satire, blended with the most *naïvé* touches, of "Burton Danvers," or the pathos of the severer delineation of life in "Cousin William," but will readily admit, as a debt of gratitude, the praise we have given? Hook's characteristics are, a lively perception of all the peculiarities and ridicules that float on, or rather that form the surface of, society, together with the secret impulses, the quick vanities, the small motives, that are "the hidden springs of the machine." In his plots he delights, perhaps, too much in improbabilities; but his characters are always true

to nature, and no one brings out their peculiarities with greater effect in dialogue. The "Parson's Daughter" lacks none of his wonted spirit. The first volume is admirable; the last is somewhat conscious that there "must be three of us." As one of our best writers of the shorter tales, we almost regret that Mr. Hook did not add one other tale, and so have shortened its predecessor. Still we are well content to "take the goods the gods provide us," and be duly grateful for a very witty, lively, and interesting fiction. The two feminine portraits are exquisitely drawn, and we strongly contrast the one with the other; Lady Frances deserves to be preserved in a museum, as a perfect specimen of a *fâde* "woman of the world." The worst fault of the hero is that he is too true to nature,—there are plenty of Captain Sheringhams.

We now part from the "Parson's Daughter," only hoping she will bear her future honours meekly, and not have her head turned by the compliments which we predict will fall to her share.

Musgrave's Translation of the Psalms.

A most elegant version, and one to which we ought long since to have done justice. It may be that Mr. Musgrave has adhered too closely to what is termed the classic, but is in reality the old French school of versification; but despite that fault, we must esteem this volume as supplying a great desideratum in sacred literature, and incomparably the most scholastic and graceful paraphrase of the Psalms that we yet possess.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Waltzburg, a Tale of the Sixteenth Century, 3 vols., post 8vo., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Cambridge Classical Tripos Examination Papers, 1831-2-3, 12mo., 2*s.*

Cambridge Greek and Latin Prize Poems, 1832, post 8vo., 5*s.* 6*d.*

A Treatise on Astronomy, by Sir John Herschel, being the 43d volume of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, fcp. 8vo., 6*s.*

The Abbess, a Romance, by the Author of the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," 3 vols., post 8vo., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Library of Romance, Vol. VI., The Slave King, 12mo., 6*s.*

The Parson's Daughter, by the Author of "Sayings and Doings," 3 vols., 8vo., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Bridgewater Treatises: Rev. Thomas Chalmers on the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man, 2 vols., 8vo., 16*s.*

Heeren's Historical Researches concerning the Asiatic Nations, 3 vols., 8vo., 2*l.* 5*s.*

Andrew the Savoyard, from C. Paul de Kock, 2 vols. 8vo., 21*s.*

The Infirmities of Genius, by R. P. Madden, Esq., 2 vols., 8vo., 21*s.*

Philosophy in Sport, new edition, 1 vol., 12mo., 8*s.*

Delaware, or the Ruined Family, 3 vols., post 8vo., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Original Legend of Der Frieschutz, translated from the German, 18mo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

Macdonall's Narrative of a Voyage to Patagonia, fcp. 8vo., 8*s.*

Ritson's Robin Hood, 2 vols. crown 8vo., second edition, 21*s.*

Bridgewater Treatises: Sir Charles Bell on the Hand, 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Ritson's Letters, with Life, by Sir Harris Nicolas, 2 vols., 8vo., 18*s.*

Loudon's Encyclopædia of Cottage and Farm Architecture, 8vo., 3*l.* bds.

Wiffen's Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell, 2 vols., 8vo., 2*l.* 2*s.*

Turkey and its Resources, by D. Urquhart, Esq., 8vo., 9*s.* 6*d.*

Maxims and Hints for an Angler, 12mo., 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.

The Ouranoulogos, by John Galt, illustrated by John Martin, 4to., Part I., 6*s.* sewed; 12*s.* India.

Life of William Roscoe, by Henry Roscoe, 2 vols., 8vo., 30*s.*

Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald, by James Boaden, Esq., 2 vols., 8vo., 28*s.*

Characteristics of Goethe, by Mrs. Austin, 3 vols., 8vo., 30*s.*

Sketches of Canada and the United States, by W. Mackenzie, 8vo., 10*s.*

Memoirs of the Court and Character of Charles I., by Lucy Aikin, 2 vols., 8vo., 28*s.*

A New Edition of the Introduction to Botany and Grammar of Botany of Sir J. E. Smith, by Dr. Hooker, 1 vol., 8vo., 16*s.*

Constable's Miscellany, Vols. LXVIII. and LXXIX.; Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea, 2 vols., 18mo., 7*s.*

Dr. Gregory's Memoir of Robert Hall, with Foster's Observations, 12mo., 6*s.*

The Tropical Agriculturist, by G. R. Porter, 1 vol., 8vo., 21*s.*

Gaskell's Manufacturing Population of England, with an Examination of Infant Labour, 8vo., 9*s.*

Romances of the Chivalric Ages, 2 vols., post 8vo., 21*s.*

The Repealers, by the Countess of Blessington, 3 vols., 8vo., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Shelley Papers; Memoir of P. B. Shelley, by Captain Medwin, with Original Poems, &c., 16mo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, edited by Lord Dover, 3 vols. 8vo., 1*l.* 12*s.*

LITERARY REPORT.

A Tale, understood to be from the pen of Miss Knight, author of "Dinarbas," is just ready for publication, entitled "Sir Guy de Lusignan."

"The National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture," in monthly numbers, and in the best style of outline engraving on steel.

Editions, in French and English, of "The Language of Flowers," coloured plates.

A second and improved edition is preparing of the "Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation," by J. R. M'Culloch, Esq.

Dedicated, by permission, to the King, (and by subscription,) a "History of Mummies." The whole will be illustrated by numerous plates, &c. By T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., &c.

A "Treatise on Roads;" in which the right principles, &c. are explained by the plans of Mr. Telford on the Holyhead road. By Sir Henry Parnell.

"The Judgment of the Flood," a Poem, by John A. Heraud, author of the "Descent into Hell."

"Old Bailey Experience," &c., by the author of Papers in "Fraser's Magazine," under the title of the "Schoolmaster's Experience in Newgate."

Mr. Brockedon's "Journal of his Excursions in the Alps" is about to be published.

A new work is announced by Lady Morgan, to be entitled "Dramatic Scenes from Real Life."

A volume of Poems, by Lady Emmeline Stewart Wortley.

"The Colonies;" treating of their value generally, &c.; by Colonel C. S. Napier, C.B., with lithographic plates.

"On Man; his Motives, their Rise, Operation, Opposition, and Results," by William Bagshaw, Clerk, M.A.

"Travels in the United States of America and Canada; a few Notices of the Geology and Mineralogy of those Countries," by J. Finch, Esq., C.M. Nat. Hist. Soc. Montreal, &c.

The third and concluding number of Donaldson's "Collection of Doorways from Ancient Buildings in Greece and Italy."

The Lectures lately delivered by Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, at the Congregational Library.

"The Life of Samuel Drew, A.M.," author of "Treatises on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul," &c.; with selections from his Correspondence and unpublished Papers.

Mr. Andrew Picken, author of the "Dominie's Legacy," is preparing for publication "Traditionary Stories of Old Families, and Legendary Illustrations of Family History;" with Notes, historical and biographical.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

PASTA and TAGLIONI still remain the grand attractions of the Opera—the Queen of Love and the Fairy of the Dance divide the empire of admiration. The two great novelties of the month have been the Opera of *Norma*, and the ballet of *Inez de Castro*. In the former Pasta outdid all her former doings. People call this wonderful woman the Italian Siddons—she is herself. It is not fair, and it is scarcely complimentary, though we ourselves have done it, to compare these two wonderful women. Pasta is every thing that Siddons was in lofty and soaring conception, in dignity of demeanour, and comprehensive and minute knowledge of effect; but as Siddons never sang and as Pasta never played Lady Macbeth, we will make no more attempts at drawing a parallel. Let the critics see this wonderful Italian with a disposition to study her, and a wish to appreciate, and nothing they can write can possibly approach what they must feel: we consider her quite past our praise, as she is beyond our capacity of criticism. We might write a volume on her acting, we could never succeed in a *critique*. The Ballet has gone off well, but heavily, grand, imposing, dull, and long. Madame Pellerini enacts her part of *Inez* extremely well, and Taglioni, by one step, at once relieves us from the oppressive horrors of its prolixity. That it has succeeded is owing to these two ladies, and not to its own merits. The real story has been abused, and maltreated, and nothing in compensation has been given. It is grand, but it is not good—splendidly tedious, and nothing instructive.

DRURY LANE.

Old Drury has closed, and Cooper, in taking his farewell in name of the lessee, announced that the management for the future would be vested in himself. His speech of adieu was not so well received as such oratory is generally, and when allusion was made to the number of foreign *artistes* that had been procured at such great expense, the disapprobation was most strongly made manifest. The circumstance

of Cooper being the future manager was hailed in its announcement with very considerable applause, and we have no doubt his diligent habits, and his great experience, entitle him well to the office: the deportment of a gentleman, and the experience of a man of the world, are two essential qualities in the choice of a manager; and, in addition to these, the knowledge of stage business he is well known to have by heart.

Though Mr. Bunn is put forward nominally as the lessee of the two theatres, it is stated that Captain Polhill is still the man—certain it is that he is one of Mr. Bunn's securities.

COVENT GARDEN.

This theatre, it appears, is to be open during the whole year, and the performances will be confined to opera and spectacle, while the other house is to have a *corps dramatique* for our national plays. An arrangement of such a nature is no doubt desirable, and will, we expect, meet with success. The decline of the "legitimate" it is foolish to attribute to high salaries, to large theatres, or to deficiency in dramatic talent. Supply always equals demand—it is in literature as it is in a market of any other producible goods. We cannot pause to discuss this proposition here, as our space will not allow us; but every frequenter of the theatre knows that, when Young played Iago, and Kean Othello, the theatre filled. There is now no Kean, and Young has left the stage, and he has no successor. More than this we remark: the stage will have no genius until some fortunate London manager finds out the talent hidden in a country barn, and brings up the fortunate individual to London to *speculate* on a "hit." Gold "rules the camp, the court,"—the theatre. Captain Polhill and such gentlemen are the Rothschild of the dramatic stock-market, and they elevate or depress taste as their prototype raises or sinks the funds. For instance, Malibran, de Meric, and Vestris, in performing their parts in the "Marriage of Figaro," must, of necessity, have commanded, as they did, an overflowing audience. Let us have for the performance of the plays of our old dramatists, actors who equal in their conception of poetry and personification of character these ladies in the characters they assumed in the "Marriage of Figaro," and we shall hear no more of a declining stage; but as long as acting insufferably dull, ill-advised casts of character, and nonsensical writing is tolerated, we shall have deserted houses and a degenerate stage. But to return to Covent Garden in particular.—Malibran has been ill and she is better, and again in the "Somnambule" she enchants every one. Madame Schrœder Devrient has been performing in the opera of "Fidelio," and her singing was wonderful, and the audience seemed to think so. The novel character to Madame Vestris, of Massaniello, has been attempted, and with success, by this versatile and surprising lady. Many other novelties are in progress, and the management is in high glee at what they consider their flattering prospect. The performance of Mozart's opera of the "Magic Flute" has been honoured by the presence of the Queen and the Duke of Gloucester.

OLYMPIC.

The "Covent Garden Company" still holds out the siege, and the "Wife" has been continued, though the career is for the present stopped. The "Bridal Promise," taken from Herold's opera of "Zampa," has been performed, but with no particular success. The receipts are still good, but do not pay the full salaries.

The *Surrey* has produced "Jonathan Bradford," and commanded good houses. Matthews has continued his success at the *Adelphi*, which theatre re-opens this month for dramatic performance. Madame Vestris is engaged at the *Haymarket*. Warde, Miss Jarman, and Mr. and Mrs. Keeley are engaged at the *Victoria Theatre*.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

After a few introductory remarks on the rapid progress of electrical science within these few years, Dr. Ritchie proceeded to the developement of the subject of electro-magnetism and magneto-electricity. In examining the principles of the common galvanometer, he showed that its indications could not be relied on; and consequently many points which had been considered as well established were entirely groundless. He showed that his *torsion* galvanometer (vide "Philosophical Trans-

actions") was the only instrument which gave accurate results, and that the laws of the conducting powers of metals, investigated by Sir H. Davy, M. Becquerel, and others, were without foundation. In the second part of the lecture he examined some curious properties of electro-magnets, which he had lately discovered, and exhibited the continued rotation of a temporary magnet round its centre by the action of permanent magnets. The mode of effecting this consists in suddenly changing the poles of the temporary magnet, and thus, at the proper moment, converting attraction into repulsion. In the third division of the lecture a mode of obtaining an almost continuous current of electricity from common magnets was explained, and the apparatus exhibited. Dr. Ritchie remarked, that the plan now exhibited had been devised, and the apparatus partly constructed, eight or nine months since; but that the laborious duties of his situation prevented him from completing it till lately. The instrument consists of a series of soft iron cylinders, having ribands of copper surrounding them, as in his mode of detonating oxygen and hydrogen. These cylinders are made to revolve rapidly opposite the poles, so that, before one current ceases to exist, the other is beginning to be formed. By a peculiar arrangement of the apparatus, Dr. Ritchie has succeeded in obtaining a series of sparks from the common magnet, forming a complete circle, which appears in the dark like a circle studded with the finest diamonds, producing a very pleasing effect.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

The annual presentation of rewards by this Society has taken place. There were in all, 68 rewards, in agriculture, mechanics, and chemistry.—The silver Ceres medal was awarded to Mrs. Gilbert, of Eastbourne, for bringing sea-side shingle into cultivation; and the large silver medal to Captain Lord John Hay, R.N., for a telescope-holder, for the use of a person with only one hand. The gold Isis medal was awarded to Mr. Wilson Neil, of Battlebridge, for his communication on the preparation of varnishes. In the Fine Arts, for the best copies, a silver palette was awarded to Miss Frances Robertson, of Worton-house, Isleworth, for a pencil drawing of figures; and to Miss Rosina Vendramini, of Chiswick Mall, the large silver medal. For originals the large silver medal was awarded to Miss Eliza Manning, of Newman-street, for a model of a bust from life. In architectural studies the silver Isis medal was awarded to Mr. R. W. Billings. Several of the candidates were of very tender years, particularly Miss E. O. Stanesby, of Vivian-terrace, Chelsea, who received the silver Isis medal for a copy, in Indian ink, of figures; and her brother, Master I. T. Stanesby, who received a silver palette for a copy of a head. Miss Caroline Derby, of Osnaburg-square, received the large silver medal for an original composition, in water colours, of figures.

LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

The general quarterly meeting of this institution has been held at the Theatre, Southampton-Buildings, Chancery-lane, J. Hemmings, Esq. in the chair. The minutes of the last quarterly meeting were read and confirmed. The report of the Committee of Management was then brought forward. It is stated that the balance in hand at the commencement of the quarter was 38*l.* 19*s.* 1*d.*; the receipts 442*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*; expenses, 411*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.*; leaving a balance of 70*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.* The number of members at the commencement of the quarter was 1,112, the present number is 1,168.

VARIETIES.

Important Discoveries in Magnetism.—Professor Kiel, of Jena, has made some important discoveries and improvements in the quality and use of the magnet. At a late meeting of the Royal Society, the Professor was introduced for the purpose of presenting to the notice of the Fellows some of his improved magnets, of a very superior power, as well as explaining their efficacy in the cure of nervous diseases, and to which they have been very extensively and successfully applied by Dr. Kiel on the continent. It is evident, from the very far superior degree of power possessed by Dr. Kiel's magnet, that he adopts some mode of accumulating an intensity of magnetic force, superior to any method known or adopted by English philosophers. A small lyre-shaped magnet, of which he is possessed, weighing but 5lbs., is capable of sustaining a weight varying from 100 to 130lbs., according to the state of the

atmosphere; magnetism, as well as electricity, being greatly modified by atmospherical influence. This must be acknowledged to possess a greater intensity of accumulation of magnetic force than in any magnets of equal size hitherto known; whilst the Professor assures us that the power contained is permanent, even without the continuous contact of the bar. This magnet is also possessed of very singular properties of inducing chemical action, in reddening vegetable blues, accelerating crystallization, &c. But the most surprising point connected with these magnets is their singular efficacy, discovered by the Professor, in the cure of diseases connected with the nervous system, as in neuralgia, cephalagia, &c., and in alleviating the worst symptoms of tic douloureux, epilepsy, paralysis, rheumatism, gout, spasm, &c. In these complaints the most immediate relief is obtained; and (says Mr. Booth, the lecturer on chemistry) "from various instances of its efficacy in trials which I saw made at a public infirmary, I feel convinced that this discovery of a new branch of the healing art must shortly rank as a new era in the history of medicine. A most singular proof of the susceptibility of nervous sympathy to magnetic influence, was shown *by the diminution of temperature induced through the course of a nerve* by the application of the magnet, amounting to a painful sensation of cold, and sinking the thermometer to five or seven degrees, a fact which must be sufficient to convince the most sceptical or prejudiced observer."

Dividends.—On the 10th of October, 1832, there were dividends due to 33,958 persons on the 3 per cents. reduced; to 26,849 on the 3½ reduced; to 1232 on the 3½ annuities, 1818; to 5636 on the 4 per cent. annuities, 1826; to 24,221 on long annuities; and to 4583 on annuities for terms of years. There were payable, on the 5th of January, 1832, to 95,555 persons on the 3 per cent. consols, of whom 28,722 received less than 5*l.*, and six more than 5000*l.*; 447 on the 3 per cent. annuities, 1726; 82,194 new 3½ annuities; 237 new 5 per cent. annuities; and 4839 on annuities for terms of years. The whole number receiving dividends is 279,751.

Irish Judges.—The returns respecting the salaries of Judges of the Courts in Ireland in 1792, and at the present period, show the following statement:—

	British Currency.
Lord Chancellor in 1792	£3692 6 1¼
Augmented in 1802	6307 13 10¾
	£10,000 0 0

The salary was reduced in April, 1832, to 8000*l.*

Droits of Admiralty.—By returns which have just been printed, it appears that the droits of the Admiralty, which have accrued during the present reign, have been as follow:—In 1830, nothing; in 1831, 109*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.*, of which 36*l.* 4*s.* 9*d.* have not yet been paid; and in 1832, 1*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* The registrar receives a poundage out of the sums paid; but his chief emoluments depend on the general business of the Court of Admiralty. From another return, it appears that the balance in hand, and in Exchequer bills on the half-yearly account of Sir G. F. Hampson, Bart., the receiver-general, ending the 15th of March last, was 1408*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*½., and Exchequer bills, 2000*l.*

Hops.—In the year ending January 5th last, there was imported into Great Britain from the Hanseatic towns 11,167lbs. of hops. During the same period, there was exported from Great Britain to the Hanseatic towns, 44,727lbs.; to the Cape, 944lbs.; to New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, 2221lbs.; and to the United States of America exactly the same amount of 2221lbs.: total exported, 50,113lbs.

A return has been printed, by order of the House of Commons, of the assessment of one hundred of the highest-rated houses in London and in the country. It appears from this return that the highest-rated house in London is that of the Duke of Sutherland, in Stable-yard, Westminster, rated at the annual rent of 3,900*l.*, and that the amount of assessment is 552*l.* 10*s.* Among the other houses in London in this return are—the East India House, rated at 2,500*l.*; the Duke of Devonshire's, 2,500*l.*; Apsley House, 1,850*l.*; the Bank of England, 2,595*l.*; Northumberland House (Charing Cross), 1,500*l.*; United Service Club, 1,350*l.*; Athenæum Club, 1,300*l.*; British Museum, 950*l.*; and the Mansion-house, 1,500*l.* Among the lowest-rated buildings in the list is the Stock-Exchange, which is set down at the annual value of 700*l.* In the country, among the highest-rated houses, are—those of Mr. Cooper, of Brighton, valued at 1,150*l.* per annum; Mr. Stuckey's, Brighton,

1,090*l.*; the York-house Hotel, Bath, 994*l.*; and the Duke of Bedford's, Woburn, 600*l.* The lowest-rated houses in the country, in this list, are valued at 260*l.*, and there are only eleven estimated at above 400*l.* per annum.

Among the interesting papers laid before the House of Commons, are the extracts of the Correspondence of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, on the subject of Emigration, with Official Personages employed in the British Colonies. With reference to Canada, it appears that, in 1832, the number of emigrants, arrived and actually settled in the provinces during that year, amounted to 55,000 persons; and that they brought with them a capital of from six to seven hundred thousand pounds sterling; one individual alone having a credit on the Quebec Bank for 16,000*l.*, and another for 4000*l.* The reports speak of the great change observable in the condition of the latest emigrants; they being, for the most part, of respectable character and in good circumstances. The number of emigrants who perished by cholera amounted to 2,350 persons. The demand for labourers appears to be greatly on the increase, and varies from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* per diem. The number of emigrants sent out by parish aid, for the year 1832, was 4,988.

A return has just been printed of the quantity of foreign corn "admitted for home consumption" since the last corn-law came into operation, that is, from the 15th July, 1828. The account terminates at the 5th April last, and embraces therefore a period of four years and nine months. The wheat imported was 4,785,746 quarters; the duty received 1,604,190*l.*, averaging for the whole period 6*s.* 8*d.* per quarter.—The whole imports of grain and flour, including that from Canada, and the peas, beans, &c., was about 8,300,000 quarters, which divided among 4¾ years gives 1,750,000 quarters as the average annual quantity of foreign grain consumed in the United Empire. This will be about one-thirteenth part of the grain raised in Britain, and probably about one-fifteenth of what comes to market. The largest imports were in 1831, the quantity of corn and meal of all kinds for that year being 3,528,000 quarters, a great part of which, however, must still be in bond. In 1832 the importation was small. No corn-law protects the British farmer against the increasing imports from Ireland, which now amount to about 2,500,000 quarters annually. The duties on corn, meal and flour imported, have yielded 580,000*l.* per annum to the Exchequer since the present corn-law came into operation.

The quantity of foreign tin imported into the United Kingdom, for the year ending the 5th of January, 1833, was 29,203 cwt. 1 qr. 8 lbs.; the quantity exported during the same period was, British tin, 31,837 cwt. 2 qrs. 3 lbs.; foreign tin, 21,719 cwt. 3 qrs. 13 lbs.

It appears by the latest reports that there are 30,312 subscribers to the following societies:—for Promoting Christian Knowledge—for Propagating the Gospel—Clergy Orphan—Church Building—National School. The subscribers are thus divided:—Clerical, 14,152; lay, 10,883; females, 5,276; leaving out the latter class (in which many clergymen's wives and daughters are included) it appears that the clergy, besides the collections they obtain, personally contribute to these societies for advancing the temporal and eternal interests of the people, very nearly *one-third* more than all the laity of the empire.

Statement of the shipping employed in the trade of the United Kingdom in the year 1832, showing the number and tonnage of vessels cleared inwards and outwards with the number of their crews:—Inwards: British—Ships, 13,372; tons, 2,185,980; men, 122,594. Foreign—Ships, 4,546; tons, 639,979; men, 35,399, Outwards: British—Ships, 13,292; tons, 2,229,269; men, 128,293. Foreign—Ships, 4,391; tons, 651,223; men, 34,834.

The number of vessels, with their tonnage, that were built and registered in the several ports of the British Empire, in the year ending the 5th of January, 1833, amounted to—Ships, 759; tons, 92,915. Steam-vessels, 33; tonnage, 2,851. The number and tonnage of ships that have been mortgaged wholly or in part, during the year 1832, is—Ships partly mortgaged, 176; tons, 33,438. Ships wholly mortgaged, 293; tons, 43,544.

The enormous quantity of 6,948,205 imperial gallons of proof spirits were consumed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, during the quarter ending the 5th of April, 1833.

The number of certificates taken out by attorneys and solicitors, practising in England and Wales, from Easter Term, 1832, to Easter Term, 1833, was 9,221; and the gross amount of Stamp Duty thereon, 79,006*l.*

A valuable paper has been laid before the House of Commons, being a digest of the episcopal revenues and patronage in Ireland. We are prevented by its length from printing the details, but give a summary of the revenue, the number of acres, the number of tenants, and the amount of rent of which each See is in the yearly receipt:

	Revenues of those Sees and Preferments annexed to them.	Number of Acres profitable and unprofitable possessed by each See.	Number of Tenants.	Amount of Rent.
ARCHIEPISCOPAL SEES.	£	Acres.		£
Armagh	17,669	100,563	190	4,634
Dublin	9,320	34,040	151	3,202
Cashell	7,354	20,046	18	2,100
Tuam, and	8,206	64,683	74	1,440
Ardagh		22,216	25	1,289
EPISCOPAL SEES.				
Province of Armagh.				
Meath	5,220	29,269	53	3,065
Clogher	10,371	22,591	96	2,536
Down	5,896	30,245	36	1,352
Derry	14,193	77,102	200	2,593
Raphoe	5,787	1,392	137	1,451
Kilmore	7,477	28,531	69	1,537
Dromore	4,813	18,422	151	1,518
Dublin Province.				
Kildare	6,451	5,075	51	2,630
Ossory	3,859	21,730	64	1,015
Ferns	6,550	26,294	70	2,096
Cashel Province.				
Limerick	5,368	12,985	43	2,452
Waterford	4,323	13,189	12	2,493
Cork	4,345	11,486	58	1,461
Cloyne	5,008	12,482	83	1,341
Killaloe	4,532	16,766	78	1,345
Tuam Province.				
Elphin	7,034	42,843	126	2,044
Clonfert	3,260	11,745	24	543
Killala	4,081	45,543	111	1,280
Totals	151,127	669,247	1,922	45,258

The amount of duty paid by the following principal fire assurance companies for the quarter ending the 25th December, 1832, was as follows:—Sun, 29,107*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.*; Phœnix, 19,644*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.*; Protector, 16,300*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.*; Royal Exchange, 14,273*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.*; Norwich Union, 20,799*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The duty received on gold and silver plate, for the year 1833, was as follows.—gold, 4,398*l.* 5*s.* 6*d*, at 17*s.* per ounce, and on silver, 62,582*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.*, at 1*s.* 6*d.* per ounce.

It is calculated that the profits of the Crown, from the sale of quack medicines amounted, during the last year, to nearly 50,000*l.*

The receipts of the Church Missionary Society during the past year have exceeded those of the previous year by 7,850*l.*

The number of persons in Great Britain, who have been summarily convicted of smuggling since the passing of the act, the 6th of Geo. IV., was 1827; of this number 97 paid the penalties, either in whole or part, 596 were sent to serve on board his Majesty's ships, 1226 were imprisoned, and 158 still remain in confinement.

A return has been presented to the House of Commons of "the number of persons indicted and tried at the last Michaelmas and Epiphany quarter sessions for each county in England and Wales, for offences which, prior to the passing of the acts 2 and 3 William IV., c. 24, 62, and 123, would have been capital felonies." By this return it appears that the number in England was 69; in Wales there were none.

In the year 1832, 15,294 tons 15 cwt. 1 qr. of British hardwares and cutlery were exported from Great Britain; the declared value being 1,433,297*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.*

The number of yards of stained paper, on which duty was charged in the United Kingdom, during the year 1832 was 7,140,347. The duty received amounted to 52,065*l.* 0*s.* 7¼*d.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

The Precious Metals.—A paper laid before Parliament decides the question as to the comparative productions of the American gold and silver mines during the last ten years, ending with 1829, and the periods immediately preceding. This return exhibits a material falling off; and although much of the diminution may, perhaps, fairly be attributed to the unsettled state of the countries in which the mines are situated, still there is abundant reason for concluding that the source itself is approaching to exhaustion. From this curious document we make the following abstract:—From 1790 to 1809, the mines of Mexico yielded gold of the value of 4,523,378*l.*, silver 94,429,303*l.*—those of Panama, gold 223,518*l.*, silver ——; —Chili, gold 863,974*l.*, silver 944,736*l.*—Buenos Ayres, gold 1,862,955*l.*, silver 19,286,830*l.* From 1810 to 1821, Mexico yielded gold 1,913,075*l.*, silver 45,388,729*l.*; —Panama, gold 23,603*l.*, silver ——; Chili, gold 1,904,514*l.*, silver 878,188*l.*—Buenos Ayres, gold 2,161,940*l.*, silver 7,895,842*l.*—Russia, gold 3,703,743*l.*, silver 1,502,981*l.* The returns from Monte Video are too vague to lead to any safe results. The comparative increase or decrease in periods of ten years is as follows:—Mexico, from 1790 to 1799, and 1800 to 1809, in gold an increase of 16 1-10th, in silver a decrease of 2 2-5th, on the whole a decrease of 1 3-5ths, as compared with the first period—from 1810 to 1819, in gold a decrease of 30, in silver a decrease of 48 3-5ths, on the whole a decrease of 47 4-5ths, as compared with the first period—from 1820 to 1829, in gold a decrease of 78 7-10ths, silver a decrease of 56 2-5ths, on the whole a decrease of 57 2-5ths, as compared with the first period. Panama, from 1790 to 1799, and 1800 to 1809, in gold a decrease of 11 7-10ths, as compared with the first period—from 1810 to 1819, a decrease of 93 3-10ths—1820 to 1829, a decrease of 86 4-5ths. Chili, from 1790 to 1799, and 1800 to 1809, in gold an increase of 65 4-5ths, silver a decrease of 31, on the whole an increase of 4 3-5ths—1810 to 1819, in gold an increase of 330½, silver an increase of 30 4-5ths, on the whole an increase of 149 3-5ths—1820 to 1829, in gold an increase of 55 2-5ths, silver a decrease of 81 3-10ths, on the whole a decrease of 31 9-60ths. Buenos Ayres, 1790 to 1799, and 1800 to 1809, in gold an increase of 45 4-5ths, silver a decrease of 23 4-5ths, on the whole a decrease of 19 1-5th—1809 to 1819, in gold an increase of 42 3-5ths, silver a decrease of 51, on the whole a decrease of 51½—1820 to 1829, in gold an increase of 42 3-5ths, silver a decrease of 70, on the whole a decrease of 62 3-5ths. From 1820 to 1829, Russia produced in gold 3,703,743*l.*, in silver, 1,502,981*l.* On the produce of the whole of these mines, therefore, from 1790 to 1799, and from 1800 to 1809, there has been, as compared with the first period, in gold an increase of 26 4-5ths, silver a decrease of 6 3-5ths, on the whole a decrease of 4 4-5ths—from 1810 to 1819, in gold an increase of 20 2-5ths, silver a decrease of 49½, on the whole a decrease of 45 4-5ths—and from 1820 to 1829, in gold an increase of 74 3-5ths, silver a decrease of 56 3-5ths, and on the whole a decrease of 49 7-10ths.

Parisian Statistics.—A table of the births and deaths in the twelve arrondissements of Paris, during the year 1832, which has lately been published, presents the following results:—In the course of the year there were 45,675 deaths and 26,364 births; namely, 28,565 deaths and 21,322 births in private houses, and 17,010 deaths and 4902 births in the hospitals: thus, one-fifth of the population are born in the hospitals. Among the births in private houses there were 16,553 of legitimate children, and 4769 of illegitimate. In the hospitals only 499 were legitimate, and 4498 illegitimate. Thus, of the total births, above one-third were illegitimate children. The deaths exceed the births by 19,371; but, by subtracting about 19,000 occasioned by the cholera, there remain nearly 25,000 deaths, which number corresponds with that of former years. The seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth arrondissements lost in private houses, in 1832, the twenty-second part of their population; whilst the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth lost but one thirty-fourth. This disproportion becomes still greater if to the number of deaths in private houses we add those which took place in the hospitals, and which chiefly consisted of individuals belonging to the last six arrondissements of Paris. The arrondissements where the mortality was greatest are the most unhealthy quarters of Paris, where the streets are narrow and the houses very lofty.

There is now being cultivated in Sweden the plant called by Linnæus the *Astragalus baticus*, which is found to be a very good substitute for coffee, and begins to

be much used as a beverage in that country. It endures the coldest climate, and Dr. Bayrhammer, of Wurtzbourg, offers to send gratuitously 100 grains to all who wish to cultivate it, and will communicate to him the results of their management.

In Wythe county, Virginia, in a spur of the Alleghany Mountains, called the "Tobacco Row," is a perpendicular ledge of rock fronting the south-east fifty feet high—an open sunny situation. Thirty feet from the base, a horizontal crack or fissure opens in the rock, from half an inch to six inches in width, and extending near eighty feet in length. This fissure is full of bees. Their numbers are so great, that, in the summer time, they hang out in huge clusters for several feet above and below the fissure, in its whole length. A short distance above are two other cracks, containing earth, in which grow some little chinquapin bushes, and these are covered with the bees. They frequently go off in huge swarms, like a barrel or hogshead in bulk, and are often compelled to return, finding no place large enough to contain them. In the spring, previous to commencing their labours, the dead bees, remnants of comb, and cleanings of the habitations, which are brought out and dropped by them, make a winrow of a foot in height, the whole length of the opening.—*American Paper.*

RURAL ECONOMY.

Hints on the laying out of Pleasure Grounds.—The first general rule is, not to plant too thickly. Light and air are essential to vegetation; and, unless trees have room to expand their branches, they become weak and etiolated, and are neither ornamental in the landscape nor useful for timber. Air is also indispensable for giving colour. The leaves of trees in crowded shrubberies never attain their proper colours, and on the variety of their tints much of the beauty of the scenery depends. A skilful landscape gardener arranges his trees so that the colours of those placed near together may harmonize; and he includes a suitable proportion of evergreens, that the shrubbery may present an appearance of beauty and luxuriance in winter as well as summer.

To produce fine effect in planting, it is necessary that the landscape gardener should study the natural character and habits of every tree. These peculiarities are always essentially the same, and though in some instances, from crowded situations, bad soil, &c., they may appear to differ, yet there are always certain grand leading features which invariably distinguish one genus from another; for example, the lilac, the elm, and the holly have all a striking air of solidity and heaviness, very different from the airy lightness of the birch, the laburnum, the arbor vitæ, or the tamarisk. Some trees rise to a considerable height from the ground without branches, having a thick, bushy head, while others form a wide spreading base on the ground and rise gradually to conical, or pyramadal tops. The shades of colour in the leaves are also as distinct as the forms of the trees; the green of some is pale, of others dark; sometimes it appears shaded with brown, sometimes with purple, and occasionally it is tinged with yellow, pink, and white. In some cases the under side of the leaves is of a different colour to the upper side, and thus many various shades are presented when the branches quiver in the wind; and in other cases the leaves assume a variety of different tints in spring, summer, and autumn. Some leaves are persistent, that is, remain very long upon the tree, such as the beech and hornbean; others fall all at once, like the dios pyros; the wood of some trees is yellow, and of others it is red, &c. All these varieties of colour and form ought, of course, to be carefully considered by every one who desires to plant or lay out grounds, and the landscape gardener who wishes to attain any eminence in his profession ought to study them profoundly. It is easy to acquire a knowledge of lines and mathematical forms, but a man must possess the eye of a painter, and some degree of poetical feeling, to produce a fine effect in planting pleasure grounds.

The art of planting pleasure grounds is not confined to the mere mechanical operation of putting trees into the ground; attention should be paid to their form, size, and colours; and the effect should be considered which they will produce at different periods of the year. One of the most important points is to arrange a plantation in such a manner as to make it afford an agreeable landscape at every season of the year. Flowering shrubs should be mixed with evergreens, and these again with loftier deciduous trees, which should be so contrived as to present a

variegated outline to the sky. When a lawn is to be surrounded by a belt of trees, dwarf and bushy shrubs should be planted near the grass, and behind these should rise others increasing in height, so as to form a bank of foliage. In this bank, the different kinds of green should be mingled so as to combine harmony with variety; and attention should be paid to the colours which the leaves of the different trees are likely to assume in autumn, so that their foliage at that season also may produce a beautiful and harmonious effect. The most difficult part of planting pleasure grounds is the arrangement of single trees; since nothing can be worse than to see a lawn dotted over with them. When introduced, they should be planted sparingly, and so contrived as to give the last finish to the picture, like touches from the hand of a master. Single trees should always be handsome ones, depending solely on their individual beauty of form and foliage, and not upon their flowers. Flowering shrubs are seldom compact enough for single trees. A weeping ash, forming a tent with its long and regular branches; a parasol acacia, stretching out equally on every side; a purple beech, sweeping the turf with its foliage and rising gradually to a conical top, and, in short, all trees which look well all round, are best adapted for this purpose.

Flowering shrubs should always be planted in masses of one kind; and, as most families consist of plants of a great variety of sizes, the pyramidal form may be preserved when it is wished-to have a group of flowering shrubs on a lawn, by arranging the dwarfs nearest the grass, and placing the tallest in the centre. The Rhododendrons form a very handsome family; their blossoms are splendid and of every hue, generally from pure white, to pink, lilac, and scarlet. These shrubs are mostly very hardy; and the common sorts vary in height from the R. maximum, which grows to the height of ten or fifteen feet, down to the R. hirsutum, and R. ferrugineum, both of which almost creep upon the ground. Rhododendrons usually flower in May; they require a great deal of moisture, but most kinds are perfectly hardy, and blossom freely; there are twenty-four different species besides innumerable hybrids, but those most commonly found in gardens and shrubberies are the R. ponticum, and the R. catawbiense.

As it is a great object to have a brilliant show of flowers early in the season before the roses and annuals eclipse all the beauties of the gardens, it may be advisable to enumerate a few hardy flowering shrubs, which blossom in April and May. One of the first and most beautiful of these is the Magnolia conspicua. The flower consists of large white velvet looking petals, with a rich yellowish spike in the centre.

The Tulip.—The cultivation of the Tulip, which is now become a fashionable amusement among the Nobility and Gentry, is a most interesting pursuit, and a source of endless variety. Tulips are divided into three classes: the rose, which is rose on a white ground; the hyblæmen, which is purple on a white ground; and the bizard, which allows of any variety of colour on a yellow ground. In forming a tulip bed, it is usual to have one-third of each colour, which is found to be the best mixture. It is necessary, however, before a tulip is admitted into a bed, that it should possess the requisite properties, which are, a good cup shape, rather broad at the base, or, as it is termed, the shoulder; petals, six in number, round and even at the edges; to be perfectly clear round the staminæ; the colour dark and clear, and well pencilled on the edge, forming a perfect feather round each petal—this is termed a feathered flower. A flamed flower is where the colour is marked up the rib of the petal, flaming on either side; in all cases it is desirable that the ground colour should be pure, neither a faint yellow nor a bad white. Any tulip possessed of the above properties may be admitted. It is then only necessary to arrange them according to their heights, having the tallest in the middle row, and shortest on either side. The bed being thus arranged, they may be planted any time from the 1st to the 20th of November. They will not require any care from the time of planting until the second week in February, when it will be desirable too hoop them over, and to protect them in frosty or very wet weather with mats. It is by no means so troublesome as it appears; a very little arrangement will render it quite simple. In raising tulips from seed, it is necessary, before commencing, to have a good stock of patience, as it requires many years' growth before a seedling comes to its perfect colouring. It is desirable, when persons wish to raise tulips from seed, that they should select, at the time of flowering, some of the most perfect sorts; these they should impregnate with other sorts, of equal beauty, avoiding as much as possible any of the creamy-white grounds, or faint yellow. There is also one other point which should be attended to, which is, when any late-blooming sort is selected

for seed, it should be crossed with an early sort, by which means the seedlings are more likely to flower at the proper season. There is no rule for the mixture of the different shades of colour, as it must be entirely left to the taste of the person making the cross. The seed should be sown in November, in a cool frame, where it will grow freely, but the bulbs must not be taken up until they have made two years' growth; they may then be taken up and preserved till November; when they should be planted in the garden. In June they will require to be taken up again: and this planting and taking up must continue until the bulbs are seven years old, when they will begin to bloom, as they seldom flower until they are that age. The trouble, however, does not end here; for most of them, if not all, will come whole-coloured, or, as they are called, breeders: these must be cultivated until the colour separates or breaks, which will sometimes take place the first or second year, but more generally they continue whole-coloured for many years. It is from these breeders the new varieties are obtained; and, as it is quite uncertain whether the flower when it breaks will be good, of course when a very superior kind is produced, it fetches a high value. There are, however, now so many fine varieties, and at such moderate prices, that a tulip-bed, instead of being, as formerly, a very expensive thing, is now to be obtained for a small amount—an average, for instance, of 5*s.* per root would produce a beautiful bed.

From a report on agriculture in Flanders, we learn that, in that country, the method of shoeing horses is far superior to the English method. The shoe is so formed that the whole of the foot has a bearing.—This strikes us to be necessary. Whereas the English farriers' shoe causes a bearing only on the edge of the hoof. To this is attributed many of the incurable lamenesses to which the horses of this country are subjected, such as corns, thrushes, contracted heels, &c.

USEFUL ARTS.

New Lanterns for Ships.—Capt. de Coninck, of the Danish Navy, has invented a new kind of signal-lantern, found to be of great utility in the Navy, the light of which is much more brilliant than that at present in use. It is obtained on the argand principle, without the use of glass, by conveying a current of air through the lantern. The lamp contains sufficient oil to last several hours, and is not liable to the effects of bad weather. It is said to have been tried with complete success in a gale of wind. The above officer has also applied the same principles to the construction of deck lanterns, eight or ten of which, when placed midships, are sufficient to give light to the guns on the deck of the largest man-of-war. The light is so well secured from external effects, that it withstands the concussion produced by the firing of guns, which so frequently extinguishes the lights of common lanterns.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

A very decided improvement has taken place during the past month in the state of our manufactures, and a feeling of confidence in the returning prosperity of our commerce is daily gaining ground. At Leeds, Halifax, and Wakefield, the manufacturers have scarcely any woollen goods remaining on hand; and in Lancashire, the demand for cottons is such, that orders cannot be executed for two or three weeks after they are given. The prospect of the great questions respecting the Charters of the Bank and East India Company, and still more of that of the Emancipation of the Negroes, being brought to a conclusion without any violent convulsions, has seemed to reconcile the public generally to the somewhat extravagant terms at which the purchase is made, and to lead to a sense of security which is highly favourable to legitimate mercantile speculation. The aspect of foreign affairs, too, as regards the interests of trade, is brightening, as well by the removal of the impediments which obstructed our relations with Holland, Belgium, and Germany,

as by the satisfactory intelligence that Russia, by withdrawing her forces from Constantinople, will leave us under no apprehension of differences arising upon that score. A less satisfactory reason, however, must be assigned for the improved price maintained by some articles of colonial produce;—the accounts from several of our West India possessions state, that from the excessive drought in some places, and otherwise ungenial weather in others, aided by a tendency to insubordination among the labourers, the sugar crops in some of the colonies will not yield more than half an average produce; and, in many, the coffee will be greatly deficient.

However, the stock of sugar on hand, in this country, is considerable; that of West India being now 28,131 hds. and trs.; and of Mauritius, 132,439 bags: showing an increase, as compared with the same date of last year, of 5872 casks of the former, and 52,555 bags of the latter.

The demand has been moderate of late, to what it was at the commencement of the month, but prices have not given way. Jamaica is quoted, brown, 50*s.* to 52*s.*; middling, 52*s.* to 53*s.*; good, 54*s.* to 56*s.*; and fine, 57*s.* to 59*s.* Lately, by public sale, 136 hhds. Barbadoes brought 54*s.* 6*d.* to 58*s.* 6*d.* At the India-House, 8366 bags of Bengal sugar sold as follows:—fine white, sound, 28*s.* 6*d.* to 29*s.*; damp, 27*s.* to 27*s.* 6*d.*; ordinary, sound, 23*s.* to 25*s.* 6*d.*; damp, 23*s.* to 25*s.*; being an advance of 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* on the prices of the preceding sale.

Mauritius sugar maintains steady prices; 5142 bags sold by auction, brown, for 45*s.* to 51*s.*; yellow, 52*s.* 6*d.* to 55*s.* 6*d.*

The Refined Market remains in the same hopeless state of inactivity.

The last average price of sugar is 1*l.* 9*s.* 6¾*d.* per cwt.

British Plantation Coffee continues to advance in price; the improvement during the month has been full 8*s.* per cwt. By public sale, 189 casks of Jamaica sold at 106*s.* to 109*s.* for good middling; 95*s.* to 96*s.* 6*d.* for middling; and 85*s.* to 94*s.* 6*d.* for ordinary to fine ordinary. There is little alteration in Foreign and East India Coffee, except Mocha, which is higher; ordinary, mixed, 80*s.* to 84*s.*; good, 90*s.* to 97*s.* 6*d.*; fine yellow, 125*s.*

Cocoa is dull of sale, and prices are lower; 100 bags of Grenada, offered for sale, were bought in at 55*s.* 6*d.*

There is a pretty good demand for Rum at present, and the holders are tenacious for the improved quotations; Jamaica, fair quality, 30 over proof, 2*s.* 10*d.* to 2*s.* 11*d.*; common quality, 35 over, 31*s.*

The late advance in Indigo, amounting to 1*s.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* per lb. on last sale's prices, is fully maintained; the near approach of the ensuing sale, which takes place on the 9th, not allowing time for the examination of a large quantity.

The Cotton Market is very steady at the advance of ¼*d.* to ⅜*d.* per pound, which has lately taken place; the principal transactions have been in Surats, which have sold, ordinary to very good, at 5¼*d.* to 6¼*d.*

The Tea Sale finished on the 19th, and prices generally were from 1*d.* to 2*d.* per pound higher than at the March sale; fine Congous, however, were an exception, being about ¼*d.* lower.

The Corn Market has not presented any great fluctuations throughout the month; in the early part of it, the continued dry weather caused an advance in Oats and a brisk demand, but this has been checked by the late rains. The accounts from the Hop districts generally are exceedingly favourable, and the duty is estimated at 175,000*l.*

Considerable fluctuations have taken place in the Money Market during the past month; Consols, which at one time rose to 91¼, were subsequently as low as 88⅞, from whence they partially recovered, and are now 89⅞ to 90. An extraordinary advance has taken place both in Bank Stock and in East India Stock, amounting, since the date of our last, to 10 per cent. in the former, and to little less than 20 per cent. in the latter. The fluctuations in the Foreign Funds, generally, have followed the variations in Consols.

The following are the closing prices of the 26th:—

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols, shut; ditto for the Account, 89 seven-eighths, 90.—Three per Cent. Reduced, 88 three-fourths.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 95 three-fourths, 96.—New Three and a Half per Cent., shut.—Four per Cent. (1826), 102 half, three-fourths.—India Stock, for the account, 247 to 248.—Bank Stock, 203-4.—Exchequer Bills, 50-51.—India Bonds, 29, 31.—Long-Annuities, 17 one-sixteenth.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Loan, 91, one-half, 92.—Brazilian Five per Cent. 67 one-half.—Chilian, 25 one-half, 26 one-half.—Colombian (1824), Six per Cent. 23 one-half, 24.—Danish Three per Cent. 73 one-half, 4.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent. 49, one-fourth.—Dutch Five per Cent. 90, one-fourth.—Dutch Three per Cent. 77 one-half, 78 one-half.—Greek Five per Cent. 38, 40.—Mexican Six per Cent. 36, one-half.—Portuguese Five per Cent. 59 one-half, 60.—Portuguese New Loan, 2 one-half, one-fourth discount.—Russian Five per Cent. 104 one-half, 105.—Spanish Five per Cent. 19 one-eighth, three-eighths.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican Mines, 11, 12.—United ditto, 11 10, 12.—Colombian Mines, 8 10, 9 10.—Del Monte, 25 10, 26 10.—Brazil, 61 10, 62 10.—Bolanos, 127 10, 132 10.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM MAY 28, 1833, TO JUNE 25, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

May 28.—R. WOODWARD, Lime-street-square, tailor and shipowner. W. WOOLCOTT, Exeter, grocer. H. WYATT, York-street, Covent-garden, boarding and lodging-house-keeper. R. and H. COLLIER, Witney, Oxfordshire, blanket-manufacturers. T. THIRLWELL, North Shields, wine-merchant. J. KABERRY, Leeds, leather-cutter. J. GARDNER, Preston, Lancashire, builder. G. C. HALL, Alfreton, Derbyshire, money-scrivener. R. LLOYD, Liverpool, brewer. J. TURNER, Langport Eastover, Somersetshire, corn-factor. R. OAKES, Liverpool, painter. C. H. LINTER, Portsea, grocer. W. GIBSON, Pendleton, Lancashire, broker. S. B. GRANT, Redcliff-street, Bristol, hatter. J. JONES, Tywyn, Dydwelliog, & G. JONES, Llandewning, Carnarvonshire, cattle-dealers. C. M. WILKS, Greetham, Rutlandshire, innkeeper.

May 31.—W. DICKINS, sen., Northampton, plasterer. J. ELLING, Warminster, butcher. T. SHERWIN, London-wall, cheesemonger. M. C. BUCHANAN, Golden-square, boarding-house-keeper. J. E. BRAND, Nelson-street, Old Kent-road, fishmonger. G. BILTON, York, tailor. J. P. DURANT, Plymouth, chemist. W. HAZELDEN, Goudhurst, Kent, butcher.

June 4.—R. and S. ASHBY, Upper Thames-street, mealmen. T. JACKSON, George-street, Minories, wine-merchant. J. A. HARVEY, High-street, St. Giles's, clothes-salesman. S. SMITH, King William-street, Strand, saddler. J. CORNISH, Sheppertonstreet, New North-road, stone-mason. H. MILLEDGE, Milton-street, Dorset-square, Marylebone, carpenter. G. GLOVER, Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer.

June 7.—G. YOUNG and J. HANDCOCK, Hatton-garden, card-makers. T. BOWERING, Devizes, baker. P. BOND, Worcester, wine-merchant. F. HOAD and J. WADEY, Prospect-place, St. George's-fields, bricklayers. J. WESTON, jun., Albemarle-street, tailor. P. ACTON, Manchester, joiner and builder. R. E. TIPPET, Marazion, Cornwall, broker. J. BLIFKHORN, Manchester, commission-agent. B. MELLOR, Keighley, Yorkshire, innkeeper. J. HUBBARD, Oxford, grocer. W. RYAN, Strand, carpet-dealer. W. NEVILLE, Earl's-court, Kensington, surgeon.

June 11.—G. BARLOW, Stepney-green, iron and coal-merchant. G. GIDLEY, Cateaton-street, button-maker. C. HAYNES, Mitcham, builder. J. STAMMERS, Jermyn street, St. James's, cabinet-maker. J. MORREY, Nantwich, corn-dealer. M. LEWTAS, Liverpool, painter. G. H. BETTS, Langport Eastover, Somersetshire, linen-draper.

June 14.—E. PASMORE, Maidenhead, grocer. S. SHEPHERD, Upper Bryanston-street, Portman-square, wine-merchant. T. COOPER, Brighton, hotel-keeper. J. GRAY, Chichester, salesman. H. FLETCHER, Finsbury-place South, bookseller. W. JERVIS, Truro, innkeeper. J. ROUND, Stourbridge, plumber. F. JONES, Cornhill, silversmith.

June 18.—P. POWELL, Brighthelmstone, Sussex, lace-merchant. P. EAST, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, bookseller. B. LAW, Northampton, biscuit-baker. J. C., J., and R. RICHARDSON, Manchester, commission-agents. W. ALLURED, Liverpool, tailor. W. G. ROLFES, Fenchurch-street, tobacco-broker. S. SHEASBY, High Holborn, furnishing ironmonger. W. HULL, Coventry, watch-manufacturer. J. W. PAYNTER, Manchester, dealer. G. LONGMIRE, Barnard Castle, Durham, draper. S. M. COX, Exeter, scrivener. W. R. MOTT, British and Foreign Coffee-house, Throgmorton-st., tavern-keeper.

June 21.—A. DOUGLAS, St. Benet's-place, Gracechurch-street, merchant. W. HOLMAN, Hertford, slate-merchant. J. YOUNG, T. BRACKEN, G. BALLARD, J. C. C. SUTHERLAND, and N. ALEXANDER, Calcutta, merchants and bankers. J. V. SIMPSON, South Sea-chambers, Threadneedle-st., perfumer. J. MORLAND, Broad-st., Ratcliffe-cross, corn-dealer.

June 25.—C. WILLSHER, Strand, bread-baker. J. SMITH, Cavendish, Suffolk, butcher. J. WELCH, Birmingham, iron-merchant. W. PAYS, Leeds, coach-builder. W. BAXTER, Oxford, printer. J. WHITE, Shrewsbury, auctioneer.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

May 20.—The Duke of Wellington, on presenting a petition from Newcastle, complaining of the Dutch embargo, said he would have entered into remarks on the subject, but that he understood that circumstances were not unlikely to justify the removal of the embargo.—Earl Grey expressed his satisfaction at those noble Lords abstaining from any remarks at present, and added that he hoped, when the proper time arrived, he should be able to justify the conduct of the Government. He was as sensible as any one of their Lordships could be of the inconvenience arising out of the present state of things; it was only to be justified by circumstances.

June 3.—The Duke of Wellington moved for an address to the King, that his Majesty would be graciously pleased to preserve neutrality between the contending parties in Portugal. His Grace charged the Government of this country with having persisted in a long course of injustice towards her ancient and faithful ally, and entered into various details in support of that opinion, such as the neglect of the ministers to induce France to postpone the claims, while the Portuguese government was immersed in difficulties—their permission of the seizure of the fleet at Lisbon, and their refusal to prevent the sailing of expeditions and the fitting out of armaments in this country. All this, he maintained, was a violation of treaties, and an abandonment of the spirit of neutrality upon which they professed to act. Another argument on which the noble Duke appeared to lay great stress was grounded on the fact of our interference to prevent Spain from taking any part in the contest between the two brothers, coupled with the assumption that while the British Government enforced that demand with respect to Spain, they adopted a contrary course in their own policy. If the Government were really determined to assist Don Pedro, he contended it would be more honourable in them to say so at once than to make professions which were contradicted by their conduct, making what he called an underhand war against the *de facto* ruler of Portugal. He warned the House that if Don Pedro should succeed with the aid of British adventurers, the consequence would be a civil war not only in Portugal but in Spain. After recommending that his Majesty should at once recall his subjects who were engaged on both sides of the contest, the noble Duke concluded by moving the address alluded to above.—Earl Grey admitted the importance of the subject as a branch of our foreign relations, and expressed his strong sense of the expediency of preserving an alliance with Portugal; but he denied that the noble Duke had any ground for his motion, which was a motion of censure upon Ministers. Their conduct had been the reverse of what it was described—it had been that of strict neutrality. His Lordship then described the state of Portugal before he came into office, and alluded to the treacheries and perjuries under which Don Miguel had ascended the throne, and availed himself of the presence of a British army to assist his usurpation, making the power and influence of this country a sort of accomplice in the transaction. He appealed to the House whether the Government of this country could have taken a part against the legitimate Queen of Portugal, whose rights had been usurped by a violation of all engagements. As for the obligation of treaties, he asked whether they could bind this country to resist every attack on Portugal, right or wrong? Government he maintained had done everything to preserve neutrality. A British fleet had been sent out, at the request of British merchants, but orders were repeatedly given to preserve the strictest neutrality. Besides, British merchants in this country had a right to furnish arms, ammunition, &c., to any and to all parties in a country with which we were at peace, and they had done so. After entering into various details descriptive of the conduct which Ministers had pursued, the noble Lord reiterated his appeal to the candour of the House to reject the proposition before it.—Lord Aberdeen, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Eldon, and the Lord Chancellor followed.—The House then divided, when the result was a majority of 12 against the Ministers.

June 6.—The Marquis Wellesley reported his Majesty's answer to the Address adopted upon the Duke of Wellington's motion respecting Portugal. "I have already taken all such measures as appeared to me to be necessary for maintaining the neutrality which I have determined to observe in the contest now carrying on

in Portugal."—In presenting a petition from Barnstaple, against the Irish Church Temporalities Bill, the Bishop of Exeter spoke in support of its prayer, and maintained that interference with Church property, sanctioned by the Sovereign, would be a violation of the Coronation Oath.—Earl Grey replied that, when the Bill came before them, he was sure it would be seen that it did not deserve the character given of it; and added, he was persuaded that no good could arise from observations such as those of the Right Rev. Prelate; and that there were no persons in their Lordships' House more desirous of supporting the interests of the Protestant religion than were those who constituted the Government. He repelled, as unfounded, the opinion that the Bill violated the Coronation Oath.

June 13.—The Duke of Richmond moved the second reading of the Agricultural Labour Rate Bill; and, in doing so, his Grace observed that the plan of the present Bill had been tried in many places and counties, and had been successful in reducing the poor's rate and in promoting industry.—The Bishop of London opposed the Bill, on the ground that its principle was vicious, and that the measure would promote the injury of the parties it was intended to benefit, as well as the income of the Church.—After an extended conversation, the Bill was read a second time.

June 14.—The Limitation of Actions Bill (a measure resulting from the Law Commissioners' Reports) called forth a considerable discussion; but its progress was not impeded.—The Earl of Eldon observed, that if the numerous projects for the amendment of the laws were carried into effect, it would be requisite that professional men should recommence the study of the law, and, after the session, think of the new statutes, instead of contemplating the approaching game season.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

May 20.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer having moved that the House resume the consideration, in committee, of the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill,—Mr. Gillon moved an instruction to the committee to provide "that the revenues of the Church be applied to purposes of general utility, after the demise of the present incumbents."—After some short discussion, the House divided on and negatived the proposition.

May 21.—Sir S. Whalley brought forward his resolution declaratory of the expediency of repealing the house and window taxes. He declared that the feeling against their continuance, on the ground of their injustice and partiality, possessed every part of the country, and that the threatened resistance ought to induce the Ministers to ascertain and make manifest whether it was just or unjust.—Mr. S. Rice said, that all practicable relief had been proposed; and that the contemplated reductions would afford very extensive relief. The motion led to considerable discussion.—The House eventually divided on the question; and the numbers were—for the motion, 124; against it, 273.

May 22.—Mr. Tooke brought forward his motion on the subject of defects in the Reform Act, not with the view of impeaching that measure, or of touching any of its principles, but mainly for the purpose of remedying defects and adjusting contradictions in the system of registering votes. Instead of moving for a bill, he proposed the appointment of a committee, to ascertain what were the defects in the Act. He said, he would gladly have left the subject in the hands of the Ministers, but they declined to undertake it; and as he deemed it requisite that a remedy should be provided, after so many contradictory decisions, he submitted the present motion.—Lord J. Russell objected to the motion, on the ground of the time at which it was brought forward. If defects arose on a fair trial of the act, the ministers were bound to propose remedies; but as applied to the present case in particular, he considered that they ought to wait, and see the effects of another registration. The House divided; the result was—Ayes, 68; Noes, 94.—Mr. R. Grant moved the second reading of the Jewish Civil Disabilities Removal Bill.—Dr. Lushington strongly recommended the bill, and Sir R. Inglis as earnestly resisted it.—Mr. R. Grant replied at considerable length, supporting the bill with great zeal.—The House divided on the motion. The numbers were—for the second reading of the bill, 159; against it, 52.

May 24.—Mr. Bernal brought forward the case, founded on the Report of the Election Committee of Hertford; and after having pointed out the numerous instances of bribery and corruption, he moved that the case be referred to a select

committee to determine the course that ought to be pursued.—Lord G. Somerset replied at considerable length, contending, that as no existing law had been violated, *ex post facto* punishment ought not to fall on Hertford.—There was an extended discussion on the question, after which the House divided. The numbers were—Ayes, 227—Noes, 55; after which the committee was appointed.

May 30.—After several very numerously signed petitions against the Government plan had been presented, the debate on Colonial Slavery was resumed.—Sir R. Vyvyan strongly opposing the proposition of Ministers. After complaining of the want of representation under which the colonies laboured, since the passing of the Reform Act, and urging that circumstance as a strong claim to the protection, or, at least, to the forbearance of the Legislature, the honourable Baronet proceeded to vindicate the rights of the colonists. After dissecting the Government plan, and disputing many of the statements of Mr. Stanley, he warned Government that its project would never work; and that the bare attempt to bring it into operation would be attended with the most disastrous consequences, both to proprietors and slaves. In conclusion he observed, that he had no resolution to propose, nor would he object to the Speaker leaving the chair, as he had no wish to prevent the fullest inquiry into the subject.—The House then resolved itself into committee, and Mr. Stanley replied to the honourable Baronet. The most important part of his address, however, was, that in which he explained the modifications introduced into his plan since first he brought it forward. Those modifications were the omission of that clause which, in the original bill, made the slave contribute towards the cost of his emancipation, and the substitution of a small additional tax upon sugar to make up the deficiency.—Mr. Buxton declared himself to be in favour of the Government plan, in consequence of the modifications which had been adopted.—The debate was adjourned.

May 31.—Lord Althorp, in introducing the question of the Bank of England Charter, said, that the principles to be kept in view were the convertibility of the paper issued into money; the security of the solvency of the bank which issued the circulating medium, and the security to be taken against undue fluctuations in the amount of the currency. The question for discussion was, whether it was more desirable that the management of the circulating medium should be managed by a single bank, or by a competition of different banks. He admitted that there were advantages in the competition of banks; but thought that the advantages preponderated in favour of a single bank acting under proper checks. He thought, that to place a bank under the management of the Government, would be to offer considerable temptations to abuse. He then stated the terms of the proposed renewal of the Bank Charter for 21 years, the chief points of which are set forth in his Lordship's letter to the Bank Directors. The proposal to make bank notes a legal tender in all parts of the country, except at the Bank of England, or the branch-banks, it might be said, would drive gold out of circulation. He did not think that would be the effect; neither did he think that it would make the country banks, to any considerable extent, less careful as to their issues; but any such inconveniences would be counterbalanced by its preventing great and sudden drains on the country banks, and through them on the Bank of England. After adverting to the advantages anticipated from the exemption of bills not exceeding three months' date from the operation of the usury laws, he stated, that with respect to joint-stock banks, he proposed, as the conditions on which charters should be granted to them, that one-quarter of their subscribed capital, instead of one-half, as required in the instance of joint-stock banks issuing notes, should be paid up and deposited as before; that their shares should not be less than 100*l.* each; and that the partners in such banks should be only liable to a responsibility to the amount of their shares. He also proposed, that the corporations of those banks should not, as such, hold any shares in those banks. It would be seen from those propositions, that he proposed to give great advantages to banks not issuing notes over those that issued their own notes. In a case where a charter was to be granted, it must be at the discretion of the Government to decide whether the amount of capital subscribed was a sufficient amount for the locality in which the bank was situated, and whether the charter asked for should be granted. He hoped, however, that every proper facility would be given to the establishment of such banks. By means of a stamp duty the Government would at all times be enabled to know the exact amount of country bankers' notes in circulation; but he thought it desirable that it should also have the means of knowing the amount of the whole available assets to meet the demand upon them. He proposed that a statement of the accounts of each indivi-

dual bank should be sent up to London as a strictly confidential paper, which was not to be published in a separate form; but, the accounts being added together, the total result would be given to the public periodically. He concluded by moving resolutions expressive of the sanction of the House to the plan proposed.—The debate on the resolutions was adjourned.—The debate on Colonial Slavery was resumed.—Mr. Godson admitted that the time was arrived when slavery must be put an end to; but denied the right of the House to supersede the functions of the Colonial Assemblies. After defending the conduct of the West India body, he submitted a plan of more extensive remuneration for the planters, which he moved as an amendment to the original motion.—Mr. Tancred contended that the Government had proposed a rational plan of emancipation.—Mr. Buckingham spoke in favour of immediate emancipation.—The House adjourned, on the motion of Mr. O'Connell, without coming to a division on the amendment.

June 3.—The House resolved itself into Committee on Colonial Slavery.—The adjourned debate was resumed by Mr. O'Connell, who advocated the immediate emancipation of the slaves, with compensation to the planters, if required, and the establishment of a poor law in the colonies, for the support of the aged and infirm negroes, who, he said, required compensation for the labours of their former years.—Lord Howick considered it to be of the greatest importance that the co-operation of the colonists in the measure should be procured, and he proposed that its details should be left for their arrangement.—Sir R. Peel warned the House against legislating hastily on a subject of such immense importance; and enforced the necessity of obtaining the co-operation of the Legislatures in modifying the details of the measure after the House had agreed to the general principles on which the emancipation of the slaves was to be effected.—Lord Althorp observed that it was essential some measure should be agreed to without delay.—Mr. Stanley then stated, that he should propose that the details of the plan for effecting the emancipation of the slaves be left to the Colonial Legislatures, Parliament having first determined the main principles on which slavery should be abolished.—The amendments which had been proposed were withdrawn, and the first resolution was agreed to.

June 4.—In answer to a question by Lord Ebrington, Lord Palmerston said, "During the period my hon. colleagues and myself have had the honour to be the advisers of the Crown, we have, with respect to the affairs of Portugal, and indeed of every other foreign country, pursued that course, and acted upon those principles, which in our consciences we thought most conducive to the interests of the country, and to the honour and dignity of the Crown; and I can assure my noble friend, and, along with my noble friend, the House at large, that so long as we have the honour of advising the Crown, and the task of directing its councils, we shall not depart from the course which we have hitherto pursued, nor swerve from those principles by which we have hitherto been guided."

June 6th.—Colonel Davies brought forward a motion, expressive of confidence in the conduct of the present Ministers with respect to Portugal, avowing that he submitted it for the express purpose of counteracting what he viewed as the pernicious tendency of the Duke of Wellington's motion in the House of Lords. The main mischief which he dreaded from that motion was, unless it was counteracted by the unequivocal disclaimer of the House of Commons, Spain would be emboldened to send an army into Portugal to fight the battle of Don Miguel. Lord Morpeth seconded the motion. Sir R. Peel said he had constantly resisted the policy of the Government on this question; he should therefore meet the motion with a direct negative. Lord Palmerston maintained that the Government had observed the strictest neutrality. Don Miguel had procured stores and ammunition from this country, and no doubt would have applied for men, had there been any chance of obtaining a supply. He regretted that there was likely to be a difference of opinion between the two Houses, but the Commoners had not been the first to promote it: if inconveniences resulted from this collision, they would be answerable for it who had promoted an opinion in hostility to a majority of the House of Commons, and of the country. The House divided, and the numbers were—For the motion, 361; against it, 98. Majority in favour of the motion, 263.

June 7.—Mr. Stanley having moved the second resolution in a committee on the Colonial Slavery Bill, Mr. Stewart afterwards, on the part of the West India interests, offered three amendments to the leading propositions of the Government:—1. That after passing of any Act on this subject, the children should be immediately declared free, subject to such restrictions as should be hereafter agreed upon.

2. That at the same time all slaves should be registered as apprentices. 3. That the compensation, instead of 15,000,000*l.* should be 20,000,000*l.*; and that to promote security, and avert the difficulties that might otherwise accrue, the Government be authorized to lend on the security of West India property. The original resolution was agreed to without a division.

June 10.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered his Majesty's answer to the address voted on Colonel Davies's motion. His Majesty replied—"I have received, with great satisfaction, the expression of your concurrence in the policy I have pursued with reference to the affairs of Portugal, and you may be assured that I shall continue to act in the same way, and will neglect no opportunity to use all the influence that is within my power, as soon as possible, usefully and honourably to put an end to all the differences that now exist in that unhappy country."—The House again resolved into Committee on Colonial Slavery. The third resolution was moved, that containing what has been termed the "apprenticeship" regulation.—Mr. F. Buxton opposed it at considerable length, maintaining that it proceeded on an assumption that was disproved by evidence. It was established that the negroes, in a state of freedom, would work for wages; that they had performed work, for which they were paid specific sums, in half the time that would have otherwise been occupied; and that where they had worked for wages, the greatest difficulty had been to procure wages from the whites. But though he spoke against the conditions accompanying this resolution, he deemed it right to bear his testimony to the great efforts made by the present Administration to abolish slavery.—Mr. Stanley expressed a hope that the plan of the Government, brought forward on its responsibility, would experience the unanimous support of the House, as unanimity was so calculated to advance the accomplishment of the great question. In reply to the thanks proffered to the Government for having brought forward this question, he said the Government had not had any alternative; the question had arrived at that crisis that they were obliged to bring it before Parliament; to have neglected to do so, or to have endeavoured to maintain the present system, would have been attended with the greatest dangers.—Mr. F. Buxton said, in consequence of the efforts made by the present administration to carry this great question, he would not press opposition to the original resolution.—The Committee eventually divided; the numbers were—For the resolution, 324; against it, 42; majority, 282.—Mr. Stanley then proposed the compensation, naming 20,000,000*l.* instead of 15,000,000*l.* Its consideration was postponed.

June 11.—The House again resolved into committee on colonial slavery. The proposition was, that for a grant of 20,000,000*l.* to be appropriated by the colonial legislatures, in compensation to the proprietors for losses in consequence of the abolition of slavery. It called forth extended and varied discussion.—Mr. Stanley defended the charge, explained the causes of it, and implored the committee—the abolition of slavery having been in reality decreed by the passing of the previous resolutions—not to endanger the adjustment of this great question by refusing compensation, after having admitted the principle.—There were several divisions on amendments moved by Mr. Buxton, Mr. Wason, and Col. Evans, previously to the carrying of the original resolution. The first division, which was on Mr. Buxton's, was, for his amendment, 142; against it, 277; majority against it, 135. The majorities against the other amendments were of a far more decided character.

June 13.—Mr. Grant brought forward his resolutions on the subject of the East India Charter. In the course of his speech he examined elaborately the condition of our East India dependencies, the state of their finances, and the regulation of the intercourse between them and this country. He described the bargain made with the Company, and the views of the Government, and concluded with detailing the amendments and alterations proposed by the Government, together with three resolutions. The objects of those resolutions were declaratory—1. Of the expediency of an open trade in tea, &c., with China, the Europeans being subject to such regulations as might be deemed essential to protect the commercial and political interests of Great Britain—2. Of the expediency of the Crown taking on itself the fulfilment of sundry obligations of the Company; and 3. Of the expediency of continuing in the Company the Government of India, subject to such arrangements as should be prescribed by Parliament. With respect to the intercourse with India, it is to be open, Europeans being required to register their names with the municipal authorities, but not necessitated to obtain licences. European settlers, however, to be subject to such laws as controlled the natives. The assimi-

lation of the King's and the Company's Courts, and the amendment of the laws, to be promoted by the Governor-General and a Council, aided by a Commission. In the bills to be prepared, natives to be rendered eligible to office without reference to religion or descent. The slavery at present existing partially in the dependencies to cease after a period to be fixed.—Mr. Wynn expressed his approbation generally of the plans. He suggested a reduction in the number, and an alteration in the qualifications of Directors; eight he considered would be enough, elected each four years.—Several other Members spoke, Mr. Marjoribanks, Mr. Buckingham, &c.; after which, Mr. Grant observed that the resolutions were purposely so generally worded that the adoption of them he did not consider would bind any body to the details of his plans. On this understanding Members said they would not oppose them.—The Solicitor-General brought in a bill to abolish imprisonment for debt, which was read a first time. The learned gentleman stated shortly the chief features of the bill, which, from the outline he presented, appears to be one of the best and most useful measures that has been submitted to Parliament for some time past. It enables the creditors to lay hands on all the property of their debtors, without much trouble or expense, while it saves the latter from the demoralizing and destructive consequences of incarceration. For instance, it gives immediate execution on bonds and bills, as soon as they become due, without making the creditor have recourse to the expensive process of an action; it compels debtors to make a full disclosure of their property, as is now partially done under the Lords' Act; and gives the creditor remedy against property of all kinds, whether copyhold or freehold property, whether money in the funds, or whether consisting of those securities which are now called "choses in action."

June 14.—The House, on the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, resolved into Committee on the Irish Tithes Act, and in the Committee his Lordship formally proposed the adoption of the plan, opened by him on a former evening, regarding the Tithes of Ireland—viz., that an advance should be made for the purpose of enabling the Crown to pay the tithes due to clergymen in Ireland on account of tithes for 1831, 1832, and 1833; and that the amount be repaid by tax on the lands chargeable with tithes, but which had not been paid them for those years.—Several members maintained that the Irish Temporalities Bill was only supported on the ground of commencing the better arrangement of the Church property of Ireland; that tithe-charge in Ireland, in whatever shape it might be imposed, would not contribute to tranquillity; and that it was as much the amount as the appropriation of the tithes that encouraged resistance.—Mr. Littleton defended the measure as practical, wise, and moderate—as securing immediate relief, without bringing the clergy into collision with the tenants or landlords.—The Committee eventually divided on the resolution. The numbers were—Ayes, 270; Noes, 40; Majority, 230.

THE COLONIES.

CANADA.

Accounts have been received from Canada, which contain a notice from the Receiver-General, intimating his inability to raise the money for the payment of the sufferers during the late war with the United States, and announcing that he had received the authority of the Lieutenant-Governor, in council, to issue debentures under the provision of the act passed for this purpose, to such claimants as may be willing to receive the same, whose claim of 38½ per cent. upon the award exceeds the sum of 50*l.* currency; and also to agents duly appointed by power of attorney to receive the respective payments. The debentures to bear interest at 5 per cent., payable half-yearly.

The following are the statements of sales of acres made by the Canada Company, from the 1st to the 27th of April last:—Crown Reserves, 4,808; at Guelph, 69; at an average of 11*s.* 4*d.* per acre, 4,877; add Huron Tract, [illegible]79; total, 10,656.

SWAN RIVER.

Accounts from Swan River, by the way of Cape of Good Hope, state, that the appearance of the natives in the neighbourhood of the colony in considerable numbers had caused some alarm, and attempts were daily making to establish a good understanding with them, or at least to discover their feelings with regard to the colonists. In this, however, little progress had been made, as their language could

not be understood, and their shyness and jealousy kept them at a distance from the great body of the settlers. The colonists are exceedingly jealous on the subject of taxation, and a protest had been prepared against the attempt to create revenue for the support of the local establishments, and the construction of public works, by the imposition of a duty of three shillings per gallon on spirituous liquors imported from abroad.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The accounts from the Cape of Good Hope contain a very melancholy statement of the sufferings of the tribe called Baharutsi, situated beyond the colony, who had been driven from their country by the advance of that warlike tribe the Zoolas; and although they had fled full six days' journey, they were still pursued by their implacable foe: they were in a state of absolute starvation. Numbers of them, driven by despair, had resolved to return back, and rather perish by the spears of the Zoolas than die the lingering death of famine. In attempting this, hundreds had been stabbed on the way. The missionaries on the frontier, with most praiseworthy humanity, had sent out two of their body, and necessary attendants and some cattle, to conduct the remnant of the tribe to Griqua town, amounting to about 800 persons, all that were left of many thousands.

FOREIGN STATES.

BELGIUM.

Brussels papers furnish us with the speech of King Leopold on opening the Legislative Session. The following is the text of the Address:—

"Gentlemen,—Events which are of great importance to Belgium have occurred since the opening of the Session of 1833. France and England, according to their engagements, have put us in possession of the fortress which threatened one of our finest cities. A convention, concluded by the same powers, puts Belgium in possession of the greater part of the advantages attached to the treaty of 15th November, without yet taking from it those portions of territory, the separation of which will always be felt by us as the most painful sacrifice. The treaty of Nov. 15 remains untouched. I shall take care that, in the final arrangement with Holland, none of the rights which we have acquired shall be infringed. A partial disarming will now be possible; it will be effected in such a manner as to diminish the expenses of the Treasury, without weakening the organisation of the army. Thus we shall come as near to a state of peace as political prudence will permit. I have the satisfaction to tell you, Gentlemen, that in the circumstances in which we now are, it will not be necessary to impose fresh burdens. The resources voted by the Chambers will suffice to meet the expenditure of the year. The ordinary receipt will even afford a considerable surplus, if, as we may hope, the last eight months answers to the first four. The time is come, Gentlemen, when the government, aided by your concurrence, will be able to direct unremitting attention to the internal ameliorations of the country. In the first line of the interests which call for our attention, are our manufactures and our commerce. Our negotiations with France, on this subject, have commenced under happy auspices; they will be continued with perseverance. We have obtained from the United States of North America the most favourable stipulations for one of the most important branches of our commerce. While continuing to seek abroad advantageous channels for our manufactures and commerce, we have not lost sight of those which several parts of the kingdom call for. The administration has felt the necessity of giving a new impulse to the public works. With this view I recommend to the attention and patriotism of the Chambers, the plan for a grand communication from the sea and the Scheldt to the Meuse and the Rhine, which is called for by the wants and wishes of almost the whole country. Besides the laws on the budget and accounts, those concerning the provincial and commercial organisation will be laid before you. You will also have to discuss the law on the distilleries, which must have such great influence on our agriculture, which is already in so flourishing a state. Gentlemen, the elements of prosperity, which Belgium contains, as well as its liberal institutions, attest its advanced state of civilisation. It is for the powers which direct its destinies to foster, by their joint efforts, those elements of prosperity, and those institutions, which, if wisely developed, will be the most solid base of our national existence, and open to us the fairest prospect of future prosperity.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.]—At Havitree, Henry, eldest son of Sir H. Farrington, Bart., of Spring Lawn, to Frances, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Warren, of Port View.

At St Pancras New Church, Edmund Lloyd, Esq., of Thornbury, Gloucestershire, to Catherine Elisabeth, fourth daughter of Joseph Hume, Esq., of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

At Shenstone Church, Major Wyndham, Scots Greys, to Eliza, daughter of the late Henry Case, Esq., of Shenstone Moss, Stafford.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Thomas Henry Kingscote, Esq., of Kingscourt, Gloucestershire, to the Hon. Harriet Bloomfield, eldest daughter of Lieut.-General Lord Bloomfield.

At Cheltenham, Arthur William Thomas, Esq., of Tullabrin, county of Kilkenny, eldest son of the late Rev. Francis Thomas, to Anna Collinson, daughter of the late James Hutchinson, Esq., of Sheriff Hill, and of Ryton, in the county of Durham.

At Munich, Count Potemkin, Ambassador from Russia, at the court of Bavaria, to Eliza, daughter of E. M. Grainger, Esq., of Twysog, Denbighshire.

At St. Clement's, Hastings, by the Rev. J. G. Foyster, Thomas Lane, of Upper Bedford-place, and of Farindons, near Grinstead, Esq., to Henrietta, the widow of the late W. Kappen, Esq., of Somerset-place.

Died.]—At Rothsay, Mrs. Mary Anne Colquhoun, widow of the late Right Hon. Archibald Colquhoun, of Killermont, Lord Clerk Register.

At Lukeston, Campsie, N.B., J. Bell, Esq., aged 63, author of several geographical works.

At Corsygedol, Merioneth, Frances, daughter of Bell Lloyd, Esq., and niece to Lord Mayston.

At Worthing, Margaretha, widow of Henry Pye Rich, Esq.

At his house in Grosvenor-square, Thomas, Earl of Newburgh, in the 43d year of his age.

In Upper Grosvenor-street, the Dowager Lady Rich.

In Glasgow, Dr. Heron, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Anderson's University.

At his house, in Belgrave-place, Alexander Consatt, Esq., aged 75, late a cashier of the Bank of England.

The infant daughter of S. C. Hall, Esq.

At Newborough, Galway, aged 80, Netterville Blake, Esq. He served as Captain in the army during the first American war.

Colonel Drought, aged 78, of Droughville Forest, King's County, the last Colonel of the Irish Volunteers of 1782.

At Madderty, D. Malcolm, LL.D., Chaplain to his Majesty.

At Charbonniers, near Macon, M. Moreau, who, at the first revolution, was a member of the National Convention.

At Cotton Lodge, York, W. Morritt, Esq., Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the West Riding.

At Castle Connell, Archdeacon Galwey, Rector of Kilmastulla, Archdiocese of Cashel.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES
IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

The Commissioners of Police have issued the following instructions to their officers:—"The superintendents will see, or send an inspector to all the jewellers, silversmiths, and others in their respective divisions, who keep chains, &c., in their windows, and explain to them the method the thieves have lately adopted in robbing shops of this description, viz., by boring with a large gimlet or centre-bit, under the bottom of the window, and drawing chains, rings, &c., through the aperture by means of a hooked piece of wire; the thieves noticing by day-time the place in which such property is laid in the window."

Testimonial to the late Alderman Waithman.—The committee for conducting this testimonial have commenced opening the ground and preparing the foundation for the obelisk at the south end of Farringdon-street, the spot where the late Alderman first commenced his career in the metropolis. The obelisk is finished, and will be erected in the course of the ensuing fortnight by the Haytor Granite Company, at whose works at Bankside it is now lying. It consists of a single stone, 20 feet in length, elevated on a plain pedestal of Egyptian architecture; on two sides of which are sculptured, in the solid granite, the arms of the city, and on the other two the arms of the late Alderman. An inscription, descriptive of the intent of the monument, will be in front. The die of the pedestal, a very handsome block, weighing above three tons, is one piece, as are also the cap and the two steps, or scamilla, on which the pedestal is erected.

DEVONSHIRE.

The small fishing village of Lympstone, near Exeter, has been almost totally destroyed by a fire, which originated in the house of a fisherman, who had gone to

his boat, and left his fire burning, about three o'clock in the morning of June 12. The number of houses destroyed is stated to be fifty-five, and three others rendered tenantless. The number of persons deprived of their homes is 248, of whom ninety-six are left totally destitute.

LANCASHIRE.

Liverpool has followed the example of the metropolis in the establishment of Zoological Gardens, which were opened to the public on Monday last. The grounds were prettily arranged, and the stock of birds, beasts, &c., is numerous.

WARWICKSHIRE.

London and Birmingham Railway.—Among the Parliamentary papers on the subject of this railway, there is an elaborate estimate, by Mr. Lecount, of the road and canal traffic for one year between London and Birmingham, &c. The following are the general results:—Passengers, 233,155; goods, 62,389 tons; parcels, 46,799; beasts, 50,839; sheep, 365,000; pigs, 15,634. The expense by the existing means of transit is about 1,388,217*l.*, while by the railway it will not exceed 800,758*l.*, thus exhibiting an annual saving to the country of 537,489*l.* independently of the advantages to be expected from the unrivalled celerity of this mode of conveyance. The railway was commenced on Tuesday the 14th ult. near Hampstead.

IRELAND.

Since 1823, 691 commissions of bankruptcy have been issued in Ireland; 295 certificates were granted, and 109 superseded.

A communication from the War-Office announces the abolition, on the 1st of July next, of the Irish army medical department, the duties of which are to be in future performed at the head-office in London.

Irish Church.—By an account, recently presented to the House of Commons, and printed by its authority, it appears that the number of benefices in Ireland of above 2,000*l.* a-year value, is eleven—one of them being of the annual value of 2,800*l.*; of above 1,000*l.* and under 2,000*l.* value the number is ninety-one; of 750*l.* to 1,000*l.* there are ninety-six; of 500*l.* to 750*l.* there are two hundred and fifty; of 250*l.* to 500*l.* there are four hundred and twenty-five livings; and all the remainder of livings in Ireland, to the number of 583, are below the annual value of 250*l.*, many of them being very considerably below that amount. This account, it should be observed, is drawn from the income of the Church at a period anterior to the commencement of passive resistance.

SCOTLAND.

The emigrants who have left during this present season, although not so numerous as in former years, are of a better class, many of them being possessed of considerable property. A detachment for the Corsair from the parishes of Lanark and Leshmahago, through the instrumentality of one agent, had 5,000*l.* converted into sovereigns, independent of what each might have done individually. These are the kind of settlers which America desires to have, but which we can ill spare, taking as they do, both the thews and the sinews of the country out of it.—Greenock Advertiser.

Turnpike Trusts.—The following is the report presented by the Duke of Richmond from the select committee appointed to examine the turnpike returns of England and Wales, and the abstract thereof, and to consider whether any alterations can be usefully made in the law relative to turnpike trusts, &c.:—"That the committee have met, and, before making a general report upon the whole of the matters referred to them, they have thought it advisable, in the first instance, to recommend it to the house, that a bill should be forthwith brought in, 'for continuing until the 30th day of June, 1835, the several acts for regulating turnpike roads which will expire at the end of the session of parliament in the year 1834; and also a bill 'for requiring the general annual statements of trustees of turnpike roads to be transmitted to the Secretary of State for the Home Department.'"

Increase of Magistrates.—The total number of magistrates appointed by Lord Chancellor Brougham since his elevation to the Woolsack is, for England and Wales, clerical, 1,354; lay, 4,017.

[A circular from the Home Office has been forwarded to the returning officers of boroughs, requesting them "to point out any parts of the Reform Act, relative to the registration of votes, on the construction of which any doubt or difference of opinion has arisen, or which have appeared in any respect to be defective, or to require amendment."]